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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Old and the New.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let me die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells! across the snow:
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feed of rich and poor—
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,

The faithless coldness of the times;

Ring out—ring out my mournful rhymes;

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood;

The civic slander and the spite;

Ring in the love of truth and right,

Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;

Ring out the thousand wars of old;

Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free—

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land;

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Select Literature.

JULES JANIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Eighteen hundred and four! What a good year to be born in!" exclaimed Janin. A more glorious year was never counted in the catalogue of past centuries! In that year, the hero of Marigny received the imperial crown; in that year, the prince of critics was born. The blessed place was St. Etienne, near Lyons. His parents were poor but honest. We are happy to mention the very day this great event occurred; it was the eleventh of December. The name given to him at the baptismal font was "Jules Gabriel."

In the Lyceum of the second city of France, our hero began those studies, which served him so well, in after years, to sport with Tacitus, to murder Juvenal, to torture Suetonius, to butcher Virgil, and to flay old father Horace. At fifteen, he is surnamed the "Little Prodigy."

"Dispatch this prodigious youth to the college of Louis the Great, in Paris," exclaimed an old uncle; "he will there win the first honors, and then we shall see all the other institutions disputing the glory of educating him gratuitously."

The idea was excellent. A great aunt, who had rocked the baby in his cradle, promised to pay his first year's expenses.

Jules tells us, in his "Contes Nouveaux," a magnificent book, forgotten by the present ungrateful generation, that this old aunt loved him so much, she could not endure the pains of parting, and left the house a week before he sat out for Paris.

The hour of departure is at hand. Jules quits his mother with dry eyes. "Twould have made her weep, if I had shed tears myself," remarked the considerate young man.

Was ever heard a more remarkable and touching instance of filial affection? 'Twas an unexampled act of heroism, that such a boy as Janin only could give to the world.

In the stage, he finds himself beside a courtesan: she is a clever girl; her conversation is quite instructive; her discourse contains all the morality which is wanting in her conduct; she exhorts him to shun bad company; and when they separate in the capital, the kind girl kisses him, the pretty boy, on both his cheeks. They say such kisses bring good luck.

Once installed in college, all the prophecies and predictions about him fail. His teachers discover that he knows nothing; he does not gain a single prize; in college language, they call him a "slow coach." Preceptors suffer for it afterward. He was particularly severe on the Jesuits, and made a general slaughter of the clergy—this same young rebel, who read Voltaire and Diderot, and vented the encyclopedic gall on all who had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. The only true to his satire was in the refection; he was fond of eating.

At last his college days are over, and not an honor gained. He is ashamed to go back to Saint Etienne, among his mocking comrades, to his family, disappointed in their fairest hopes.

"I will remain in Paris," exclaimed the determined youth, "if I have to die of hunger here!"

Excellent resolve! But Jules thinks his old aunt might help him, so he writes to her. She comes. Rent is high in Paris, and it absorbs half the old dame's income. "You must work, my boy," she said to Jules, "or we may suffer."

He bestirs himself, and gives private lessons in Greek, Latin, geography, and history, though he knew very little of either.

"Zounds!" said he, "give me eight days' notice, and I'll undertake to teach Hebrew and Syriac!"

This put money in his purse; and as "aunty" understood cooking better than "sonny" did the dead languages, the table was excellent, and they fared finely.

Now boorish companions began to flock around him, and gentle friends to seek his favor. "Oh! delicious times were those! What nice suppers, with dainty wines and love-sick songs! And, don't you think, the foolish youth had the indiscretion to mention names! Lily, Rose, and Alexandre can never pardon him. Listen to his rhapsodies about this:

"By heavens! it is not a dream, the grille of Paris! She is the beau-ideal of a poet's poor existence! • • • Poor little things they used to come and see me of winter evenings, with a rosy "phiz," and little "paws" benumbed with cold!"

In the era of his history where we find ourselves, Jules was dying to possess a dog. All his thoughts, all his expressions turn on dogs. He hastens to the canine market, bent on the purchase of a dog. His heart flutters at the sight of so many barking, growling, whining, noisy, lively, living animals. He passes from the greyhound to the bulldog, from the terrier to the mastiff, from the Newfoundland to the Spaniel, from the Saint Bernard to the terrier. Yes, because a short-eared, stiff-haired, tailless terrier extended his paw more kindly than the rest, Janin purchased him.

The poor dog little suspected what an ungrateful master he was going to have. The purchase-money amounted to the heavy sum of five-and-twenty francs. The dog is christened with the name of Azor, and then introduced to "aunty." At first, the good old lady was very much distressed at the odd purchase; but when she found the dog and Jules were such good friends, she became reconciled to the bargain, and said to the neighbors: "It was wrong to complain; Jules and Azor are like brothers!"

With a dog, friends and pretty girls, and a well-replenished purse, Jules led a life of silk and gold.

When summer came, his pupils deserted him for the country. No more lessons, no more suppers. He next got a situation in a boarding-school, at fifty francs a month. The master of this school, named Bimar, was not successful; pupils began to leave him; and at last, the sheriff came to seize his furniture. Jules had taught three months in the school, and had not received a sou of his wages; one hundred and fifty francs were due him; so he invented this plan to secure his debt.

"Have you not a cask of wine in the cellar?"

"Yes," answered the domine.

Jules goes out, dignifies himself in a cap and jacket, fills an old wine-cask with water, puts it on a wheelbarrow, and rolls it to Bimar's house.

"Go, tell Mr. Bimar," said he to the unsuspecting porter, "that I wish to change the last cask of wine he bought of me; and then come back and lend me a hand."

The wine was wheeled away and sold, and the cask of water left in its stead. As soon as he could change his clothes, Jules returned to the magister, and said: "Now I have my money; come to Vefour's, and I'll give you a receipt. Let the old house and furniture go to the devil, and the officers with him; if they choose; but you come with me." He dragged the school-master away with him, gave him a monster breakfast, and they both got gloriously drunk.

When Jules tells this anecdote, he gives the list of wines, the sum-total of costs, and winds up by saying:

"Poor Bimar! I succeeded in consoling you a whole day, for your ruin; it was the best act of my life; and the breakfast was the best I ever tasted!"

During the vacation he delights in the writings of Geoffroy, the theatrical critic; he sees the power of the pen.

"Oh! if I could only be a journalist!" sighed our hero.

He was walking on the Boulevard when this escaped him, and Azor was skipping around him, in the company of an accidental playmate.

"Come here, Flora," exclaimed an elegant lady; "you shan't keep company with such an ugly brute as that," striking Azor with her parasol.

"If you please, Madam, do not strike my dog, if he is ugly," returned our hero.

The lady's companion turning, rushed into Janin's arms. They were old school-mates.

"You are looking so well!"

"But I am not doing well," meekly answered Jules.

"I don't despair! If you have no profession, do as I do: make a pen, and write for the papers."

"I was just thinking of that very thing," said Jules, with animation.

"Come and dine with us this evening, and then we will go to the Comic Opera, where the lady has a box."

From this time forward, Jules disliked his ancient wolf of criticism growl and show his jagged teeth. He means no harm; he has forgotten that his bite is no longer venomous; and yet he strikes his breast, and lamments the lambskin of the flock, which he has voraciously devoured.

We hope they are not crocodile tears!

Some disagreeable person says: "Eve did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place instead of being deceived, they would have deceived the devil!"

Aunt Miriam's Adventure.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Evening had closed darkly round the little brown farm-house in the hollow; gray November night-fall and the wild Niagara of crimson sunset fire had poured its flaming tides long since into the great unseen chalice of splendor that lies hidden somewhere beyond the western horizon line—the monolithic urn where rest untold alike, the days crowned with roses, and those baptised in tears. There was no sound without, save the branches of the huge sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-enamed roof, and the plaining wind among the brown and scarlet drifts of leaves that carpeted every dingle of the woods. Within, the red bricks of the hearth had been swept until they shone as if carved in coral, and the many tongues of flame danced and crackled among the gigantic logs like a band of elfin sprites. The cricket that harbored somewhere in the chimney corner had commenced his vesper, and Aunt Miriam Fenner's brisk knitting needles shone and glowed in the fire-light as she sat there in an old-fashioned cap-border and spectacles, looking almost as pretty—so uncle Peter thought—as she used to look in the days when he came sparkling, and was not to contemplate the evolutions of her gleaming needles while he considered what was best to say next!

Nobody would have suspected Peter of any such romantic meditation, as he sat there sorting out seed corn and packages of blue beans on his round table, and labeling them with portentous deliberation! So little do we know what is passing in one another's minds!

There was a third person, sitting in the branches of the gnarled old apple-trees and into the turnpike road. Aunt Miriam felt a little conscience-stricken as she lifted the wicket of Squire Brownell's gate, and stole noiselessly up the chrysanthemum-bordered walk; she couldn't help wondering what Elder Oliver would say if he were to become aware that she, the sagest old lady in the congregation, was the sagest old lady in the night!

It was but a short distance, under the red earth glow, however; a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes to correspond, who amused himself by tantalizing Aunt Miriam's kitten with the good old lady's ball of yarn—the animal, like all the rest of her sex, becoming more and more anxious for the woolly sphere the higher it was held!

"So you've really made up your mind to get married, James—do stop teasing that kitten!" said the old lady, with a constrained voice.

"Yes, Aunt Miriam; it isn't good for man to be alone, you know."

There was a silence again. James Arnott wound and unwound his yarn very unnecessarily; Uncle Peter eyed his seed-peas thoughtfully, and Mrs. Fenner knitted energetically on, with pursed-up lips and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Aunty, I wish you could see Miltie," said the young man at length.

"I can't say I have any desire to see your city young ladies, James," said Aunt Miriam, coldly; "they're too fine spun for an old woman like me. White hands and piano playing may be very grand—I dare say it is—but it don't suit my taste."

"But, Aunty, I'm sure you would like to come, now, do be reasonable, and go over to Squire Brownell's with me to-night; she is spending a week at her grandmothers, and she would be so much gratified to see you!"

"Thank you, I ain't curious on the subject," responded Aunt Miriam primly.

"Only I heard that Miss Brownell had a bad stroke of rheumatiz, and I don't see how she gets along with her new-fangled grand-darter!"

"I can't understand why you are so prejudiced against poor Miltie," Aunt Miriam said the young man, uneasily. "I won't disguise from you that it makes me very unhappy to think of marrying without the approval of one who has been a mother to me, and yet—"

"And yet you're determined to go your own gait; that's the plain English of it, James," said Aunt Miriam. "Well, I pose you can do without my consent; you'll never get it, anyhow!" And she poked the fire vigorously as the old clock began to strike.

"Seven o'clock!" ejaculated James, starting up, "and I promised to be at the post-office by this time. There's to be a meeting about the minister's Thanksgiving donation party, you know, Uncle Peter! Bless me, I didn't imagine how late it was."

And, with a gay parting nod to his aunt, he disappeared.

"There he goes—as good a boy as ever lived," said Uncle Peter; "but I guess before the evenin' comes to an end, he'll contrive to get round to Squire Brownell's. Miriam, you may as well say yes to that affair, at once; he's determined to marry the gal, rings and city fashions and all."

"I wish we'd never sent him to college in New York," signed Mrs. Fenner; "then he would not have come across this city sweet-heart."

"Then he'd ha' come across somebody else; so it's as broad as it is long," remarked Uncle Peter, philosophically.

"Yes, but it might have been a smart stirring gal who knew how to keep house, not a useless toy, good for nothin' but to hang gay clothes on. I tell you, Peter, I can't approve of it, no how!"

Uncle Peter whistled "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," and returned once more to the contemplation of his melon seeds and corn kernels.

Nine o'clock; the fire covered with a mound of brown ashes; the cricket chirping merrily, and Uncle Peter snoring melo-

diously from an inner room, still Mrs. Fenner sat there mechanically plying her knitting needles, yet unconscious that the kitten was frisking about, and hopelessly entangling her precious ball of homespun yarn—deaf and blind to everything but her own thoughts.

"I wonder," she began, and then stopped. "After all," she mentally resolved the next minute, "there can't be any harm in it, if I just slip on my hood and shawl and go through the orchard path, across to Squire Brownell's. Not that I'd go in—not a bit of it; but I'd merely take a peep in at the keep-in-room window as I went past. I would like to see what sort of a face it was that has bewitched James so completely; but he must never be any the wiser for it!"

She pondered a second or two longer, then rose hurriedly, extinguishing the little candle that stood in a shining brass candlestick on the mantel, listened a moment to the unbroken monotony of uncle Peter's snores, and muffling a shawl round her head, with

"But are you in earnest, aunt?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"What has altered your convictions?"

"That isn't at all to the purpose, young man. But remember, not a word of this ridiculous adventure."

"You know how to administer bribes, Aunt Miriam," said the youth gayly, as he enveloped the old lady in his arms, and gave her a kiss.

The husband possessed a comfortable share of worldly goods, his wife and himself were fondly attached to each other, and together they doated upon an only child. The first blow to their happiness was in the death of the little one, who sickened and died, leaving its parents heart broken. The death of the child

fell like a shadow upon the household; the parents became unhappy, moodiness came in the train of melancholy, and absolute aversion for each other's society followed. The soured and discontented pair finally determined upon a separation and a divorce was procured.

After a time both married again, and they became utter strangers to each other, so far as social intercourse was concerned. It so happened that it became necessary to remove the remains of the dead child from the grave where it had been interred, and the father was notified of the fact. A handsome

Mr. Arnott sat by the grave where it had been interred. The father notified the former wife, and the mother of the child, of the circumstance, and informed her by note, that if she thought proper she could attend the burial of the remains. The mother accepted the invitation, and with her second husband repaired to the cemetery. The father, with his second wife was already there. The little coffin was placed near the open grave, and the parents of its occupant advanced to it while the second wife and husband stood in the background.

The couple had been peculiarly afflicted. A young sister, a short time since, had the cartilage of both her ears torn by the weight of her ear-rings, and one of her arms became paralyzed in consequence of the tightness of her bracelet. This happened on the same day she put her thumb out of joint, endeavoring to get a tight kid glove upon her hand. An elder sister was so much addicted to the use of cosmetics, that having been attacked by the measles, the disease was unable to work its way out, in consequence of the manner in which the pores

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

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To Advertisers.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Job PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1862.

The Mason and Slidell controversy has been concluded, very much to the relief of the public mind. The "august personages," whose arrest raised the bellicose spirit of the English nation so very high, took their leave of Fort Warren on Wednesday forenoon, in a tug boat, which carried them to Provincetown, where the British man-of-war Rinaldo awaited their coming. The transition of these men from the protection of the Stars and Stripes to that of the Union Jack, was quiet and unostentatious. Doubtless Commander Hudson felt much annoyance while performing the duty imposed upon him by his government. Well, now that they are off and the trouble about them settled, the country breathes freer, and trusts that its naval captain will not again place it in so unenviable a position. But why should ought be said against Captain Wilkes's proceeding, when the learned of the country adhered to it and justified it? But still we cannot help thinking how much better it would have been, had he let those sellers of their country proceed upon their contemptible errand, instead of arresting them and compelling his government to choose between the alternative of retarding them or accepting a foreign war.

Earl Russell, in presenting the case to Mr. Seward through Lord Lyons, is very careful not to enter upon a discussion of international law bearing upon the subject, but confines himself to a statement of the transaction on board the Trent as related to his government by Williams, the mail agent on board that vessel; his belief that the United States Government did not prompt their officer to the act, and the demands to be made by Lord Lyons upon Mr. Seward. Consequently we think that all the old and cherished ideas of England upon international law remain intact, and that Mr. Seward's belief that she, in making the demand for the surrender of Mason and Slidell, showed her acceptance of the doctrines of the United States as given to James Monroe, while minister to England in 1804, by James Madison then Secretary of State, will not prove correct, however just it may be. Nations are like individuals in their dealings with each other; they take advantage of every quibble that presents itself, to further their aims and give an air of legality to their proceedings. M. Thouvenel in his despatch to M. Mercier, French Minister at Washington, says, "that which constitutes contraband of war is not yet, it is true, exactly settled," and it is just this that leads us to think that England will not renounce her policy, but that she will cling to it with as much tenacity as ever. Time alone can prove the correctness of this belief.

To our mind, the Trent affair has demonstrated one fact very clearly, and that is that we have little of a friendly nature to expect from Europe, but much that is unfriendly. England, in demanding the restitution of the rebel commissioners, was backed by France, and perhaps other powers, which no doubt gave her more courage to make her demands peremptory. France we have ever considered our friend, even before we had a national existence, but just at this moment she is not in a position to incur the displeasure of England with impunity. Her finances are in a precarious situation, and Louis Napoleon knows too much to engage in a war with England with a depleted treasury. He knows that English gold proved the downfall of his uncle, and that it might prove the same to him. However much he might like to avenge Waterloo, he is now compelled to wait with patience for a better season. He must follow, for a time at least, in the footsteps of his powerful rival across the channel; consequently he is powerless to help us and it is possible that he might be forced to throw in his weight against us. If we are not much mistaken by the signs of the times, there has been a secret "understanding," by these two nations, upon our affairs. This understanding may develop itself sooner than many imagine. It is an easy matter for them to agree to help each other in the accomplishment of their ends. If France desires the acquisition of more territory in Europe, in order to draw attention away from home matters, and if England wants cotton from America, and it may be also a protectorate over the Southern States, it is not to be supposed that there will be any trouble in mak-

ing arrangements accordingly. The pulse of both nations will beat in unison, and the tricolor of France will float side by side with the cross of St. George, as was the case in '54. The fact of the matter is this, we have more to fear from foreign interference, than we have from the combined power of the rebels. If the rebellion is uncrushed six months hence, or it may be a shorter time, we must not be surprised if we see ourselves in the position of an invalid, and attended by Drs. France and England, whose pills at this time may be as large and as hard to take as were those they prescribed for Russia seven years ago.

If this is to be the case, and even if it is not to be, what is our duty now, and henceforth until every vestige of the power of secession is obliterated? Need we answer this question, when it has already been answered in the mind of the reader? We think not; it is too potent not to be understood and felt.

We must have a forward movement of the army in Virginia just as soon as it is prudent; and when we have gained one success, do not let us stop to glorify it, but let us march on and gain new advantages at every step, until Jeff Davis and his minions are prostrate at our feet begging for their forfeited lives; then we can have one great and grand glorification that will be felt where ever there is one human being that is true to liberty and just government.

Rev. Mr. March's Resignation.

We have the pleasure of stating this week, that Mr. March has withdrawn his resignation as Pastor of the First Congregational Church, and that the act has been approved by the Parish. The causes for this change in Mr. March's intentions, are mentioned in his letter of withdrawal which we publish below.

We congratulate the Church, and also the town—for had Mr. March left us, it would have been a loss to the town as well as to the Society—that circumstances have arisen which preclude his departure from among us, yet we do not for a moment forget his severe family afflictions, but hope and trust that they will be so ameliorated as to render his future residence in Woburn both pleasant and satisfactory.

At a meeting of the First Congregational Parish, held on Thursday evening last, on Article 1st of the Warrant, J. G. Pollard was chosen Moderator. On Art. 2d, L. L. Whitney was chosen Parish Clerk in place of Dr. Rickard, deceased. At this stage of the meeting, the Moderator read the following letter from Rev. Mr. March:

To Messrs. Thomas Richardson, Jotham Hill, and William A. Stone, Committee of the First Congregational Parish in Woburn, Gentlemen,—

I last week stated to you that in my judgment proper regard for the health of my family would require me to ask a dismission from my church as Pastor of the First Church in Woburn. And I then requested you to call a meeting of the Parish to hear and act upon my resignation.

The circumstances which led me to ask a dismission, have now so far changed as to lead me to think that the object which I had in view in proposing a removal would not be gained by carrying it into effect, I therefore, at your suggestion, and in accordance with my own views and feelings, now withdraw my resignation.

Very respectfully yours,
DANIEL MARCH.
Woburn, Jan. 2, 1862.

It was then voted that Art. 3d, which related to Mr. March's resignation, be dismissed.

The following resolution was then unanimously adopted, which is the same in import as that passed by the Church at its meeting on Wednesday evening:

Resolved, That the First Congregational Parish in Woburn, tender its warmest sympathy to Rev. Mr. March in his continued domestic afflictions, and desire to express the hope that he may long continue the Pastor of this people, and that his ministry may be as satisfactory and useful to them in the future as it has so eminently been in the past.

On motion the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased God in his providence to remove by death, since our last meeting, our esteemed and efficient Clerk, Dr. T. Rickard, it is Resolved, that we hereby express our satisfaction and gratitude for his faithful and pre-eminently superior performance of his prolonged services.

Resolved, That this expression of our appreciation be put on record in the Parish books as a memorial, and also be communicated to his family by the Clerk.

OLD BOBES ON A FROLIC.—The king of the elements enjoyed New Year's Day by having a regular North West blow out, and by playing severe antics with roofs, chimneys, and anything else that was exposed to his caprice.

In Woburn, several chimneys were blown down, portions of buildings removed, and glass broken. In West Cambridge, a friend tells us, one of the large chimneys belonging to Griffith's Saw Factory was blown down, it was 120 feet high, and in falling damaged an adjacent building and its contents, which consisted of machinery &c., to the amount of \$1,000. Also, we learn from the source, that half the roof of a shed belonging to Mr. Elbridge Farmer, at the "foot of the rock" in West Cambridge, was taken off and carried two rods. The Boston papers detail many similar casualties. Take it altogether, we think, that the old man had things pretty much his own way; at any rate he handled the ladies rather roughly.

A correspondent in North Woburn, proposes to have the clock on the old Congregational Meeting House, removed to that portion of our town, for the benefit of the people there. We cannot see any great reason why this plan should not be favorably considered by our citizens. If the people of North Woburn will take the clock and keep it in good running order, they might as well have it, because as it is now kept, it is of no use to the Center; and further the one on the new church will serve all practical purposes in this section. At any rate it will not do any harm to consider the subject.

Mr. Everett's Lecture.

This lecture, which was delivered on Tuesday evening, was attended by a very large number of persons, every available place in the hall being occupied. Mr. Everett was listened to for an hour and a half, while portraying the history of this rebellion from nullification times down to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and while giving his own opinions upon the subject, with the greatest attention and pleasure. The latter portion of his lecture, was truly eloquent, and delighted his hearers. The many truths which Mr. Everett put forth, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of hearing them.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. EDITOR—I noticed a little squib in your paper some few weeks ago, relative to the old town clock, and as that faithful servant has not been set a going, I have a proposition to make. My proposition is that you of the Center consent to allow it to be removed to North Woburn, for the benefit of the people there, who have no means whatever, of a public nature, of being warned of the flight of time. Hoping that my proposition will receive a passing thought,

I remain, yours, &c., Z. Y. X.
North Woburn, Jan. 1, 1862.

THE scholars of the Unitarian Sabbath School with their teachers, and others, spent a very pleasant time in Lyceum Hall, on New Year's evening. All the children received presents, and after enjoying themselves in various ways, the pleasures of the evening were brought to a close by dancing.

YOUNG AMERICA IN ENGLAND.—Mr. G. F. Train, being invited to lecture in Tunstall Staffordshire, England, in aid of the Atheneum there, alluded to the Trent question and unmistakably expressed his patriotic sympathy with America, his confidence in her sense of justice, and her courage in any contingency. He was frequently interrupted by insulting remarks from some of the audience, and created great confusion when he said—"I would have tried the Commissioners in a prize court in New York; I would have convicted them of high treason,—and then sent them to England, if England insisted on their being given up." The chairman threatened to call the police and eject the rioters, and Mr. Train protested that he had a right to speak his mind. The hisses were tempestuous, but Mr. Train was not intimidated, and with admirable tact and dignity silenced the bolder ones who interrupted him, continued his severe condemnation of England's impetuosity, and not only finished his remarks, but extorted a vote of thanks from the Tunstallers for what he had said!

This is respectfully submitted,

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.—The following is the tenth annual protest of Dr. Hunt against the taxation of females without representation. Cannot some of the legal profession show her the fallacy of her position?

BOSTON, Dec 17, 1861.

To Frederick U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other authorities of the City of Boston generally, and the Legislature in particular:

An external version of the Declaration of Independence has caused our civil war. "All men are born free and equal,"—rendered white and male through ignorance, love of power and self-hood—hereby crushing the colored and working masses, who will be the bondage—thus our civil war—to clear away the impediments to an understanding of the word freedom, which knows neither sex nor color.

"Governments derive their power from the consent of the governed." Had this principle been recognized in its essence, sex alone could not have monopolized the right of suffrage; males, intemperate, vicious, one shade removed from guardianship, can appear at the polls, ignoring a proper qualification of this highly important act.

Woman in her womanhood could never have permitted slavery, an institution which blights every thing she holds sacred, through her conjugal and maternal nature—even the expense of such a system would have attracted her economic eye.

Now, she is to be taxed to bear her part in a civil war, which she has had nothing to do in creating; families have been and are still ruptured by deaths the most aggravating and sudden; wives and fatherless children are to be thrown upon the world. Men, through taxation is to derive and control the means to meet these exigencies; while woman is passively to submit to his decisions, though it reduce her property to a minimum of its former value; so taxation without representation, assumes a deeper significance than ever before in the history of our country.

SHAMS, cheats, falsities, still continue in our municipal affairs, attracting the solemn consideration of our best minds, and qualifications for suffrage will yet be a necessity, growing out of an enlightened public conscience.

In this period of civil war, in this struggle for a higher perception of freedom, in this continual state of uncertainty, when bondage of all kinds is being removed, that bondage may be seen in its true light, when our national eagle is spreading her wings over those hitherto only nominally protected,—woman is beginning to take courage and is willing to recognize her right as citizen in a republic.

This is respectfully submitted,

HARRIOT K. HUNT.

So. Reading, Dec. 24.

REBEL EMISSARIES IN CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

REBEL EMISSARIES IN CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.—Recent advices from our Ministers to Central and South America state that agents from the Rebel Government have made their appearance in those countries, upon an errand of mischief undoubtedly. A vigilant watch is kept upon the movements of these emissaries. The sympathy of the people throughout these States is said to be strongly with the Federal Government.

FIDELITY OF RUSSIA.

In a letter to the American Minister at St. Petersburg, forwarded by the last Steamer, Prince Gortschakoff says: "The Emperor has never ceased to avow his hopes for the grandeur of the American Union."

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

On Friday evening of last week, Henry Morford, Esq., of New York, delivered a poem before the South Reading Literary Association. Subject, "Fun." The speaker, in commencing, said he had a few words of sober prose to utter, for as his subject was

"fun," it might be inferred that he himself possessed the ingredient of fun, but he said this was a great mistake, fun was no part of his nature, but he should treat it as something important and valuable.

After this announcement, the audience were prepared to hear a grave dissertation on "fun" with all the fun left out. But evidently he did not credit to himself for all the powers he possessed. The denial however had its effect for when he cracked his jokes and puns, they were all the more relished because not expected.

Without questioning the ability of the speaker, the moral effect of the doctrine advanced might possibly be questioned by some of his audience, who, last fall, had their trees and vines stripped of the choicest fruit.

The argument was that these acts are not usually committed, so much for the pleasure of eating or possessing the forbidden fruit, as for the sport of the thing.

To gratify this propensity for fun, hen-roasts are robbed—garden and orchard fruits are pilfered, and many serious tricks are played upon persons and property. Surely our lawmakers could not have understood the subject, for they have made these sports, state prison offences. This new code of ethics may be readily accepted by a certain class of persons, but not by those who suffer by their depredations. Perhaps the orator

would claim entertaining the sentiments that are justly attributable to the language of the discourse.

The last of a series of meetings of the Home Educational Society was held on Monday evening, at which the question was discussed—"What is the best method of cultivating a spirit of benevolence and of self-sacrifice for others?"

ARMS FOR INDIANA.—The State of Indiana had a large contract in England for Enfield rifles, at the sum of \$19 each. The last

installment, consisting of 3500 rifles, were on board the steamer Australasia, were about to sail for the United States, when the order of the British government against the exportation of arms arrested their departure. The result of this is that Indiana is now short of arms, and Robert Dale Owen is at Washington, on behalf of the State, urging the General Government to supply the deficiency.

DENTAL.

IT is with pleasure that we call

attention to the card of Dr. J. R. Dillingham.

He is meeting with great success in performing all Dental Operations without pain.

His preparation for deadening the sensibility of a tooth, preparatory to filling, has given him a large practice in that department of his profession; and his long experience, and the beauty and utility of his operations, rank him as one of our first Dentists.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

An accident occurred on the Boston and

Maine Rail Road, on Wednesday night, a little south of the Station in South Reading. The Freight cars which were left on the side track, near the Boston and Maine Foundry were started from their fastenings by the heavy wind, and moved down upon the track of the Boston and Maine. Soon after the half past nine evening train from Reading started from the South Reading station, it struck the fugitive train diagonally, and several cars were thrown off the track, and the freight cars. Several passengers were on board but all escaped unhurt.

The third lecture before the South Reading Literary Association will be delivered on Monday evening January 13, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of New York.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

potatoes, 200 bushels of corn, a barrel of beef and all the vegetables he had. Strange to say some of the neighbors who lived within a few rods, did not know of the fire till they were told of it the next morning. A Subscription paper is on foot, and by the way some of the people have subscribed, I think Mr. Crosby's loss will be made up.

The scholars of the Congregational Sabbath School had a New Year's Party at the house of their Pastor. I understand they had a good time, and all went home well pleased with the commencement of the year.

ONE PRICE ONLY!

Good Fall and Winter

CLOTHING!

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS!

OVERCOATS!

BUSINESS COATS!

DRESS COATS!

PANTALOONS!

VESTS!

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!

Shirts, Collars,

Cravats, Stockings,

Gloves, &c.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Vestings, &c.,

FOR CUSTOM WORK,

MAY BE FOUND AT

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER'S,

192 Washington Street,

BOSTON,

9-4w. Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough

Cough.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSE

NESS, TICKLING IN THE THROAT,

ASTHMATIC & BRONCHIAL

AFFECTIONS.

If your children have the WHOOPING

COUGH, you can easily cure them

of it, without any medicine.

Sold in Woburn at the WOBURN BOOK STORE

and in New York at the ELTHORPE, TRELAWNY'S

and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Lovell & Co., 10 Cornhill; D. S. Barnes, 202 Tremont Street; Carter, Colcord & Porter, Washington Street, who will supply all orders, or apply

to the proprietors.

T. A. SWEETSER,

Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.

January 25th, 1861.—by

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

TOOTH POWDER.

This Powder possesses the

CARBONIC WITHOUT THE INJURIOUS PRO-

CESSATION OF THE ENAMEL CHARCOAL,

and is free from all Alts or Alkalies that can

infect the teeth.

ITS ACTION BEING ENTIRELY MECHANICAL—

POLISHING WITHOUT WEARING THE ENAMEL.

Dr. Wm. B. Hurd's Tooth Powder

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL EMINENT DENTISTS.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77

Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building,

No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue

Hotel; J. & L. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 202 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

TOOTHACHE DROPS

FOR THE CURE OF

TOOTHACHE

produced by exposed nerves.

It is particularly adapted to all cases of children

afflicted with TOOTHACHE.

Parents can relieve themselves from that distressing weariness caused by

LOSS OF SLEEP,

and their children from greater suffering, by keeping a bottle of

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTHACHE DROPS

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NEURALGIA PLASTER,

FOR THE CURE OF

NEURALGIA OR TOOTHACHE

produced by colds.

LATE NEURALGIA

is immediately cured by their application.

They act like a charm, and are perfectly harmless, in their nature; do not produce a blister, and leave no unpleasant results.

Dr. W. B. Hurd's Neuralgia Plasters

never fail to give satisfaction to all who test their virtue.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Washington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a gaudy race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pay. (2)

A kind and genial heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes. (3)

And in that town a dog (4) was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both Mongrel, puppy, whelp and bound,
And curs of low degree,

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a plague began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man. (5)

Around from all the neighboring streets (6)
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

Thee wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye. (7)

And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light—
That showed the rogues they lied—

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

(1) This man is our dear old Uncle Sam, a good
old fellow, but a little mad.
(2) Variation—Wold always work and pay?
(3) Variation—with cotton under clothes
(4) It is not known what dog is meant here; but it is said that the author's dog was not mad, but ill-advised to, but they forgot the claim of Ployd. The question at this late day will have to be left in suspense.
(5) In the author's opinion, the author said old hound, no doubt, would exceed in size and low degree, however, would include all successions.
(6) The dog crept up and sneakingly bit Uncle Sam.
(7) Evidently a misprint. It should be states; we do not like to take liberties with the writing of others, and leave the line without alteration.

(8) False account in the London Times, and other anti-slavery friends in council.

How Did He Do It.—The following wonderful story is related in the Courier des Etats Unis, by a Parisian correspondent:

The Emperor was reviewing a body of infantry one day, when his eye was caught by a drummer with only one arm, but who was, nevertheless, still playing.

"Where is your left arm?" said the Emperor.

"At Solferino, sire."

"You shall have a pension of four hundred francs from my private purse."

"And if I should leave the other on the same road, sire?"

"This," replied Napoleon, pointing to his own rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor.

"The cross!" exclaimed the soldier; and carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, in the new Porrenna, with the remaining arm, drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clean off!

Jonathan would just like to know how that thing was done;

"BILLY" WILSON'S MEN.—While "Billy Wilson's men" were encamped at Staten Island we one day visited the camp, and heard the following narrated by an officer: "I saw a fellow try the other day to break guard. The sentinel on duty remonstrated with him, but finding that the intruder was obstinate and persisted in breaking through, he carefully laid down his gun." "What! was he afraid?" "Not a bit of it. He went to work with his fists and polished off the fellow in grand style. He hadn't got used, he said, to military 'wepins'."

While riding in a city car the other day, the reporter of the N. Y. Sun was amused in making an inventory of the "charms" of a young lady sitting opposite, who kindly afforded every facility for doing so. The stock on hand was as follows:—2 large pins (one pp matilla and one on dress). 3 gold chains, 1 massive gold cross, 1 gold watch key, 1 gold watch chain, 2 heavy bracelets, 2 heavy ear drops, 4 rings, 1 pair very white hands, 1 pair very white arms—the whole sedulously and constantly displayed.

A lady much given to gadding, was suddenly taken ill at home one day and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The obedient soul rag part of the way, but then returned to put the important query, "My dear, where shall I find you when I return from the doctor's?"

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridesmaids asked the subject of her meditation. "I was thinking," she replied "which of my old beau's I should marry in case I became a widow."

A poor Irishman seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered, "A man going to be buried." "Oh, replied he, I'll stop and see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

A woman in love is a very poor judge of character. She can see nothing but excellence where the others see nothing but shallowness and rotteness. Ditto on the other side with a man in love, only more so!

In Russia, monks and bishops cannot marry, but simple priests may. A priest, however, when his wife dies, must not marry a second time; and hence the Russian proverb—"Happy as a priest's wife."

"An' sure, it's aisy enough to build a chimney," said O'Rourke, "ye hould one brick up an' just slip another one under it."

"Call me pet names, dear," Greeley calls Bennet "a lying old braggart," and Bennet calls Greeley "a galvanized squash."

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety 's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

COURT JESTERS are not the only wits that make fools of themselves.

A Christixn, when he comes into the world, lives to die again; but when he goes out of the world, he dies to live again.

HORSES sometimes run for cups, but not half so often as men do.

A room fellow who pawned his watch says he raised money with a lever.

Gossip sayings always suffer by repetition; good deeds never do.

Why are women like beets? Because the younger they are the sweeter.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself will one day want to pass.

NEVER allow yourself to be seen with a worse face than you wear for the painter—Society.

GOLDSMITH says that a woman decked out in all her charms is the most terrible object in creation.

The cedars of Lebanon are probably the oldest trees in the world except the elder trees.

RESPECTABILITY is a thing that many people are very willing to run in debt for.

TREAT your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle nighly to the rack.

Is a man cannot argue without swearing and cursing, his opinions are too curst.

A due-bill puts an additional pair of wings to the back of Time.

It is very foolish for people to put themselves to the trouble to be ill-natured.

GOODNESS does not more certainly make happy than happiness makes them good.

DIFFICULTIES and strong men, like strop and razor, are made for each other.

By constantly doing good, you can put the envious to such torture as you might enjoy if he had the malice of a fend.

NOTHING is nobler than the aristocracy instituted by God; few things are poorer than that set up by men.

The monument of the greatest should be but a bust and a name. If the name is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let both perish.

WONDEWORTH cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

THAT "PRINCE"

—OF—

CLOTHIERS

GEORGE H. LANE,

AT HIS

"Great Bargain Store,"

KNOW AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

NO. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON,

INVITES the attention of the residents of WOBURN and vicinity, irrespective of party; to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

—OF—

OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN

NEW ENGLAND.

Dr. Please remember also, that No Clothing House in Boston can approach OUR PRICES.

All our customers say so—Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the RIGHT PLACE. You will get amply repaid for all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

"Lane's Clothing Palace,"

31 & 32 Dock Square,

BOSTON.

Nov. 1, 1861. 3m

THE LATEST

ASTHMA.

For the Instant Relief of this distressing complaint use

FENDTS'

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 458 Broadway, New York.

Price, \$1 per box; \$1.50 per case by post.

For sale by all Druggists.

10-1y.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Booksellers of Europe and America, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS or other Printed Matter of the Publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lycom Building, Winchester, June 7.

"An' sure, it's aisy enough to build a chimney," said O'Rourke, "ye hould one brick up an' just slip another one under it."

"Call me pet names, dear," Greeley calls Bennet "a lying old braggart," and Bennet calls Greeley "a galvanized squash."

RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants

of EAST WOBURN that he keeps

various GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

EAST WOBURN Grocery Store,

RAMSDELL, inform the inhabitants

of EAST WOBURN that he keeps

various GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of

which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

EAST WOBURN, Sept.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS

STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER, BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c., has just been added to the former stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools,

American and English

Family, Pocket and School

Bibles and Testaments, a very large stock; Psalmist, Watts and

Select, Plymouth Collection, and Chris-

tian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question

Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post,

Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White, Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes.

Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of

various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and Indelible Ink. Covered Plain, Trans-

parent and Porcelain Plates, Cart-

ridge, Drawing, Blotting and

Tissue Paper. Whitney's

Patent, Portable, Fan-

cy and Office Ink

Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE !

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Paper Measures, Transparent Plates, Stationery, Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Books, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Trimmers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOKS,

in Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.

Blank Books and Memoranda of all kinds in use, Full and Half-bound Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, and Letter Books. Tablet Paper and Ivory Memoranda, Writing and Exercise Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

The Horace Waters Planos are known as the best in the world, and are very much admired by persons of taste and refinement.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : No. 15.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR
EINIGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Emancipation.

Praise be to Thee, our Father,
Our God who rules the sky,
Oh, let us all unite,
Now raise our voices high,
And from each heart this New Year,
Let gratitude ascend,
To Thee our worshipped Father,
Our guardian, God, and friend.

We bless Thee for this hour;
And oh, we humbly crave,
Thy blessing on the lowly—
The poor down trodden slave.
God of all truth be with us,
And haste the blessed day
When from this great Republic
This stain is wiped away.

From mountain and from valley,
From every heart sincere,
Oh, let there come rejoicing—
The promised day is near.

Let all who love their country,
This sacred fire now fan;
Go forth ye brave to battle,
For the brotherhood of man.

Though dark the bough he weareth,
Though sad and lone his lot,
His Saviour for him caret,
By God he's not forgot.

Then loosen every fetter,
That clanks on freedom's sod,
Nor let our nation longer
Insult a Holy God.

CEDAR DALE COTTAGE, Woburn, 1862.

Select Literature.

MY ATTEMPT AT MATCH MAKING.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

I had silently watched my Aunt for an hour—my Aunt Katherine, who sat silently by the window with her sewing. Through the light meshes of the lace curtains the bright sunshine came in and fell upon her soft dark dress, smooth hair, and pretty white work, while the fresh breeze, floating in through the open window, blew in bloom a carnation pink upon her cheeks. And sitting there in the breeze and sunshine, I saw that my Aunt Katherine was very handsome. At first I thought it strange that I never noticed that fact before; but it was not strange, for children seldom think anything about their parents' or guardians' looks, except that they are pleasant or unpleasant, and I was little more than a child. Ever since I could remember, Aunt Katherine, with her dark dress, smooth hair, and gentle ways, had taken care of me; and when I grew into a tall girl of fifteen, she watched over me still. She was my mother, my companion, my friend. I never realized my orphanage or want of other kin, but had been the same careless, light-hearted merry girl, ever since I could remember, that I was on the June morning I watched her at work in the sunlight. She looked up at last.

"Addie, isn't it almost school-time?" she said.

"Yes, auntie, I am going in a minute; but first tell me—"

"What, child?"

"Why you were never married?"

"Because I never liked anybody well enough to marry him. Now go and get ready for school."

She smiled as she spoke, and after a glance at her face, I smiled too, and ran off for my bonnet and satchel. Coming down stairs again, I put my head in at the sitting-room door,

"Aunt Katherine?"

"Well."

"If you found anybody whom you liked well enough to marry would you marry him?"

"I don't know—I suppose so. Why what in the world has got into your head, Addie?"

I laughed, slammed the door, and bounded through the hall into the road. Half way to the school house, I met my teacher, Mr. Charles Devereux.

"Good morning, Miss Addie. Recitations all ready?"

"Yes sir," I answered, and he passed on ahead. I sauntered on slowly, thinking of my Aunt Katherine. I thought it would be a nice plan for her to be married. The next thought was, who could she marry?"

There were only half-a-dozen unmarried middle-aged men in the village—Aunt Katherine was twenty-seven; so of course she wouldn't marry a very young man. I rapidly enumerated the half-dozen eligible ones and their suitability for my plan. "Lawyer Hyde thirty, rich, aristocratic, and *stingy*; he won't do. Mr. Leighton, thirty-five, and some, good, well off, but a widower, and we heard Aunt Katherine say she did not like widowers. Mr. Person, twenty-eight, handsome, wealthy, but too *fast*; she would not like him. Dr. Jarvis, small, crabbed, miserly, and unbearable generally. Mr. Howe, too homely to be thought of; and Captain Haynes, with his yellow, bushy whiskers, and nine thousand dollars worth of mortgaged property, which he is always talking about: worse yet. *What a sorry array in all!*"

Just then the school bell rung, and I went in to my books, and Mr. Charles Devereux—aged twenty-eight, handsome, intelligent, well-educated, and unmarried. The class in intellectual philosophy was called first, and though I had carefully committed my lesson to memory the evening before, my late thoughts had quite driven all remembrance

of it from my head, and my recitation was imperfect. Mr. Devereux looked surprised at me, but said nothing. In French grammar my performance was still worse.

"Miss Addie," said Mr. Devereux, as I passed by him on my way to my seat, "do you have any trouble with those French verbs in learning your lessons?"

"Yes sir, a little," I replied.

"You want a little reviewing, I think. If I have time, I will call in at your house this evening and help you a little while you are studying."

Mr. Devereux knew that I always studied evenings, and had several times called in and spent an hour in assisting me with a particularly difficult task designed for the next day's recitation. So I was not surprised to hear him make his offer, though a little ashamed of the cause of it as my failure had resulted from my wilful inattention and carelessness. I thanked him, however, with a flushed face, and went to my seat. But it was not entirely shame that flushed my face.

As I expected, Mr. Devereux came in the evening to explain my French lesson. But he did not find me alone. Aunt Katherine sat by the table sewing, and looked even handsomer than in the morning. My heart gave a flutter of impatient anticipation every time Mr. Devereux looked at her, and after the lessons were through, I did my best to make her talk to please him. My aunt always talked well, but she quite excelled herself in conversing that night. I saw that Mr. Devereux was interested, and I was delighted with the good success of my secret plan.

In the course of the evening John Aubrey, my lover, came in. Of course I claimed John as my lover, for though he was a nice young man of twenty-seven, and I a mere child of a girl, hardly sixteen, he had beamed me to parties and concerts all winter, and told me a dozen times that I was the sweetest, prettiest, most lovable girl in Hartford. So that when John came in, I went and sat down by him in a cozy corner, and left Aunt Katherine to entertain Mr. Devereux—a plan which I thought at first seemed to suit all round.

But after a little while I saw John casting anxious glances toward the place where Mr. Devereux stood, looking superciliously—sat talking with my aunt.

"You needn't be jealous of him, John," I said. "He's only my teacher."

John started and leaned back in his seat, without a word.

Neither of the gentlemen staid very late, John going away directly after Mr. Devereux, and I went to my room elated with my prosperity, or rather the prosperity of my plans.

I did not need assistance in my studies before Mr. Devereux came again, and after a short time it came to be a regular thing for him to spend an evening once or twice a week with us. With us, I say, because I could see that, though he admired my Aunt Katherine very much, he had too good taste to monopolize her company entirely, to the exclusion of mine. I always enjoyed these evenings very much. It seemed to me that Mr. Devereux grew remarkably agreeable very fast. Sometimes John would come in, but John seemed to have grown strange and moody of late. I thought it was because Mr. Devereux was at our house so much, and endeavored to please him by extra attention when he did spend an evening with us, but it didn't seem to be of much use. I resented his silence and inattention to me, one night, and after that he didn't come near us for nearly a month. But we seemed to get along just as well without him—at least I did, though I was still.

"Addie, isn't it almost school-time?" she said.

"Yes, auntie, I am going in a minute; but first tell me—"

"What, child?"

"Why you were never married?"

"Because I never liked anybody well enough to marry him. Now go and get ready for school."

She smiled as she spoke, and after a glance at her face, I smiled too, and ran off for my bonnet and satchel. Coming down stairs again, I put my head in at the sitting-room door,

"Aunt Katherine?"

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and finally burst into hysterical tears. I was frightened. She put her arms about me.

"Addie, are you sure you didn't like John?" she asked.

"I believe I did a little last winter, but I don't at all now."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," I replied. He is so swollen—"

"Wait! do you know who you are talking to?"

"What do you mean, Aunt Katherine?"

"I am John Aubrey's betrothed wife, Addie!" and she laughed and then cried again. I stood motionless staring at her. At last I found words to say:

"Why, Aunt Katherine I thought it was I whom John was in love with!"

She shook her head.

"And I thought Mr. Devereux was in love with you."

"You must ask him about that," she said, smiling through her tears.

And I did ask him the next evening, while we stood by an open window, and my Aunt Katherine sat by John Aubrey in the cozy corner where I used to sit with him.

"Is it possible that you haven't been courting Aunt Katherine all this time, Mr. Devereux?" I said.

"How he laughed!

"Is it possible that you don't know that I've been courting you all this time?" he retorted.

"Mr. Devereux!" I exclaimed.

But he wasn't jesting—and neither was I, when I promised a year later to "love, honor and obey" him through life.

John Aubrey and my Aunt Katherine were married at the same time, which my Aunt decided was a great saving of trouble and wedding cake.

Curiosities of Cold.

Men anticipate a coming winter with various feelings; one dreads the Christmas bills; another, the boys home for the holidays; another, a new year anxious as the last; but all men dread the cold. I know they do, for I am a surgeon, and see much of its effects among my poorer patients; and for that reason I have to consider how we ought to treat cold.

Treat it, you will say—shut the door, poke up the fire, put your soul in slippers, and your body in an easy-chair. Treat it like any other unbidden guest, and shut it out.

I was thinking, however, of a great class of our fellow-countrymen who go down to the sea in ships after seals and whales, or up mountains to gather in the black-faced sheep, or wander about the streets of our cities, and are picked up stiff, senseless bundles of rags by the night-police. To such it matters but little that our natural philosophers deny the existence of cold—that it is merely the abstraction of a certain quantity of the heat which is indispensable to animal life—that warmth stimulates to vitality—and that if the temperature is lowered, it may at last reach a point when it ceases to have any effect; but, nevertheless, these facts are interesting. The atmosphere is always robust, breathing us of our animal heat, which has an average temperature of ninety-eight degrees. If it did not do so, if the atmosphere were itself ninety-eight degrees, we should feel it disagreeably warm, and prefer one much lower—say sixty or sixty-five degrees. How low the temperature of the body may be allowed to sink with impunity is doubtful, and seems to vary with the individual; the robust and lively man, evolving plenty of heat, enjoys a degree of cold which makes a lean, pink-nosed, blue-lipped woman truly a miserable spectacle. Tooke, in his view of the Eastern Pyrenees, we passed suddenly from an extremely intense cold to an elevated temperature. A great number of the soldiers especially those who were at the siege of Rossas, then had their feet frozen; some advanced sentinels were even found dead at their post in the first hours of the thaw; and although we had passed fifteen or twenty days under the influence of the severe cold, none of the soldiers of the advanced post of sieges presented themselves at the ambulances of the intrenchment, of which I was director-in-chief, until the date of the thaw. So in Holland, the soldiers who for the sake of *le petit apôtre* stood patiently in the snow, did so with impunity till the first thaw, when they were attacked by gangrene. And what is frost-bite? It is a part in which the power of evolving heat and the circulation of the blood has been entirely destroyed; and this most easily occurs in situations at a distance from the seat of circulation—the toes, fingers, nose, ears, etc. The part, if thin, like the ear, may be crisp and hard, ready to break off; but still these frost-bitten parts are not actually irrecoverable; they may be thawed, but strange as it may seem, the cold man's greatest enemy is the heat he so earnestly prays for. After the battle of Eylau, the thermometer had fallen to fourteen and fifteen degrees below zero, but not a single soldier complained of any accident from the cold of cold, though, till the 9th of February, they had passed the nights in snow, and exposed to the hardest frost! They have noticed which would go to show that national hardihood could not always be relied upon; for instance, in the greatest experiment of the effects of cold on man—the French retreat from Russia—the Dutch soldiers of the Third Regiment of the Grenadiers of the Guard, consisting of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven officers and soldiers, nearly all perished, as two years after only forty-one of them, including their colonel, General Tindal, who was wounded, had returned to France; while of the two other regiments of Grenadiers, composed of men nearly all of whom were born in the south of France, a considerable number were saved. The Germans lost, in proportion, a much larger number of men than the French. Though many of the latter were reduced almost to nudity by the Cossacks having stolen their clothes, they did not die from the effects of cold in the same numbers as the Northmen, whom one would have expected to brave out that dreadful campaign with greater impunity. There is a singular mystery about the effects of cold—mysterious as those countries round which it consolidates its impenetrable barrier. When your great natural philosopher calculates with extraordinary nicety the laws of heat, we cannot follow his calculations; how much more difficult, then, must it be for us surgeons to determine how much, not a whole body, but perhaps some patch of tissue, may be reduced in temperature with hope of its recovery.

Take as an example, now, Napoleon's army after so long a march from Russia, and let me quote from the great surgeon, Baron Larrey, no

less soldier than surgeon: "The death of the men struck by cold was preceded by pallor of the face, by a sort of idiocy, by hesitancy of speech, weakness of sight, and even complete loss of sensation; and in this condition some were marshaled for a longer or shorter period, conducted by their comrades or their friends. Muscular action was visibly weakened; they reeled on their legs as if intoxicated; weakness progressed gradually till they fell down, which was a certain sign of the complete extinction of vitality. The continuous and rapid march of the soldiers collected into a mass obliged those who could not keep up to leave the centre of the column, and keep to the sides of the road. Once separated from the compact body, and left to their own resources, they soon lost their equilibrium, and fell into the ditches filled with snow, from whence it was difficult to remove them; they were struck suddenly with a painful choking, passed into a lethargy, and in a few seconds ended their existence. When on the heights of Miendeski, one of the points of Russia which seemed to me most elevated, many had bleeding from the nose. * * * The external air had undoubtedly become more rarefied, and no longer offering resistance to the action of the fluids, of which the movement is constrained by the internal vital forces and the expansion of the animal heat, these fluids passed off by the points of least resistance, which are generally the mucous surfaces, especially the mucous lining of the nose. This death (from cold) did not seem to me a painful one; as the vital forces were gradually extinguished, they drew after them the general sensibility to external agencies, and with them disappeared the faculties of special sensation. We found almost all the persons frozen to death lying on their stomachs, and with no sign of decomposition." How did any escape? One would think that what was cold to one must have been equally so to the others. We see in the garden, after some severe frost, particular species of plants affected by it, but here is one species of animal suffering so unequally, as regards its individual members, as to strike the most ordinary observer with surprise.

Now, it would seem that cold affects in only two ways—it predisposes to the death of tissues, and it kills.

In the first case, the part is not more affected than that it is very cold; its temperature is greatly lowered; the contracted blood-vessels allow but little of the vital fluid to pass. At this moment, it seems that but a small increase in the temperature may endanger the life of the part, or even of the whole body.

Let us quote again from Baron Larrey: "Toward the end of the winter of 1795-96, when I was with the army of the Eastern Pyrenees, we passed suddenly from an extremely intense cold to an elevated temperature. A great number of the soldiers especially those who were at the siege of Rossas, then had their feet frozen; some advanced sentinels were even found dead at their post in the first hours of the thaw; and although we had passed fifteen or twenty days under the influence of the severe cold, none of the soldiers of the advanced post of sieges presented themselves at the ambulances of the intrenchment, of which I was director-in-chief, until the date of the thaw. So in Holland, the soldiers who for the sake of *le petit apôtre* stood patiently in the snow, did so with impunity till the first thaw, when they were attacked by gangrene. And what is frost-bite? It is a part in which the power of evolving heat and the circulation of the blood has been entirely destroyed; and this most easily occurs in situations at a distance from the seat of circulation—the toes, fingers, nose, ears, etc. The part, if thin, like the ear, may be crisp and hard, ready to break off; but still these frost-bitten parts are not actually irrecoverable; they may be thawed, but strange as it may seem, the cold man's greatest enemy is the heat he so earnestly prays for. After the battle of Eylau, the thermometer had fallen to fourteen and fifteen degrees below zero, but not a single soldier complained of any accident from the cold of cold, though, till the 9th of February, they had passed the

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

a libel upon him in the description of the Prince of Wales' Ball, (damages laid at \$4000,) which he has recently ascertained was written by said Underwood. He has also sued the stockholders in the late "Bee Printing Company" to recover the amount of judgment which he has recovered of the Company upon the same cause of action as the preceding, but which cannot be collected because the Company are insolvent. The damage in this case is laid at \$4000. The Count is retained as counsel in an action brought by James M. Nixon, "the lessee, director and responsible financial manager of the Boston Theatre, otherwise known as the Boston Academy of Music," against Henry G. Parker who is described as one who has been for several months past "the histrioic, operatic, review, writer, compiler, and dramatic Editor" of the Boston Courier. The libel is contained in a notice of Edwin Forrest's personation of Othello and was published in that paper. Damage laid at \$4000. Hon. Geo. S. Hillard defends this action. In retaliation for the proceeding, the said Hillard in behalf of said Parker has sued Nixon for libel upon him for certain words published in a handbill or programme of the performance of a certain play or theatrical representation called "The Gladiator." Damage \$3000. These suits give evidence of something interesting to come off in our Court, and will enable us to see what constitutes a libel and how far editors, publishers, and printers are responsible therefor. The zeal and perseverance which the Count has manifested in conducting the cases which have been before our Courts, give evidence that these additional ones will be presented with all the ability at his command.

EXCELSIOR.

Special Notices.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—attested by desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), free full and explicit directions or preparing and successfully using the same, which will find a *sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* The object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh,
King's County, New York.

Get a Case of Doc. Gifford's Homeopathic Curatives, put up in morocco cases of 15 vials, price \$1; 50 vials, price \$5; 30 vials, price \$7; and 40 vials, price \$9, with a small box.

For sale at the Woburn Bookstore, M. S. Burr & Co., Boston, wholesale Agents, or sent anywhere on receipt of 25 dollars in a box, by

Philip Little, 136 Washington Street, New York, who will send you a manual free. See that each box has his name.

Married.

THOMPSON—Corbett—in Woburn, 21st ult., Mr. STEPHEN THOMPSON to Miss Sophia Corbett, both of Woburn.

AMES—FARRINGTON—in Methuen, 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Greeley, Mr. Erskine Ames of Woburn, to Miss Sarah M. Farrington, of M.

Died.

PIERCE—in Woburn, Jan. 5th, Meijer L. Pierce, aged 16 years, 3 months.

HAYDEN—in Woburn, Jan. 6th, Marcia A. wife of E. D. Hayden, Esq., and only daughter of J. B. Hayden, Esq., aged 26 years, 4 months, 14 days.

WILLIAMS—in Woburn, Jan. 8th, Stephen Cummings, aged 48 years.

HOLDEN—in Woburn, Jan. 8th, Mary L., daughter of E. B., and Emilie L. Holden, aged 9 years 4 months.

SWEETSER—in Woburn, Jan. 8th, Samuel P., son of Samuel C. and Mary Sweetser, aged 10 months.

BIGHAM—in Houghton, Mich., Emilie DeWolf, aged 27 years, only daughter of Erastus F. Bigham, formerly of Woburn.

FRANCIS—in St. Louis, 7th inst., suddenly Charles Francis, son of J. Henry and Mary Emerson, aged 11 years.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, will deliver a lecture before the South Reading Literary Association, ON MONDAY EVG, JAN. 13, In the Universalist Church, commencing at 7 o'clock. Doors open at 6.

Tickets 25 cents.

For sale at the Post Office in Stowham, Melrose, Reading, Lyndhurst and So. Reading.

A special train will leave for Reading for Boston and way stations, at five minutes past the stroke of 6. C. W. EATON, Secy., January 25th, 1862.—17

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, the President, Treasurer, and Director of the GUILFORD GAS LIGHT COMPANY of Reading, South Reading and Stowham, a Corporation established under the General Laws of this Commonwealth, do hereby certify as follows:—That the amount of Capital Stock is One thousand eight hundred and fifty nine dollars; that the name of said Corporation is "Citizens Gas Light Company"; that its purpose is to manufacture and sell gas; that the amount of its Capital Stock is Ninety thousand dollars, and that the amount of its Bonds is \$39,100 Dollars (\$39,082.32); that the amount of the Capital Stock actually paid in is Ninety three thousand six hundred and eighty four and 32/100 dollars (\$93,684.32); that the amount of the Bonds in said Corporation is one hundred dollars each.

Dated at South Reading this fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty two.

H. P. WAKEFIELD, Pres.

LILLEY EATON, Treas.

L. P. WAKEFIELD, Vice Pres.

HORACE BARNES, Directors.

THOS. EMERSON, Jr.

LILLEY EATON,

Middlesex ss. Jan'y 7, 1862. Personally appeared the aforementioned H. P. Wakefield, President and Director, L. P. Eaton, Vice President, and Horace Barnes, Directors, and made oath that the foregoing Certificate, by them subscribed, is true.

Before me, H. P. WAKEFIELD, Just. Peace.

Before me, LILLEY EATON, Clerk of said Com.

28-15.

Executors' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the Estate of H. P. Wakefield, of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and have taken upon themselves that truly by giving bonds, as the law directs, All debts and demands due and owing to the said deceased, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HENRY NICHOLS, Executors.

Burlington, Nov. 29th, 1861.—15 3w.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IN INSOLVENCY:

MIDDLESEX ss. December 25th, 1861.

NOTICE is hereby given that Honorable WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Court of Insolvency in and for said County of Middlesex, and the other said JUDGE, VESTER HARNDEN of Reading in said County, Cabinet Manufacturer, an insolvent debtor, and the payment of any bills, and the delivery of any documents, to said Insolvent Debtor, or his heirs or his executors, or to his Creditors, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be held on the eighth day of January next at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the proof of Debts, and the choice of Assessors or Assessors.

JNO. DEARBOURN,
Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &c.



E. PERLEY ROBBINS,

Formerly with H. M. Currier and Son,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. R. CAMPBELL),

MARKET EATING HOUSE,

46 North Market Street, BOSTON.

E. P. R. attends personally to the selection of everything necessary for the House, and guarantees perfect satisfaction.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

MOUTH WASH,

A SURE REMEDY FOR A

BAD BREATH,

SORE MOUTHS,

CANKER,

DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,

NURSING SORE MOUTH,

AND the best specific now in use for any diseased condition of the mouth. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

A SWEET BREATH

to all who make use of it. NO YOUNG LADY OR YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a

BAD BREATH

should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure, and is approved and recommended by every physician under whose notes it has been brought.

A BAD BREATH

is an offence for which there is no excuse while

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

Mouth Wash,

can be procured.

Many persons carry with them a bad breath, greatly to the annoyance and often to the disgust of those with whom they come in contact, without being conscious of it. To relieve yourself from all fears regarding this,

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.

Cleanliness of the mouth is of great importance to the general health, and often affected, and not infrequently impaired, through want of proper attention to this subject.

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 37 cents per bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & I. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 392 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Almanacs for 1862.

LADY'S OLD FARMER'S LEAVITT'S, and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1862, can be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

ONE PRICE ONLY!

Good Fall and Winter

CLOTHING!

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS!

OVERCOATS!

BUSINESS COATS!

DRESS COATS!

PANTALOONS!

VESTS!

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS!

Shirts, Collars,

Cravats, Stockings,

Gloves, &c.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

TOOTH POWDER.

This Powder possesses the

CARBONIC WITHOUT THE INJURIOUS PRO-

PERTIES OF CHARCOAL,

and is free from all Acids or Alkalies that can in the least injure the Teeth.

ITS ACTION BEING ENTIRELY MECHANICAL—POLISHING WITHOUT WEARING THE ENAMEL.

Dr. WM. B. Hurd's Tooth Powder

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL EMINENT DENTISTS.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce St., New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & I. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 392 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

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Shirts, Collars,

Cravats, Stockings,

Gloves, &c.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

TOOTHACHE DROPS

FOR THE CURE OF

TOOTHACHE

produced by exposed nerves.

It is particularly adapted to all cases of children afflicated with

TOOTHACHE.

Parents can relieve themselves from that distressing weariness caused by

LOSS OF SLEEP,

and their children from great suffering, by keeping a bottle of

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTHACHE DROPS

in the house.

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match,

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short notice.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt
And every grin so merry draws one out."

Slander.

Put the scarlet pillar up;
Gag her, that she may not speak;
Innocent but when she's dumb;
Lying bag, with face so meek,
There, before the howling crowd,
Rip her tongue, her slacklongue, out;
Smite her fiercely—*onee*—she's DEAD,
Hear the people's roaring shout.

Burn her—but be sure you dig
Pit a thousand fathoms deep
For her ashes, lest they blow
Round the world, while good men sleep,
Winged serpents with poison roots,
Breeding, whereose'er they drop,
Uproot trees, with fruit of lies,
Hell and Satan's cursed crop.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

AN 1812 WAR STORY.—The following we believe has never seen print. Ogden Hoffman used to tell the story. It was in the great fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and said that as the British ship came sailing down on them, as they heard the sharp orders, when the guns were run out and the men could be seen ready with their match-locks, an officer came in haste to Capt. Isaac Hull and asked for orders to fire. "Not yet," was the quiet response. As they came still nearer, and the British poured in her fire, the first lieutenant of the Constitution came on the poop and begged permission to return the broadside, saying that the men could not be restrained much longer. "Not yet," was the indifferent reply. Still nearer the British ship came, and the American prisoners, who were in the cook-pit of the Guerriere, afterwards said that they began to believe that their own countrymen were afraid to measure their strength with that of the enemy, and this thought gave them more pain than the wounds which some of them were still suffering from. In a moment after the Guerriere rode gallantly forward, showing her burnished sides; and as the swell carried her close to the very muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Capt. Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full tights, bent himself twice to the deck, and with every muscle and vein throbbing with excitement, shouted out as he made another gyration, "Now, boys, pour it into them!" That broadside settled their opponent, and when the smoke cleared away the Commodore's tights were seen to be split from waistband to heel. Truly the Commodore had a soul "too big for his breeches." Hoffman used to add that Hull nothing disconcerted, gave his orders with perfect coolness, and only changed his tights when the British commander's sword was given up to him.

An Exchange says that one day last week, a lady went out to make a "call." After ringing the bell, Biddy came to the door, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Is Mrs. — at home?"
"No, mom; she's gone to the circus."
"To the circus! (greatly surprised.) What circus has she gone to?"
"To the sewing circus, mom."

A DIFFERENCE.—X.'s shoemaker brought in his bill, which was immediately allowed to remain unpaid. The little rascal ran his eye over the item, however, and found \$15 charged for a pair of boots.

"That is cool," he exclaimed.

"Cool," responded the cordwainer; "yes, but not collected."

Fashion.

A way to dress,
In the mode I guess,
Picks a husband's heart quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry "No fit!"
And his wife will cry no less.

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

PARTY is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to revenge it afterward.

A fly in a man's butter is decidedly the least pleasant of all kind of butterflies.

Rebels, like firewood, should be measured by the cord.

What plaything may be deemed above every other?—A top.

Take away my first letter—take away my second letter—take away all my letters, and, I am still the same. The postman.

Be calm while your adversary storms and frets and you can warn yourself at his fire.

There are two classes generally in the wrong. Those who don't know enough and those who don't think enough.

An old man, when dangerously sick, was taken to see a doctor, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

WHEREVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man. He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

For organizing an army, feeding, clothing, and equipping it, and going into war business in general, the American people stand a loan.

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I've fought for this country, I've bled for it, and shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by virtues.

JUDY Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciousness by beard? If so, your lordship has none at all."

WHAT shall I help you to?" inquired a lady of a modest youth at the dinner-table. "A wife," was the weak reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignant, and it is said that the kind offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

All subjects which are presented to the mind of man there is none so interesting or so worthy of attention as religion. It is religion that opens our understanding to the knowledge of the Author of our existence, reveals to us the dispensations of His Providence, and unfolds the awful destinies of man, enlightened by His precepts and instructions, the soul is drawn to a love of virtue, and taught to look hopefully forward for recompence in the world to come.

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OF—

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13,000 ISSUED in ten months.

The unprecedented sale of this book has induced

the publisher to add some new tunes and hymns to its present size, without extra charge, except for the new edition. Among many, beautiful and hymns, which may be found in this book, are:

"O, I'll be a good child, in deed I will."

"Sarah Jane Lee."

"Ever of the three."

"Home of our birth."

"Grave of Rosalie, and Wade, lady, wake."

"Instrumental Book."

"Garden of Love."

"Wild Cherry Tree."

"Spurred Thistle."

"Thomas Baker Schottische."

"Piedmontine."

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"Vasavannia Daniels M azurka."

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"Clementine."

"Tunbridge Wells Quotilla."

"Hibernal Quadrille."

"New Quadrille."

"Hibernal Quadrille."

Middlesex

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Journal.

VOL. XI : : No. 16.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Lines for the Times.

BY MRS. E. C. POLAND.

Beauregard! Beauregard! Prepare for the day,
When McClellan shall meet thee, in battle array;
For the blood of your slain rushes red on my
sight."

And the clans of Jeff Davis are scattered in flight.
We'll battle and bleed for our Flag's starry crown,
Woe, woe to the "rebel" that tramples it down;
We'll wrest its bright folds from the traitor's vile
hand,

Who would spread desolation and death o'er the
land.

Who would blanch and blast our once glorious
crown,
And trample her honor all recklessly down.
Old Jeff may look down on the Northmen with
scorn,
Proud bird of the mountain, your plume shall be
torn."

You may urge on your minions, both white, red
and black,
We'll never before them, retreat, nor turn
back;
Till we've rooted out treason's vile brood from the
land,
And wiped from our escutcheon foul Slavery's
band.

From the time when Old Sumter's voice startled
the ear,
To the death-try at Leesburg of those we held
dear;

Have we sworn to defend our Country's just cause,
To stand by and support Constitution and Laws.

Then shoulder to shoulder, brave sons of the North,
In the name of your God, fling your bright banner
forth;
With hearts nerve to the contest, and sinews of
steel,
Strike for freedom a blow which the traitor's shall
feel.

Unbeaten, unshaken, be true to the trust
Bequeathed by those heroes, now slumbering in
dust;
Strike home, for your birthright—that land of the
free,
Till our flag float triumphant o'er the land and the
sea.

Old time-honored flag! 'Tis with reverence we
bow
'Neath thy starry folds, never dearer than now;
With the blood of our fathers we purchased each
star,
And cursed be the hand that its beauty would mar.

Then stand firm together, till victory is won,
Your swords, half a million, your bosoms as one;
Nor lay down your arms, while a traitor remains,
But prove yourselves worthy the blood in your
veins.

SO. READING, DEC. 8th, 1861.

Select Literature.

THE ROSE OF GLEN VALLEY.

"Murder!—Help!—Oh, help!"

How sharp and fearfully distinct that cry
ran on the midnight air! But there were
none to hear it, except the two ruffians, who,
pressing still closer to their victim, bore him
heavily to the ground.

"He is dead!" said the oldest one, placing
his hand upon the heart of the wounded
man, who lay upon the ground without sense
or motion.

"We had better make sure of it," said the
other, significantly pointing to the river at a
short distance.

His companion understood him, and without
a word on either side they lifted up the
body and carried it to the river. There was
a heavy splash, something that sounded like
a stilled groan, and the broad waters rippled
quietly over—it—the moon looked down as
calmly and placidly as if crime and murder
were a thing unknown. The two men then
mounted their horses and rode swiftly away.

"This is a good night's job," said the short-
er and the younger of the two.

"I should judge so," returned the other,
dryly, "as it gives you one of the richest
cardoons in England."

"Ay, and by my knightly faith, you shall
find that the Earl of Egberton is not ungrate-
ful," said the other. The thousand pounds
shall be yours to-morrow, and if there is any-
thing else I can do for you, you may consider
me to the full extent of my power."

"There will be a merry bridal to-morrow,"
said his companion.

"Very!" replied the younger one, with a
light mocking laugh. "Lady Blanche will
wait long at the altar for her lover; and as for
my good cousin Walter, who has been my
rival in love and ambition, I'll warrant he'll
sleep as sound to-night as he would have
pillowed in her arms! But we must separate
here," he added, as they emerged from the
forest into the open country. "We must
not be seen together. Adieu! We shall
meet to-morrow at the bridal."

And so saying he turned the head of his
horse into one of the two roads that were be-
fore them, and his companion taking the other,
they parted.

In an elegant boudoir, partly reclining upon
a low couch, was a fair young girl of not
more than twenty summers, apparently in a
deep reverie. Her thoughts were very pleasant,
for there is a half smile around her
mouth, an expression of thoughtful and sub-
dued tenderness in the deep blue eyes and on
the smooth open brow. Her maid, who had
entered some minutes before, but who had
hesitated to disturb her, now approached.

"It is nearly ten, lady Blanche," she said,
addressing her young mistress; "in half an
hour the guests will be here."

"Can it be possible that it is so late as
that?" she replied, starting from her seat.
"Ah, Martha, I am so very happy!"

"Heaven grant that it may last, lady!" said
Martha, solemnly.

A shadow fell across the young girl's sun-
firmly, "it will avail little. All the heart
that I have is buried in Walter's grave. Yet
I promise that all I can give you shall be
yours any day you name."

The Earl murmured a few words of thanks,
and then raising her hand respectfully to his
lips, turned away, and mounting his horse,
rode rapidly toward Egberton Hall, his heart
full of exultation at his success. As he was
passing a narrow defile, a form wrapped in a
large cloak suddenly crossed his path, start-
ing his horse so that he nearly threw him off
from the saddle. With a muttered imprecation
he grew calmer, however, when the ceremony com-
menced.

"It is I, Edward St. Croix!" said a deep
hollow voice; and throwing back the cloak,
the pale light of the moon fell upon the tall
form of a woman, clad in a strange, fantastic
attire. Her eyes were black as midnight, as
also was the heavy mass of disordered hair
that fell below her waist; her complexion
was dark, even to swarthiness. Yet, in spite
of her weird, unearthly aspect, there was
something in the general contour of her face
which showed that she had once possessed
more than common beauty.

"Ardelle!" exclaimed St. Croix, as-
tonished.

"It is not Walter been here yet, father?" inquired
the young girl.

"No," replied her father. "It is rather
strange; but I suppose something has detained
him. He will probably meet us at the
church."

As Blanche passed down through the
group of liveried servants that lined the hall,
every one anxious to catch a glimpse of the
bride, many a heart blessed her sweet face,
and prayed that all the bright anticipations
its smiles and blushes shadowed forth might
be realized.

To Lord Cantref's surprise, the Earl of Eg-
berton was not at the church door when they
arrived. His brow grew dark with anxiety,
though he endeavored to allay the apprehensions
of his daughter, whose cheeks alternately
flushed and paled at her embarrassing position.

"Just as they were about to return, Lord
Cartref noticed a horseman approaching at
a furious pace, whom he recognized as Mr.
St. Croix, the young Earl's cousin. His
clothes were torn and dusty, and his face
pale and haggard, as he hurriedly alighted
from his horse, which was covered with sweat
and foam. As his eye fell upon Lady Blanche
he hesitated, and casting a significant glance
upon Lord Cantref, beckoned him aside.

"This movement did not escape the obser-
vation of Lady Blanche, whose cheek grew
pale with fear.

"It was from Walter!" she exclaimed,
breaking from her attendants and following her
father. "Tell me," she added, wildly,
addressing St. Croix, "is he ill—dead?"

"It is," replied her companion, a grim
smile of satisfaction flitting across his face at
the recollection.

"Woe to the dove when it mates with the
hawk!" said the gipsy. "Edward St. Croix,
was not the cardoon enough for thee, that
thou must lay thy blood-stained hands also
upon the brothel of thy murdered cousin?"

St. Croix fairly reeled upon his saddle.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Nay, be calm," said the woman, mock-
ingly, as she observed his agitation; "let not
your craven heart fail you now. Dead men
tell no tales! The moon that beheld that
deed of blood, the river that received the
body of the victim, have no tongue to accuse
you. Yet there is one whose eyes were upon
you, and whose vengeance will overtake you,
Go! I warn you to flee from the wrath that is
coming."

The Earl remained some seconds with his
eyes fixed intently upon the spot where the
woman disappeared. The cold sweat started
out in large drops upon his face, and his limbs
shook as if seized with an ague fit.

"She is no woman," he muttered to himself,
as he spurred his horse onward, "but a very
fiend! But were she twice as fierce as that
she is, she should not stand between me and
my promised bride!"

He reached Egberton Hall in safety, and
endeavored with large draughts of wine to
drown all recollections of the scene through
which he had just passed. But it was in
vain; those black eyes seemed to be burning
into his very soul, and the tones of that
strange mysterious warning still sounded in
his ears.

"You are prejudiced, my daughter," said
her father. "I see nothing of this. Indeed,
I believe him to be an honorable man, and in
very respect worthy of you. You have no
brother," he added, solemnly, as his daughter
made no reply, "and will soon separate
from her, for my sake is nearly run. It grieves
me to leave you so unprotected, and it would
take the last sting from death could I see you
Lord Egberton's wife."

"Let it be as you say, father," replied
Lady Blanche, indifferently. "Since Walter
is dead, I care little what becomes of me."

"The Earl has been waiting some time to
see you, Blanche," he continued! "may he
come in, and receive your consent from your
own lips?"

Lady Blanche inclined her head; and in a
few moments the wily man was by her side.

"I have no heart to give you," she said,
in reply to his earnest protestations, lifting
her eyes calmly to his face; "but my hand
is yours whenever you choose to claim it."

"If the most devoted and tender love can
win your heart, it cannot but fail to be mine,
dear lady," said the Earl, softly.

"Nay, Lord Egberton," said Lady Blanche,
firmly, "it will avail little. All the heart
that I have is buried in Walter's grave. Yet
I promise that all I can give you shall be
yours any day you name."

Both disliked and feared. As he took his
place by Lady Blanche he looked little like a
happy bridegroom; his manner was abstracted,
and his eye wore an anxious and restless
expression, and several times he gave a sharp,
hurried glance around the church, as if fearing
to meet some unexpected guest. He grew
calmer, however, when the ceremony com-
menced.

When the old rector bade those "who
knew cause or just impediment why those
two persons should not be joined together in
holly matrimony to declare it," it was con-
sidered by those who heard it as a mere matter
of form, and they were startled by the
sound of a deep hollow voice in their midst,
which said—

"Hold! I forbid the marriage."

The bridegroom turned toward the place
whence it proceeded. He started and grew
pale, as his glance fell upon the swarthy
brown and flashing eyes of Cleopatra the
gipsy queen. Unashamed by his angry glance,
or the many eyes fixed upon her, she exclaim-
ed boldly—

"I proclaim Edward St. Croix, falsely
called Earl of Egberton, to be a forsworn
lover, a treacherous kinsman, and a murderer,
and therefore no fitting mate for the pure and
gentle Lady Blanche Cantref."

"It is false—she is mad!" said the Earl,
hoarsely. "Let the ceremony proceed."

"Fool!" muttered the woman, "you rush
on your own destruction. Walter, Earl of
Egberton," she added, impressively, turning
towards a man who sat in the back part of
the church, muffled up in a large cloak,
"come forward and prove the truth of my
assertion."

At these words the man arose, and throw-
ing back the cloak, revealed a face, which,
though pale and gaunt, bore a strong re-
semblance to the young Earl's. Then walking
deliberately up the aisle he approached the
altar, and fixed his eyes sternly upon the
countenance of the guilty man. When St. Croix's
eyes fell upon him, he stood like one trans-
fixed with horror. Then, throwing his arms
wildly above his head, as if to protect
himself from further approach, he fell
heavily to the floor, blood gushing from his
mouth and nostrils.

All but one among that horrow-stricken
group supposed it to be the spirit of the
unfortunate Earl, which had returned to take
vengeance on the murderer, and feared to ap-
proach him. But Lady Blanche, rushing for-
ward, threw herself wildly upon the bosom of
her lover, obtaining convincing proof as
she did so, from the warm kisses that fell
upon her lips, that it was no spirit, but her
own Walter.

When they lifted St. Croix from the place
where he had fallen, they found that life had
departed. It seems that the wounds given to
the young Earl were not, as his murderers
supposed, mortal. His plunge into the river,
instead of rendering his death certain, restored
him to consciousness, and when he arose to the
surface, made a desperate effort to regain the
shore. In this he would not, probably, have
been successful, for he was very weak from the loss of blood, had it not
been for the gipsy queen, who was crossing
the river in a boat with some of her followers.
She picked him up, conveyed him to her
boat, and with the most devoted and tender
care, nursed him through the long and dan-
gerous illness that followed.

The Earl, on his recovery, became aware
of his cousin's usurpation of his estates and
title, also of his betrothal to the Lady Blanche;
but retaining a grateful sense of his indebtedness
to the heroic woman to whom he owed his life,
and who, in spite of all, still cherished a strong affection for his treacherous
cousin, he allowed her to warn him, hoping
that it would induce him to flee from the
country, delaying for that purpose his appear-
ance until the very last moment.

There was another bridal day appointed,
at which there were happy and sad faces;

the Lady Blanche, the beautiful Rose of Glen
Valley, gave her hand to Walter, Earl of
Egberton, at the altar of the ivy-clad church
of Stoke Cantref.

Both the Earl and Countess tried to induce
Cleopatra, the gipsy queen, to settle down in
the neat pleasant cottage the Earl had given
her. But they could not prevail upon her to
leave the gipsy tribe, to which she belonged.

She made it a rule, however, to visit Egberton
Hall once a year, and to give up her roving
life to the Earl during that period.

Many years have elapsed since the events
here recorded; but in remembrance of the
services rendered by the gipsy queen, any
member of that wandering tribe who visits
the neighborhood has always a hospitable
reception from the descendants of the Rose
of Glen Valley.

A murmur of mingled pity and admiration
filled the church as the bride entered. Her
face was almost as pale as the costly veil,
whose ample folds fell nearly to her feet, and
it bore the impress of deep-seated melancholy.

She looked more like a corpse than a bride,
and the whole proceeding resembled far more
a funeral than a bridal. The bridegroom
soon entered, whose haggard countenance
indicated that he had passed a sleepless night.
No murmurs followed his entrance, even among
his own retainers, for he bore no resemblance
to the late Earl, his predecessor.

"The Earl has been waiting some time to
see you, Blanche," he continued! "may he
come in, and receive your consent from your
own lips?"

Lady Blanche inclined her head; and in a
few moments the wily man was by her side.

"I have no heart to give you," she said,
in reply to his earnest protestations, lifting
her eyes calmly to his face; "but my hand
is yours whenever you choose to claim it."

"If the most devoted and tender love can
win your heart, it cannot but fail to be mine,
dear lady," said the Earl, softly.

"Nay, Lord Egberton," said Lady Blanche,
firmly, "it will avail little. All the heart
that I have is buried in Walter's grave. Yet
I promise that all I can give you shall be
yours any day you name."

An army correspondent gives the fol-
lowing account of the medicine given the
volunteers:—"Our doctor gives us the same
medicine for all complaints. Headache, blue
pills; ear ache, blue pills; rheumatism, blue
pills; yellow jauanders, blue pills; dropsy,
blue pills; cold, blue pills; and so on. We
are, decidedly, the blue pill regiment, and of
the opinion that it don't take much to make
a person well."

DECEMBER was a remarkable month. The
first half of it was as mild as October, and it
had five Sundays and two new moons.

For the Middlesex Journal.

'Tis Snowing.

'Tis snowing to-night, and where

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

Wit and Anecdote.

"Care to our Coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

The Whole Story told in Rhyme.

John Bull met our Jonathan,
"Ah! Jonathan," said he, sir,
I hear some noise now, what's all this row
You're kicking up a pretty fuss—
Pray tell me what it's for, sir?
Let the advice—just compromise;
A horrid thing is war, sir.

"I shall want cotton, Jonathan,
Likewise, Virginia's need, sir,
And really, now, I can't allow
This quarrel to proceed, sir."
"Du tell!" says Brother Jonathan;
"Now, don't you get excited;
At home I rule, so just keep cool—
You'll see this thing all righted.

"My Southern boys for years have held
The Presidential reins, sir;
Until to-day they've held a sway
They never can regain, sir.
And with them to abide, they kick
And hate with all their might, sir;
For love of Union's second to
Their fondness for State rights, sir.

"They say we mean to free their slaves,
And take them from their hands, sir,
Rob them of their property,
Their daughters, and their lands, sir;
We've told 'em that we meant not such,
But this they have not needed;
So, feeling sore, they've took to war,
And wilfully seceded.

"We only ask them to obey
The same laws that we do, sir.
Their fathers helped our own to make—
They were good men and true, sir;
We ask no more, we'll take no less,
Though every tassel drop, sir,
Of Northern blood the land shall flood—
Till then it cannot stop, sir!

"I want but justice, buly John,
Respect, and all my dues, sir;
And when I have them, Johnny Bull,
You shall have cotton, too, sir.
But not till then, that's sartain sure,
So take the master easy;
And when the war is over, John,
I'll do my best to please ye."

A SENSIBLE MAGISTRATE.—Some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, once took up a whole wagon load of Methodists, and carried them before a magistrate. When they were asked what the persons had done there was a awkward silence. At last one of the accusers said: "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning till night." The magistrate asked if they done anything else. "Yes, sir," said the old man, "an't please your worship, they converted my wife; till she went among them she had an awful tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all scolds in the town."

PARENTAL ADVICE.—"Ven you arrive at the dignity of sawing wood, Lafayette,—if you is ever eleuated to that ere profession, mind an' alwus saw the biggest stick fust; 'cause y' you'll only have the little 'uns to saw ven you gets tuckered. Ven you eats pie, —as I sposse you may, if yer lives to be a man—alwus eat the crust fust, 'cos the crust ain't a good thing to top off with, 'specielly if it's tough and thick as sole leather. Ven you piles up wood alwus put the big 'uns to the bottom, —alwus, Lafayette, 'cause it mighty hard exercise to lift 'em to the top' o' the pile. These are the results of habosaration, Lafayette, and may be depended on, an' it's all for your good I says it."

"Vy, father," responded young hopeful, "you a 'nornous' sp'rence you must a had!"

A NEW DISH.—A gentleman, whose knowledge of the French was limited to a few words, and who was ignorant even of these, called in at one of our French restaurants a few days since for his dinner. "Vat vill you have, sare?" said the attentive French waiter. "I'll take some of that—that what do you call it? same as I had yesterday—some French dish or other." "I do not recollect, sare, vat you did have day before dis." "Oh, some fried dish—let's see a fried filet de chamb're—I believe that's what they call it." The poor waiter shrugged his shoulders, and put on a look of perfect astonishment when his customer called for a fried chambermaid.

PHILANTHROPS coming up Washington street the other morning, saw a poor woman bending beneath a monstrous bag of hair that she had been picking. With that impulsive nature which characterizes him, he rushed forward, and seizing the hind end of the bag, essayed to put it on his own head. The effort, though generous, was unfortunate in its result, for the action tipped the poor woman forward with the bag on top of her, while he fell back and sat on the sidewalk with the glorious consciousness that he had been flooded in endeavoring to carry out a great principle. The woman was oblivious to the intention, and rubbed her nose as though it had hurt her.

THE MASS 13TH are feared by the rebels, as will be seen by the following conversation which took place between the rebels on one side of the Potomac River and Company C (13th) on the other:—"What regiment is guarding that place?" "Mass. 13th!" "Where in h—l—ist the Mass. 13th?" We have travelled up and down this river for fifty miles, and everywhere we find Mass. 13th, and every man appears to carry a small canon on his back."

A young lady, weeping and waving her handkerchief with much assiduity on the occasion of the departure of a regiment of soldiers, was asked what relatives she had in the regiment, and replied, "Cousins." "How many?" was soliloquized. "Why, the whole regiment; aren't they Uncle Sam's boys?" laconically replied the lass.

THE right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

"An admirer of old music, when they pronounced the words distinctly, does not like modern music. One recently attended church and took note of the following:—

"Waw kaw, swaw daw aw waw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw;
Waw-kaw law thaw raw waw-haw,
Aw thaw raw jaw-saw aw."

He was surprised, on turning to his hymn book to find they were singing.

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes."

"Father, did you ever have another wife, besides mother?"

"No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Annie Domini, in 1835, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

"The Bath Times says:—'We have a few men on our books that have admirable qualifications for good soldiers. They will stand a charge, never flinching a hair. Some of them have stood it over six years.'

The Emperor of the French has presented four picked rams, from the Royal flock at Rambouillet, to the King of the Sandwich Islands. Mrs. Partington is very anxious to know why they were picked, when shearing would have been a vast deal better.

SOMETHINGS-OR-NOTHINGS.

"Variety's the spine of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

This is a fast generation, but our ancestors got ahead of us in this world.

To make a mess—Pour a quart of molasses in your wife's bonnet.

We know a great many persons that are kind to fault, but a fault is about the only thing that they are kind to.

You will not be agreeable to company, if you strive to bring in or keep up a subject unsuitable to their capacities or humor.

It is not very remarkable that the only white man found in Beaufort by the Union forces was drunk. He was in a tight place.

TOAST ON THE POTOMAC—Soon may the winter of our discontent be cheered by a glorious march.

"My soul cleaveth unto the dust," as the snuff-taker said while scooping a pinch of "Rhodes's Delectable" from Mrs. Partington's snuff-box.

COMPLIMENT FOR JOHN BULL.—The Brazilians are temperate people and when they see any person drunk in the streets, they remark, "How very like the English is that!"

EVIL thoughts in the soul of either man or woman, like oil in water, will rise to the top. No preparation of deceit can amalgamate them with virtue so that they remain concealed.

The hunchback does not see his own hunch, but he sees clearly the hunch of another hunchback. Therefore it is as well to know what there is at our own back, before we venture to laugh behind the back of others.

No man who has ever distinguished himself as a soldier has been much of a talker. Caesar, Napoleon, Wellington, though they could all express themselves fluently, were proverbial for their laconicism of speech in the prosecution of their campaigns.

THAT "PRINCE"—

CLOTHIERS
GEORGE H. LANE,

AT HIS

Great Bargain Store,

KNOWN AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

No. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON,

INVITES the attention of the residents of WOBURN and vicinity, irrespective of party, to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

OF...

OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE,
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN
NEW ENGLAND.

Please remember also, that No Clothing House in Boston can approach our prices.

All our customers say so—Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the right place. You will get ample reward for all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

"Lane's Clothing Palace,"

31 & 32 Dock Square,

BOSTON,

Nov. 1, 1861. 3r

B. Y. FRENCH, Treasurer.

CLARK'S Patent Indelible Pencils, for Marking Clothing, for sale at the Bookstore.

Something for the Times!

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**JOHNS & CROSLEY'S
AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!**

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that invasive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throwaway that brok' Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost us a shilling; a shilling saved is a shill'g earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it; it will never show when you're dressed.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and to fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."—*New York Times.*

"It is convenient to have in the house."—*New York Express.*

"It is always ready; this commands it to everybody."—*Advertiser.*

"It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and to fact everything but Metals.

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Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Price 25

Woburn Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : No. 17.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Lines,
Suggested by Listening to an Elegant but Formal Religious Service.

By H. BUTTERWORTH.

The heavy organ pealed a joyous strain,
Then solemn in while in softest melody.

Like distant thunder for a time—
It rolled, then like a Peiri's lute it seemed—

An outcast Peiri's lute—recalling airs

Of happier days Elysian.

The clock was ticking, ticking,

The gas light quivered in an hundred

flares;

Of crystal, and the silvery haze engulfed

A congregation.

The organ pealed again. Sweet voices

Warbled with its notes—contraltoes deep

With high soprano mingled, and a gush

Of symphony along the arches swept,

As though a fairy band passed through the

place;

Discoursing, notes ethereal.

They sang—the young and gay,

And none knew what, not even they who

sang—

The praise of God, twas said,

And silence followed,

Silent all b side high on the frescoed

Wall, mid gilded leaves and flowers, the clock

A-ticking, ticking,

The sweet, ring voice of prayer,

The solemn march of language!

The prea her rose,

From Holy Writ some sentiments he read,

Then spake in sounding words of forms of faith,

Of art in diction studied, measured, grand;

Of nature, and her wondrous laws, in all

The melody of language, then closed.

With a final line apostrophic man,

Hymn of triumph o'er material powers;

But of the one of Christ, of hurrying time,

And the reits to come on it hang, he did

Not speak.

He ceased, and soft lips whispered,

“Beautiful!”

Silent agin, all save

The pendulum, whose dread sound once

more fell

On the untiring ear.

Oh! how it smote the heart!

Speaking of life no more, of hope no more,

Of years returning nevermore.

Oh! how it smote the heart!

Speaking of that great clock upon whose face

The hand shall never reach the figure one,

Or the eternal pendulum that shall move

And move, yet never stir the hand upon

The dial!

The adoration passed!

More music grand, a general flow

Of melody; as come the fluting winds

In summer times!

More singing sweet, a bird-like warbling

Of unknown sounds, which all admired save

one,

Who tearfully looked up to Heaven and said:

“For my poor soul doth no man care!”

The ben dic! then . . .

The storm of music rose, and mid its peals,

The throng poured out to the lighted vestibule,

Some to the gayeties of life again,

And some to the death of death,

Amid tin-silent and deserted aisles,

Still fill t' the solemn tomb.

Ah, p pacher, faithless to thy charge,

Prating in rhetoric for idle fame,

One hung' came, than gavest him no meat,

And thirst' cam', thou gavest him no drink;

In the great day what will the Master say

Of thee?

Ah, sighs and sounds that fill the courts of

God.

Distracting thoughts that else would flow to

heaven,

In life's las: hours, as turn to ye the mind,

What resp' vil ye wear?

Alas! Alas! Alas!

Boston Journal.

Select Literature.

Everett's Oration on the Rebellion

Geo. Wm. Curtis contributes to the January number of *Harper's Monthly*, an eloquent and appreciative description of Edward Everett's latest oration, which we copy below. After describing the audience present, he says:

While leaning against the wall, under the balcony, a spectator looks around upon the humungous throng and thinks of camps far away, besieging drums and wild alarms, and sweeping squadrons of battle, there is a sudden hush and a simultaneous glance toward one side of the house, and there, behind the seats at the side, and making for the stage door that opens into the auditorium, marches a procession, two and two, very solemn, very bold, very gray, and very full of white cravat. They are the invited guests, the honored citizens of —, the reverend clergy, themayor and alermen, possibly; perhaps the ex-members of the school committee; some very rich gentlemen doubtless; and, beyond question, a body of substantial, intelligent, courageous people. They disappear for a moment within the door, and immediately emerge upon the stage with a composed bustle, moving their seats, taking off their coats, blowing their noses, sedately interchanging quiet mirth, and finally seating themselves, and gazing at the audience evidently with a feeling of doubt whether the honor of the position compensates for its great disadvantage; for to sit behind an orator is like being in the next house to a singer.

The audience is now waiting, both upon the stage and in the boxes, with a kind of expectation. There is little talking, but a tension o' heads toward the stage. The last nose is b own there, the last joke expires; all attention is concentrated upon an expected object. The edge of eagerness is not suffered to turn, and at precisely the right moment a figure with a dark head and one with a gray head are seen at the depth of the stage advancing through the aisle toward the footlights and the audience. They are the President of the Society and the orator. The

audience applauds. It is not a burst of welcome; it is rather applause of appreciation of unquestionable merit. The gray-headed orator bows gravely and slightly, lays a roll of MSS. upon the table, then he and the President seat themselves side by side. For a moment they converse, evidently complimenting the brilliant audience. The orator, also, evidently says that the table is right, that the light is right, that the glass of water is right, and finally that he is ready.

A few near words—"the honored son of Massachusetts"—introduced, and he rises and moves a few steps forward. Standing for a moment, he bows to the applause. He is dressed entirely in black; wearing a dress coat, and not a frock. Before he says a word, although it is but a moment, a sudden flash of memory reveals all that we have heard and read of the orator before us; "Tell me, ministers of the living God, may he returned an accomplished scholar from Germany, graced with a delicacy of culture hitherto unknown to our schools, how the youthful professor of Greek at Harvard, transferred to the pulpit of Brattle street, held men and women in thrall by the glossy splendor of his rhetoric and the pleading mimicry of his tones, drawing the young scholars after him, who are now our chief glory and pride; how his Phi Beta Kappa oration and apostrophe to Lafayette, who was present, is still the fond tradition of those who heard it; and how he passed on from triumph to triumph in his art of oratory, the elegance, the skill, the floridity, the elaboration, the unflinching fitness, and severe propriety, with all the minor gifts, consoled Boston that it was not Athens or Rome, and had not heard Pericles of Cicero. If you ventured to curiously to question this fond recollection, to ask whether the eloquence was of the heart and soul, or of the mind and mouth; whether it were impassioned oratory, burning, restless, such as we dream Demosthenes and Patrick Henry poured out; or whether it were polished and skilful declamation—those old listeners were like lovers. They did not know; they did not care. They remembered the magic tone, the witchery of grace, the exuberant rhetoric; they recalled the crowds clustering at his feet, the gusts of emotion that in the church swept over the pews, the thrills of delight that in the hall shook the audience; their own youth was a part of it; they saw their own bloom in the flower they remembered, and they could not criticize or compare.

All this recollection gushed through our mind before the orator had well opened his lips. It was not fair, but it was inevitable. If we should see and hear Patrick Henry, with uplifted finger, shouting, "Charles First had his Cromwell, and George Third—may take warning by his example!" it would be, could it be, with all our expectation, what we believe it to have been? After the tremendous blare of trumpets in advance, that shake our very souls within us, no ordinary mortal suffices, only an impossible prodigy must follow; ten feet high at the very least. But then no man is ten feet high; and what is to be done? People lift the leatheren door of St. Peters, and, catching their breath, look in. Oh misery! they see straight to the other end, and a secret disappointment stabs them, because they really expected a vague, swimming immensity of space. Eight of ten people who first see Niagara probably feel, whatever they say, "Is that all?" It is too stern an ordeal, this illimitable expectation. But when our plastic youth has been stamped with such burning traditions, what again is to be done? What but to expect a superficial disappointment?

The eyes with which we saw were full of the vision of traditional grace; the ears with which we heard, of the music that after many years still thrills the hearts of discreet and learned men; and a secret disappointment stabs them, because they really expected a vague, swimming immensity of space. Eight of ten people who first see Niagara probably feel, whatever they say, "Is that all?" It is too stern an ordeal, this illimitable expectation. But when our plastic youth has been stamped with such burning traditions, what again is to be done? What but to expect a superficial disappointment?

It was not fair; no, it was not fair. We did not find—how could we find?—the charm which those of another day remembered. The oration was a most admirable and elaborate essay, full of instruction and truth and patriotism. It was written in the plainest language, and did not contain a doubtful word. It was delivered with perfect propriety, with the confidence that comes from the habit of public speaking, and with an artistic skill of articulation and emphasis. As an illustration of memory it was remarkable, for it was but the second time that the address had been spoken. It occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, and yet the manuscript lay unopened upon the table. Only three or four times was there any hesitation which reminded the hearer that the speaker was repeating what he had already written. His power in this respect has often been mentioned. He is understood to have said that, if he reads anything once, he can repeat it correctly; but if he has written it out, he can repeat it verbatim and always. This unusual faculty secures to all his speeches a completeness and finish which very few orators command. He can say exactly what he means, and nothing more, being never borne away by confusion or sudden emotion to express, as so many speakers do, more than they really think. But, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether all that electric eloquence by which the hearer is caught up as by a whirlwind and swept onward at the will of the orator, is not a tradition in the speeches of this orator. The glow of feeling, the rush of rhetoric, the fiery burst of passion tint. There was not a single one which was peculiarly picturesque or vivid; no electric phrase that sent the whole dismal scene shuddering home to every hearer; no sudden light of burning epithet, no sad elegiac music. It was purely academic. Each word was choice; each detail was finished; it was properly cumulative to its climax; and when that was reached, loud applause followed. It was general, but not enthusiastic. No one could fail to admire the skill with which the sentence was constructed; and so elaborate a piece of workmanship justly challenged high

praise. But still—still do you get any thrill from the most perfect mosaic?

Then followed a caustic and brilliant sketch of the attitude of Virginia in this war. In this part of his discourse the orator was himself a historic personage: for it was he, when editor of the North American Review, that James Madison wrote his letter explanatory of the Virginia resolutions of '98. The wit that sparkled then in the pages of the Review glittered now along the speech. It was Junius turned gentleman and transfixing a State with sarcasm. The action was much the same. But after, in one passage, describing the wrongs wrought by the rebels upon the country, he turned, with upraised hand, to the rows of white-cravated clergymen who sat behind him, and apostrophized them: "Tell me, ministers of the living God, may he

which makes senates adjourn and men spring to arms—are not found in the oratory of the Academy. But why should all flowers be expected to glow in every garden?

That so experienced an orator, so accomplished a scholar, so courteous a man as Mr. Everett, should appear as a Lyceum lecturer, is but another friendly sign of the times. And that circumstances permit him to devote his talents to the discussion of so vital a question as that which we are debating now, is a gain for us and for the country. He has been heretofore the famous eulogist of Lafayette and Washington. The times inspire him now to eulogize the great cause which their lives illustrated.

The Logic of Events.

The following sermon, from the text—*James 3: 17—“First pure then peaceable,”* was delivered by Rev. Mr. Ricker in the Pine Street Church, Milford, on a recent festive occasion. Its terseness and pointedness will commend it to all readers.

This passage was uttered with more force than any of the oration. The orator's hands were clasped and raised; he moved more rapidly across the stage; it was spoken with energy, and loudly applauded.

Thus far the admirable clearness of statement, and perfect propriety of speech, added to the personal prestige which surrounds any man so distinguished as the orator, had secured a well-bred attention. But there was not yet that eager fixed intentness, sensitive to every tone and shifting humor of the speaker, which shows that he thoroughly possesses and controls the audience. There was none of that charmed silence in which the very heart and soul seem to be listening; and any moment it would have been easy to go out.

But when, leaving the purely historical current, he struck into some considerations upon the views of our affairs taken by foreign nations, the vivacious skill of his treatment excited a more vital attention. There was a true interest and a hearty applause.

And when still pressing on, but with unchanged action, to a glance at the consequences of a successful rebellion, the audience was for the first time, really awake.

Let us suppose, said the orator, that secession is successful, what has been gained? How are the causes of discontent removed? Will the malcontents have succeeded because of the non-rendition of fugitive slaves? But how has secession helped it? When, in the happy words of another, Canada has been brought down to the Potomac, do they think their fugitives will be restored? No; not if they came to its banks with the hosts of Pharaoh, and the river ran dry in its bed.

Loud applause here rang through the building.

Or, continued the orator, more vehemently, do they think, in that case, to carry their slaves into the territories now free? Not so if the Chief Justice of the United States and here a volley of applause rattled in, and the orator wiped his forehead—not for the heat, but for the dust, we may well afford to endure the pain. The process once over, the anguish once past, peace will ensue. But first, there must be purity. Until then, there will be war; forasmuch as there can be no peace to the wicked. Not without cause is our nation in this present year of grace, confused and quivering in every nerve and every fibre. The political chemistry of the fathers of the Republic was fatal to permanent tranquility. They attempted to combine in its organic life, elements innately and forever hostile to each other, elements between which there can be no more affinity than there is between sin and mildness, between God and Satan. A collision—always feared from the beginning—was therefore inevitable. Sooner or later it must come. Our Clays and Websters used Herculean efforts to stave off the dreaded conflict; and by dint of ingeniously contrived compromises, patched up at nearly every alternate Congress, they thought to succeed. But the thought, be it said with all due reverence for the illustrious dead, was no better than a delusion and a nightmare.

The antagonism between the oligarchs of the South and the democrats of the North, is the fruit of no transient causes, is due to no temporary irritation occasioned by mere party strife. Its seat is deeper, its source is farther down. The two systems of social and political life are not merely unlike; they are not merely unlike; they are and must be inevitably and eternally opposed to each other. From their very nature, it is impossible to combine them together so that they shall have but one life. They are essentially two, and so opposed to each other in their mould, and fashion, and organic being that they cannot live and flourish upon the same soil. One system or the other must become dominant, must prevail, must eventually possess and govern the whole land. Either the neck of the North must bow itself to the yoke of Slavery, or the head of the South must be lifted up to the yoke of Freedom. Subjugation! with, whatunction and earnestness this word has been iterated and reiterated by the enemies of the government. It is an ugly word, and has an ugly sound that has misled many an honest mind. I should not have selected it, but as it is so much in vogue, I will use it. The strong arm of the government, it is said, is stretched forth to subdue the South. Be it so. As things are, the South must be subjugated, or we must. But what does subjugation mean for the South? Does it mean an enforced inferiority? does it mean degradation? Let us see. This is a Republic. What is demanded of the South? That she should work for us? No such thing; but only that she should work with us, on equal terms, as a free people. This is the extent of the claim made upon her. The idea of reducing her to a state of vassalage is too absurd for a moment's notice. What we demand of her, and all that we demand of her, is that she shall not subjugate the North; that she shall not use our territory as grounds for slave hunting, nor arro-

gantly compel us to become slave-hunters; that she shall leave us perfectly free from all responsibility touching her peculiar institution: free to read Cowper's poems, and teach Wayland's Moral science, and speak our honest convictions without asking her leave; free to travel over the highways of the Republic,

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

of her sons to help breast the black tide of rebellion, and roll it back until it shall be lost in the distant Gulf. Is the sacrifice too great to secure such an end? Who says it? Who thinks it for a moment? Recur again to the text—"First pure, then peaceable." What we are striving for now is not merely national existence, but national regeneration as well. And we shall attain it. The bare thought is a joy and an inspiration. The soul stands erect at the prospect. It is worth rivers of blood and mountains of treasure. The Lord hasten it in its time!

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

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Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1862.

Rolls of Massachusetts Volunteers

We have heard many complaints made that the Rolls of Massachusetts Volunteers at the Adjutant General's office, are extremely incorrect, and unreliable for the attainment of important and necessary information relative to the names and residence of Volunteers; and if the list as published in the Boston Almanac is correct according to the rolls,—but we have very good reasons for knowing that as far as Woburn is concerned it is not,—then the rolls are almost worthless. The Legislature is now in session, and we think it would be well to take some measures to correct mistakes.

Would it not be well to require the Selectmen of towns and the governments of cities to return a correct list of all Volunteers who have gone from their respective precincts, so that the rolls could be made serviceable? or might not some suitable persons be deputed to visit the different locations of Massachusetts Regiments and take down from the men themselves their correct names and residence. This is a matter of the utmost importance to every Massachusetts man, and should be attended to immediately, for we cannot tell at what moment a battle may be fought, when it would be extremely difficult to correct some names.

Perhaps our worthy town representative will give this matter an early consideration, and bring it before the Legislature. If anything can be done to correct the grievous errors referred to, let it be done without delay.

That "advance" which was spoken of several—our readers must ask the "oldest inhabitant" to fill in the exact length of time—ago, has so far advanced as to warrant the *Transcript* in advancing the question, "Are we all ready for the struggle?" For one, we are prepared, and we think that many others are also; anything is better than suspense—if, perhaps, we except defeat. That is the result which very few persons would relish. If ever a great Union victory was needed to keep the people's courage up, it is needed now; this was demonstrated during the present week when the good tidings of the victory in Kentucky came to hand. If we are not much mistaken our hardest and best fighting will be done in the West. We have brave, patriotic and true men there; men who feel the greatness of the responsibility resting upon them and who will not flinch from duty when the hour of battle arrives.

GOV. ANDREW AND GEN. BUTLER.—A very spicy correspondence between these two gentlemen, concerning the commissioning of certain officers in General Butler's Expedition, has recently been printed by order of the Legislature. It appears that the feelings of these gentlemen toward each other, are not very cordial, or calculated to add to the property of the service. As far as we are aware of the facts in the case, we consider Gov. Andrew the nearest right. The ill feeling between these two men, is not of recent growth, but has been growing for months, perhaps since the commencement of the war. The old saying, "Two of a trade can never agree," seems to hold true in this case. The War Department has not treated Gov. Andrew with due courtesy, and if it has found him a little obstinate, it is nothing more than it ought to have expected.

WOBURN VOLUNTEERS.—We will publish again the list of Woburn Volunteers, revised and corrected. Since last week we have found several errors. We have added and taken away several names, so that when next we publish the list it may be taken as reliable.

BECAUSE poets have been called the irritability, nearly all irritable young men and women seem to think themselves poets.

ZOOLOGY.—Mr. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, concluded his interesting course of lectures, on this subject, on Tuesday evening last. At the close of the lecture on that evening, Mr. Putnam was presented with the following resolution of thanks by those in attendance:

RESOLVED, That the thanks of those who have had the pleasure of attending the course of lectures on Zoology given at the High School house by Mr. F. W. Putnam, are evidently due and are hereby most cordially tendered to him; and we trust that he will accept them in the manner in which he has presented to us the outlines of the great science to which he has devoted his energies, and that they sincerely hope he may be successful in his chosen vocation, and that the mantle of his great master may fall upon him.

FUNERAL SERVICE.—Mary, daughter of Mr. James Tweed of this town, died on Sunday last, and was buried from the First Congregational church, on Tuesday afternoon. Many of her schoolmates in the High and Grammar Schools, with their teachers were present, to pay the last sad tribute to her cherished memory. The services were interesting, and were attended by a large concourse of persons. She was confined to her bed over three months, during which time her sufferings were great. The memory of Mary will bloom in the hearts of her associates, even until they too shall pass the golden gates of their eternal home.

EDWARD.—We have received no less than four communications in reply to the remarks of "Excelsior" in last week's paper. It appears that the people of Winchester are much exercised thereby. We are sorry that any one should be publishing in the *Journal* of a personal nature, or that would give offence to any one. We have no immediate means for ascertaining the effect or fairness of our correspondents' favors until they have appeared in print; and accordingly we have to trust to their good judgment.

A private note accompanying one of the above mentioned communications, we are told that it has passed into a proverb in Winchester, that we will not publish a reply to our Winchester correspondent's communications. This is a great mistake. We have never, previous to this week received but one reply which found fault with his productions, and this one we refused to publish because the tone in which it was written would defeat the object the writer had in view.

EDWARD.—A friend has asked us the meaning of the French sentence which ended the article headed "A Corpse-Candle," published in last week's paper, and as there may be some others who would like to know its sense, we give a literal translation:—"Poor Eugene! Truly, the game was not worth the candle."

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION.—On our outside this week can be found a graphic and happy article upon Mr. Everett's Oration on the Rebellion, from the pen of George W. Curtis. Those of our readers who heard Mr. Everett deliver this lecture in Woburn, will appreciate the article.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The "king" of the monthlies is out for February as fresh in matter and appearance as the new-fallen snow. The Atlantic for 1862 promises to exceed anything of the kind this country has ever produced. The *connoisseur* in magazine literature will find in the pages of the Atlantic the choicest and most valuable articles to be found in any periodical in this country. This fact will be proved by perusing the number for February.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—Th's entertaining and useful magazine for February, we have received through the politeness of A. Wilkins & Co., Boston. The article on "Making money" will prove interesting to the searcher after information, and those who relish genuine literary entertainment will find much that partakes of this delectable ingredient.

JESUS.—"Jes," and "Ex-Club," Winchester. Your communications have been received, but as you forgot to send your names, we cannot publish your letters.

EDWARD.—We will publish next week Wincheser's "Roll of Honor," kindly furnished us by our correspondent "Excelsior."

PATENT.—Mr. James W. McIntire, of this town, has received a patent for improvement in stalls for horses.

GOV. SPRAGUE.—Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, who has taken a deep interest in the war, made a startling appeal to the Rhode Islanders in the Burnside Expedition before their departure. It is brief and pertinent, and from it we quote the following:

We are pleased that you are so soon to enter upon the more active life for which you have yearned, and that, ere many days have passed away, you will have an opportunity of winning renown for yourselves and glory for your Commonwealth. We are pleased that so many who were neighbors and friends here, are to be associated in this enterprise. Let your purpose be to cheer each other's hearts and care for each other's interests, and strengthen each other's good resolutions in the hour of prosperity as well as in the hour of trial. Cling to your country's cause, as the ship-wrecked mariner clings to the last plank when night and the tempest gather about." Have faith in a merciful Providence, in a good purpose, faith in the leader of your enterprise, and faith in each other. The heart of the State will go with you; and many prayers will ascend for your triumph in every struggle and your safe return to your many hearthstones. In whatever situation you may be placed, Rhode Island will do all in her power to promote your well being. She sends you with this her cheerful good-bye and earnest God speed.

BECAUSE poets have been called the irritability, nearly all irritable young men and women seem to think themselves poets.

THE REPORT OF THE BREACHING OF FORT PICKENS.—Mere Braggadoio.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A Diamond Wedding.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., Dea. Charles Thompson and wife of North Woburn, were visited by their relatives and friends to the number of fifty or more, in order to celebrate in a private way, the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. It was an occasion of rare occurrence and of rare interest. The aged couple have outlived nearly all the friends of their youth. Of the two families of their parents, which once emigrated, the one three brothers and three sisters, the other, two brothers and three sisters, all, both husbands and wives, have gone to their graves, with only two exceptions besides themselves. One sister, an aged widow, yet lives in the city of New York; and the widow of one of the brothers also lives, and though now past 80, travelled two miles on a stormy evening to be present at the gathering.

OF nine sons and daughters of Dea. Thompson and wife, seven, with their husbands and wives, are alive; and all, with the exception of one who was detained by illness, were present. Of twenty-six grandchildren only thirteen are now living. Of eight great grand-children, seven are living. Each of these generations, together with nephews and nieces, was represented on the occasion.

Though no "diamonds" were left behind,

golden and other substantial tokens of interest

testified that the Diamond Wedding was not a mere empty name.

WITH earnest wishes that the aged couple might live yet for years to come, the company separated at about 10 o'clock apparently greatly pleased with an occasion wholly new to them all.

ONE OF THEM.

EDWARD.—We take the following from a correspondence in the Boston *Herald*:

EDWARD.—Virginia has received such an infusion of the New England element that the elements here have been influenced. We enjoy first rate snow storms, sleet and rain, with occasional nipping breezes that would not discredit a "Down East" January—but as the Old Dominion has hardly got the hang of it, she draws it rather mild. But we have enough bad weather, or weather bad enough to except us from the formation of squares, hollow and oblique, and our skirmishing is mostly confined to tricing out the locality of the "last of the Bourbons."

This reminds me of a late seizure of the contraband. Col. Cass is scrupulous in regard to the introduction or use of ardent spirit in camp; and various are the tricks and dodges to evade the rules. An officers' mess was formed, under the title of the "First Battalion." The caterers were of the land of the great Magyar Kosuth, and their love of the dollar was fully equal to that which prompted the issuance of Hungarian bonds. They set a splendid table—all table, as Johnny Pell says—and were realizing highly on their provender. But ambition oftentimes itself and falls on other side. They found that the percentage on fluids preponderated over solids, and wishing to get untimely rich, they embarked in the smuggling trade. Men were seen with more than they could carry, sentinels were loquacious, unusual noises were heard after "taps," and it was evident that something was loose—it leaked out, however, that our Hungarians, "nice fellows as ever were in the world," were at the bottom of it. A fine carryall, owned by the concern, was seized unceremoniously upon a charge of communing with evil spirits, and as it could not disprove the fact of bringing a quantity of the said element into camp, it was adjudged to be contraband of war, together with a sorry looking nag, who seemed ashamed at his part in the affair. Search was instituted and resulted in the seizure of twenty-four dozen bottles of whiskey, which were appropriated, per general order, to the hospital fund. Dr. Drew took charge of it—although he thought the transaction *too gross*; and it will be disposed of at a reasonable price for the benefit of such sickly ones as made a nice diet than army rations permit.

EDWARD.—I think we shall remain here this winter. They wanted us to go to Burnside's Expedition, but Gen. Porter would not consent to our brigade going unless the whole division went, so there was an end to that.

Letter from the Union Guard.

CAMP WILSON, HALL'S HILL, VA., Jan. 19th, 1862.

The past week has been stormy, both rain and snow falling. It is now pouring down smartly, and we can't do much except disport ourselves. It is impossible to drill much, but we get out occasionally. We have usually devoted an hour in the morning to the bayonet exercise, but that is now suspended. The Guard has made rapid progress in drill since we left Camp Schouler.

The roads are almost impassable. The Potomac fog pays us frequent visits. Not long since a regiment was on drill and the fog set in so heavily that in maneuvering, one company became separated from the regiment, during the night through carelessness, or some mismanagement, and both of them were more or less damaged. The DeSoto's starboard wheel house was stove in, and the wheel considerably damaged, while the Frenchman's shaft was broken, and her engine thereby rendered entirely useless. I understand that her Commander has exonerated the officers of the DeSoto from all blame in the matter, as there were no lights shown upon the brig at the time the accident occurred. Both vessels will probably go to Key West for repairs. The mail boat has not yet returned but is momentarily expected.

as my stock of news is about played out, I will close my letter for the present, hoping that I shall have something more entertaining to present to you by the next mail.

Yours, respectfully, C. W. G.

2 o'clock P.M.—The DeSoto has just arrived with the vessel which was supposed to be a rebel prize, but which now proves to be a French steam brig-of-war, in tow. It appears that the two vessels came in collision during the night through carelessness, or some mismanagement, and both of them were more or less damaged. The DeSoto's starboard wheel house was stove in, and the wheel considerably damaged, while the Frenchman's shaft was broken, and her engine thereby rendered entirely useless. I understand that her Commander has exonerated the officers of the DeSoto from all blame in the matter, as there were no lights shown upon the brig at the time the accident occurred.

The health of the Regiment is very good, only three of Co. E, being in the hospital, and they are convalescent.

Several ladies and gentlemen from Boston visited our camp last week, and kindly offered to furnish anything we stood in need of; but the men are amply supplied with everything necessary to make them comfortable in camp.

Yesterday the Union Guard presented orderly Sergeant Wm. R. Bennett with a silver watch, manufactured at Waltham. I bear the following inscription: "Presented to Sergeant William R. Bennett, by the Woburn Union Guard, January 16th, 1862." Quartermaster's Clerk J. Frank Gleason of Co. E, made the presentation address. Sergeant Bennett replied briefly and to the point. Sgt. B. has acquitted himself like a soldier and a gentleman since he joined the Guard.

Lieut. Davis has received another supply of valuable things from the ladies of Milton, such as—Flannel Shirts, Drawers, Socks, Mittens, Combs, Pins, Needles, Thread, &c., which he distributed among the men. *Vive la ladies of Milton!*

The Regiment is being supplied with small rubber-cloth tents, called ponchos. They are capable of containing three men, and can be taken apart into three pieces, and each piece used as a protection against the storm by the soldier. They are designed for picket duty, or for use on a march.

I think we shall remain here this winter. They wanted us to go to Burnside's Expedition, but Gen. Porter would not consent to our brigade going unless the whole division went, so there was an end to that.

F. L. B.

STEAMER COLORADO, Dec. 28th, 1861.

OFF S. W. Pass of Mississippi River.

EDITOR MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.—Sir—

A copy of your valuable paper with the note accompanying, was received by me last evening from Gun boat "Robert Simon," and I must confess that I was not a little surprised

upon reading their contents, and finding myself so unexpectedly brought before the public in a literary capacity. I have received letters at various times from friends in Stoneham urging me to write an item occasionally for your paper, but have always refused to accede to such requests, because I did not consider myself competent to perform the general charge and supervision of such other literary exercises as may be determined upon by them.

Committee appointed at a previous meeting to nominate Committee submitted their Report which was accepted. The Committee on Literary Exercises, to consist of Messrs. Young, Wilder and Wadleigh, and their duty was prescribed to be, to provide appointments for debates, appointments for the public, and to have the general charge and supervision of such other literary exercises as may be determined upon by them.

Committee on Social Entertainments to consist of Messrs. Russell, E. P. Boon, and B. S. Stanton, and their duty was to have the general charge and supervision of such other literary exercises as may be determined upon by them.

Committee on Scientific Experiments to consist of Messrs. Young, Wilder and Wadleigh, and their duty was to have the general charge and supervision of such other literary exercises as may be determined upon by them.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

Somethings-or-Nothings.

"Variety's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

THE TWO MESSENGERS.

[A late number of the London Punch contains a picture of Columbia, sitting, with her two birds, the Eagle and the Dove, one labelled "War," on her wrist, and the other "Peace," and clasped to her breast. There is a perplexed expression on her countenance. The following lines, which, as well as the engraving, are in better taste than usual for *Punch*, accompany the picture:]

COLUMBIA.

I have a message must cross the sea,
But I doubt what message it shall be:
And it be Peace, or be it War,
A fitting post I would choose therefore.

So say, you bonny birds of mine,
Around which neck shall I tie the twine.

THE EAGLE.

Round mine, round mine, my mistress sweet,
My wings are broad and my flight is fleet;
And I have a book to rend the prey,
And talons for all my course would stay:

Then "War," and your message send by me!

THE DOVE.

Round mine, oh, mistress sweet, round mine:
I'm swift as a bird, and light as a line;
Nor talons sharp, nor book have I,
But a soft sweet voice, and a pleading eye;

And none will harm me, on land or sea—

Then "Peace," and send your message by me,

THE EAGLE.

The Lion stands in the act to spring,
Her glove Britannia lifts to fling;
A haughty claim asks haught reply,
He half has conquered who dares defy;

With the Lion the Eagle should parley bold—

Then give me the message, brief and bold.

THE DOVE.

The dugs of the Lioness suckled thee,
When first thou camest over sea;
Better, I ween than Britannia's glove,
Is the hand of Britannia, clasped in love,

Twixt Dove and Lion calm speech may be—

Then the message of Peace send thou by me.

THE EAGLE.

Thus hast boasted and blustered and talked
of fight;

Hast set a bold face in lieu of right:

If breath thou taste, or back thou draw,

Or instead of battle offer law,

Oh, scornful the Lion's laugh will be—

Then the message of War send thou by me!

THE DOVE.

It thou hast boasted, boast no more;

It war thou hast challenged, repent it sore:

The devil's wickedest whisper to man

Is, "Let wrong end, since wrong began."

Oh, glad the Lion's great heart will be,

If message of Peace thou send by me,

THE EAGLE.

The Rev. Dr. McLeod was proceeding from the manse of D—— to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him.

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, Duncan," says the venerable doctor, "can you not wait till after worship?"

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now for it is a matter on my conscience,

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses."

"The matter is this, doctor: Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church, Well, there is not a clock really there—not the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in twelve hours. Now, it's in my mind very wrong and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you still have!"

"Ah, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I had any hair."

"Oh, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

This settled the question, and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

A KENTUCKY ANECDOTE.—James Daviss, (a brother to the celebrated Joe Daviss), was a member of the old Scottish Covenanter church, and the leader of its singing exercises. Unfortunately, he was given to drink, and to such an extent had it grown upon him that he was finally suspended from membership and forbidden to "raise the tune" in meeting.

The old man bore the disgrace without complaint, and never failed to appear in his accustomed seat in church on Sunday morning.

At length one of his small children was present for baptism; but the stern old Covenanter preacher refused to baptize it while the father was under the ban of suspension. Still no word of complaint was heard from Daviss. He was biding his time—and the time came.

Owing to some cause the preacher found himself one Sunday morning without a single member present capable of leading the singing. After several despairing glances over the congregation, he turned, as a matter of desperate necessity, to Daviss, and requested him to "raise the tune." The old man raised himself to his full height of six feet four, and looking the preacher full in the face, answered him.

"Ye wadna mark the young lamb because the auld ram went astray, an' the De'il may do me afore I'll raise ye tunc."

So saying, he left the church and never entered it again.—*Harper.*

Riddles and Conundrums.
I came to a field and couldn't get through it, So I went to a school and learned how to do it.
—Fence.

My first denotes a company,
My second shuns a company,
My third calls a company,
My whole amuses a company.

Co-nun-drum.

Why is a kiss like a sermon? It requires two heads and an application.

Why are teeth like verbs? They are regular, irregular, and defective.

Was Eve high or low church? Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

What is the best way to go into a linendraper's shop, what would he want? He would want muzzlin'.

Why is it impossible for a person who liars to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every Miss for a Myth.

When are weeds not weeds? When they become widows.

In what part of the Times can we find broken English? The bankrupt list.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The Fin-is.

When was Napoleon most shabbily dressed? When he was out at Elba (elbow).

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Her-ring.

What part of a fish weighs most? The scales.

SAYING NOT DOING.—Aunt Dorothy had a wonderful fondness for singing in Methodist meetings, the negro meetings, and especially missionary meetings. Then her voice would be heard above all the rest, screaming out—"From Greenland's icy mountings," or some other equally moving hymn. But when the plates came round for the collection, Aunt Dorothy always sang louder, and still louder, with her eyes fixed on the wall, so that she never saw the collector till he had passed her seat. One night, she was thus rapt in ecstasy, singing at the top of her voice and gazing at the ceiling, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," when Jack Bones came along with the plate, and touching the old woman with his left hand, said—"Look a-here, aunty, you needn't keep on singing 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,' less you gib something to make it fly."

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood up before him.

"Wall, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green 'un, to ask such a question as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a plague foot as to go to the bar hant, and take this gal from the quittin' frolic, if I was not a mighty Gospel," when Jack Bones came along with the plate, and touching the old woman with his left hand, said—"Look a-here, aunty, you needn't keep on singing 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,' less you gib something to make it fly."

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VOL XI : No. 18.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

A NEW POEM BY Tennyson. The following stanzas are the contribution of the author of "In Memoriam" to the new Annual for 1862, the "Victoria Regia."

The Sailor Boy.

"He rose at dawn, and flushed with hope;
Shot o'er the seething harbor bar,
Reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

"And while on deck he whistled loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry;
Boy, though thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay;
And on thy ribs the limpet stick,
And on thy heart the scrawls shall play."

"'Tis fool!" he answered, "Death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will never more endure.
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters clamy, Stay—for shame!
My father raves of death and woe—
They are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

Select Literature.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ANNE ARCHER,

A Tale of Rag Rock.

"Twas at the close of an autumnal day about the middle of October, 1861, that I trudged away from the bustle of the village and wended my course to our romantic resort—Rag Rock. I clambered up its rugged sides and rested my feet upon its gigantic height, about an hour previous to the sun's going down. As I sat musing upon the events of the year, and thinking of the many changes that had taken place in the scenes that my eyes could now see, I could not refrain from giving way to the emotions of my soul—and I wept, and none could see my tears, or hide my grief. Misfortune and death had made many a happy home gloomy, and deserted. Oh, how many sad things were blended with the fading flowers and dying leaves of autumn.

All was quiet around. The occasional cropping of a naked leaf was all that broke the stillness of the air. I was lost in thought, and it seemed to be moulding my feelings into that beatitude which is so seldom felt and enjoyed amid cares and trials of earth-life, inscribed upon everything around me, infinitely inscribed, were peace and love. Every tree and bush and fragrant flower and dusky hillock, wore the impress of love. I loved all that I could gaze upon; all that I ad ever seen, whether it were friend or foe, hared in the love I then experienced, and no one seemed too bad for me to bestow kindess upon. All the enemies I ever had, I could then embrace in the arms of love. All that I had injured knew would forgive me, was strangely and singularly made happy. The Heavens above seemed never so serene, the sun's last rays were shining in the west, and though night was soon to throw its shades around, yet I tarried upon the rock, and felt that there I had divine breathings—breathings heavenward.

In my deep meditations upon the dying car, I could not but recall the words of Alison: "We are witnessing the decay of the car; we go back in imagination and find that such in every generation has been the fate of man; we look forward and see to such ends all must come at last; we lift our eyes upwards in search of comfort and we find One who is over the same and to whose there is no end. Nature indeed yearly perishes; but it is yearly renewed. Amid all its changes the immortal spirit of Him that made it remains, and the sun that marks with his receding by the autumn of the year, will again arise in all its brightness and bring along with him the promise of the spring and all the magnificence of summer."

While thinking over the above words and repeating them inaudibly, I was suddenly startled by what appeared to be the tread of human feet. I knew that after the twilight had died I was to have my friends from home to accompany me, but this was too early for them, and I fancied it might be the tread of a cattle or a wandering dog in search of its master. I could hear the foot-tread, and after a step or two all was silent. For a moment I eagerly watched the footpath to see if I could catch a glimpse of man or beast. Lining to my feet I walked toward the opening descent and gazed down into the craggy aisle. Seeing no one, neither hearing a sound, save the timid fluttering of the autumn leaves moving in the twilight air, I retraced my steps and seated myself upon the stone and began my musings anew. A moment passed, and again the tread of feet was fast approaching. I kept my seat, determined to sit still and quietly await the issue. Slowly but steadily came the sound of human feet. I looked again and just at the opening of the descent I could see the head of a man, and in a moment more he stood before me. His hair which was as the snow flakes, hung about his neck and a stray lock swept over

his white brow and moved gracefully, as if stirred by the breath of angels, over his aged temples. He leaned his bent form upon his staff and uncovering his head he turned to me and said, "Good evening, daughter." "Good evening, sire," I answered, and rising from my seat invited him to accept my granite chair. He thanked me kindly, and turning about he waved his withered hand toward the setting sun, gave a passing look to the gorgeous clouds that were piled up in the far west, and laying down his staff he seated himself upon the stone, and sat gazing down into the variegated steep below. His eyes which were like the blue of Heaven above him, had not lost their luster, and his face, though age had imprinted lines upon it, still wore the expression of sweetness, and a smile of angelic purity played around his finely curved mouth, and his intelligent face made me think him almost divine. Lifting his hand and motioning me to stand nearer to his seat, he said—"I love to contemplate these; all that you and I now gaze upon speak of God. I come to this wild but pleasant spot, to worship in the beauty of holiness. This is my temple; all silent, all beautiful, and all undivided by the art of man. 'Tis a quiet temple at this hour; 'tis a simple place, as simple as the truth we learn by the preaching of nature. The behaviour of the world loved and frequented such places, and why should not we. Here is seen beauty and loveliness springing into life, bursting from their snug beds, and starting up with new life, flourishing a few days, and lo they disappear. Now 'tis autumn; 'tis autumn with the life of a dower as with the life of a man. I am as the faded leaf. I am trembling and am as timid as the little child. As the leaf holds with a tenacious grasp the twig, so I hold upon earth-life and would gladly live many days upon this mundane sphere. But I cannot tarry long. A few more setting suns and I must go to my fathers. But tell me daughter," said he, springing up and taking my hand, "tell me what curious thing brought you here—and all alone? I see you love these places well, I read the mind upon the countenance; you learn much by the hidden dells and climbing up the rugged steeps—but what is uppermost in thy mind now? tell me daughter, for thy face weareth a look of inquiry."

"My aged friend," I said, "if there is one thing that gives me a moment's uneasiness when I visit this spot, it is this, why did not the people who gave this place its name, adopt something more pleasing, something more romantic than plain Rag Rock?"

"Hast thou never learned the origin of the name Rag Rock?"

"No, my sire; and I could give a dozen prettier names; and I think you would love the change full well yourself."

"Rag Rock is dear to me," said my aged friend; "I should not want to hear it called by any other name. You listen:—Years ago when there were few inhabitants, and fewer houses in this town, there lived a man by name of Archer (an Englishman by birth, and a son to his country). His residence was about half a mile from this rock. He had one son and one daughter; an estimable lady for a wife, and all save the man, Archer, were loved and respected by those who knew them. A little way from Archer's house stood the home of Melville Percy. The Percys were a noble family,—true to themselves and to their country, and ever seeking the prosperity of the land of their adoption. The Percys and the Archers were never on friendly terms. It was rumored that the man Archer had wronged the Percys in some manner and they ever kept up a bitter hatred between the older members of the family. But the Percy family which was quite large in numbers, seemed the most yielding and showed the less obstinacy. The younger members of each family were often together, and an occasional interview between the parties ripened into an intimacy which forms the subject of my story."

"Melville Percy, Jr., was a young man of much worth; noble, generous, kind and courteous. He was a man of much excellence, and his goodness of heart, together with his intellectual culture, made him one of the noblest of men. Melville knew the ill feeling that lay between his father's family and the Archers; and yet Melville dared to speak out his own views upon the subject, and would often strive by kind words to draw Mr. Archer to a mutual settlement. But Melville's father had long ago striven to settle the affair with Archer, but finding he could not, he had settled down into the belief that Archer was his life-long enemy.

Anne Archer was the fairest maiden of all the towns about. For twenty miles around her home she was known as dear Anne Archer. In the most humble dwelling, and in the more favored homes, she was tenderly spoken of. Far and near her sympathies were extended; and far and near her goodness was acknowledged and her kind deeds blessed. Here where the village children now come in early spring to gather flowers, she used to wander in search of flowers to deck some maiden's bough, or to give joy to some sick one, who was unable to ramble abroad. Here she plucked the blueberry; and here she came, as you now come, to meditate and enrich the mind. Now would it be strange if Melville and Anne should chance to meet sometime in their rambles? Not at all. Their likes and dislikes were very much the same. The families might hate; they loved. Here would they come when the sun

had gone to light up the other part of the earth, and talk of things which might have been had not hatred existed in the heart of the old gentleman Archer. The same road we now stand upon, has witnessed many a sad scene, as well as joyous meeting. Away yonder, here at the South West, there was a path which led from this stone to the cabin of a native—red man of the forest. He was the only Indian that remained in the place, and his quiet and peaceful manner won for him many friends. But Onahattan had been wronged; and yet he lived and moved in the midst of the exterminators of his race as one who had never known a sorrow. Those that knew Onahattan best, had said the smile of joy had faded from his face, for Onahattan had dark thoughts within his soul.

"Twas evening. Just such an one as you now witness. The heavens above seemed all serene. The clouds and the earth were some variegated mantle. Upon this stone that day, had Melville Percy and Anne Archer plighted their troth. Here they had promised that whatever might be their fate they would ever be faithful to each other. But their young hearts beat with high pulsation when they thought of the enmity that existed in their families. But time in its flight soon brought the dreaded hour, and Anne's father stood out against all her entreaties, and in storms of passion often declared that the intimacy should end, or his own hands would be instrumental in bringing the young man's neck to the gallows.

"'Twas a dark, cold, dreary evening, about the middle of November, when none were expected to be abroad but those who had urgent business to perform, that a young woman was seen making rapid strides toward the cabin of Onahattan. Her form was covered with a large dark cloak, and a hood of the same concealed her face from any who might chance to meet. The road was an unfrequented one at that hour, and the young woman walked with hurried steps. She drew near to the cabin. The giant branches of the pines were waving mournfully to and fro about the cabin of Onahattan. She paused for a moment at the entrance; then hurried on and slackened not her pace until she stood within her father's gate. She paused to take breath, and get herself into a quiet, unsuspected state ere she should enter. In a few moments she had herself again, calm, collected and seemingly cheerful. With her usual manner she entered the house; found her mother and brother in the dining-room, and Betty, the maid, making arrangements for Mr. Archer's supper, as had gone to Boston and rising up she drew her cloak about her and stepped to the cabin door. Onahattan took his blanket and followed Anne. The night was dark, and had not Anne been in a state of great excitement no one could have prevailed upon her to tread those dreary paths alone. Onahattan soon left the road and turned off in the direction of the rock. Anne hurried on and slackened not her pace until she stood within her father's gate. She paused to take breath, and get herself into a quiet, unsuspected state ere she should enter. In a few moments she had herself again, calm, collected and seemingly cheerful. 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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion
Each subsequent insertion
One square one year
One square six months
One square three months
Half a square one year
Half a square six months
Half a square three months
Less than half a square charged as a square;
more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *labeled*, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

5¢ All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted *UNTIL ORDERED OUT*, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD,
Stoneham—E. T. WHITING,
Winchester—JOSIAH HOYNE,
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTEGILL & CO., Boston and New
York; S. M. PETTEGILL, 10 Cornhill, Boston; B. Palmer,
S. M. Pettegill's Buildings, 10 Cornhill, Boston, are duly
empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL,
at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business
men everywhere is called to this paper as an adver-
tising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely
in the towns that surround Woburn, and with
increasing their business by advertising in its
columns.

Every kind of *Job Printing* done at short note,
on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the
opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.
WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1862.

HAVE WE A MILITARY LEADER?

In the face of the flatteringunction which
so many of our people have laid to their
souls, that General Maclellan is equal to the
great emergency with which we have to do
and grapple, this question may seem super-
fluous and out of place. But we have long
harbored a doubt as to his ability to satisfy
the great expectations which have been formed
upon his untired and undeveloped powers.

Our people have almost worshipped him—they
have lauded him too highly for his good
and theirs, and if he falls from the high
pinnacle upon which they have placed him,
great will be his fall. We have given him
as endearing epithets as ever fell to the great
Napoleon, in short we have placed as much
confidence in him as though he were the hero
of a hundred gory fields. But confidence
cannot live on hope alone, it needs reality
and achievement, and without these it wanes
and dies. We, as a nation, cannot take to
defeat calmly and resignedly. We have had
too much sunshine to do so, and the conse-
quence is we never reckon upon its results;

so that when they come we are unprepared for
their reception or their maintenance. The
nations of the Old World having borne with
repeatedly our young and impetuous actions,
we came to regard it as a duty involved upon
them to do so always. As metropolitan
paper said yesterday, "we should not imagine
that the little brook which runs in front
of our door is the largest river in the world,
or that the little hill in the rear is the largest
mountain upon the face of the earth."

But to return to our subject—"Have we
a leader?" As yet nothing has been done
that could be attributed to such a person.
We have not been gratified by a single im-
portant stroke that has, as yet, led to any impor-
tant strategical result. Everything—and
that is but little—that we have accomplished
has come from the heroic valor of our troops
or our overpowering force, but we have not
gained much by the latter cause. The man
that has to guide a nation through weal and
woe, especially the latter, must be the pos-
sessor of a giant mind, an unwavering will
and an iron nerve, and above all, if possible,
he should have experience. He should be
wrapped up, body and soul, in his herculean
task, and minor and petty matters should
never be allowed to divert his meditations
for a moment. Does our young and inexperi-
enced chief possess, sufficiently, these qualifica-
tions? Has he that great desideratum—con-
fidence in his powers to win success, without
which he is as a cipher?

If the present policy is—we only speak
of appearances—to tire the rebels out by
harrassing them at different places with small
forces, we think that it will prove too slow,
because it seems to require two or three
months for us to transport from one point to
another, an expedition comprised of only
ten or fifteen thousand men. There is no
way open by which we can honorably retire
from the contest. If we do retire, it will be
as vanquished, not to say disgraced, people.
But the national pride will never admit of
any such proceeding without a giant struggle
and without putting our ability to stem
this mighty machine. And then what will
be the consequence? Why a few bigots will
stake the destiny of the country and rule
the people with a rod of iron. This must
not be, and we hope the members of Con-
gress will see the error they have fallen into
it is too late. The untrammeled press
of the country still lives, and will not die
without a hard struggle, and a great effort
to make its death tell upon the hereafter of
short-sighted politicians, who may become its
executors. We hope that every Senator
and Representative of Massachusetts will be
found arrayed against this unjust and un-
wise measure.

BAD TRAVELLING.—During the latter part
of last week and the beginning of this, the
traveling was very bad, indeed, for man and
beast. On Monday the roads in the outskirts
were very rough, and locomotion
had to be performed slowly and surely.

We understand that it is contemplated
to open a new Coal and Lumber Yard in
Woburn, in the rear of the Depot, Success-
fully used. When we move it should be

much space in your paper, but on account of
the apparent general onslaught upon me, I
desire this statement of my views. I have
written in haste and although necessarily
imperfect, they will I think be clearly under-
stood.

LYCEUM.—At a meeting last Monday even-
ing the hall was crowded, so that some were
obliged to stand. About half the audience
were ladies, and all seemed interested. The
question "Ought woman to have equal
political rights with man?" was discussed in
the affirmative by Messrs. Young, Stanton
and Campbell, and in the negative by Messrs.
Wilde and Norton. The debate was inter-
esting, and carried on with a good deal of
spirit. On taking the vote, it appeared there
were twenty-two in the negative, and nine in
the affirmative.

The following question was selected for the
next meeting. "Is Spiritualism in harmony
with the Bible and reason?" Mr. Campbell
opened on the affirmative side. Four persons
were voted in as members. The Report of
the Committee to nominate certain Commit-
tees was laid upon the table after a recon-
sideration of the vote by which it was adopted.
A Code of By-Laws were adopted which were
in substance as follows:

1. The general arrangement of the exer-
cises to be under the supervision of the
Directors.

2. A Committee on Social Entertainments
to be chosen each quarter, whose duty it shall
be to provide Readings, Music, Tableaux, and
whatever else shall conduce to this object.

3. In debates, each side shall have the
right to discuss the question alternately.

4. Fifteen minutes allotted to each speaker
and no one to occupy the floor more than
once on the same question to the exclusion of
others who desire to speak; excepting that the
leading disputants on each side shall have five
minutes each at the close of the debate, the
one who opens the discussion shall close the
argument.

5. Debates to close at 9⁴⁵ o'clock and the
vote when taken shall be upon the merits of
the question.

6. The Secretary to keep a record of all
questions submitted from which subjects for
debate may be taken from time to time.

Messrs. J. Russell, E. P. Boon and B. B.
Stanton were chosen the Committee for this
quarter on Social Entertainments.

The meetings for the future will commence
at 7⁴⁵ o'clock.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"M." of the South Reading department,
who always yields his pen with signal abil-
ity, very properly and justly calls attention to
the incorrectness of the enlistment rolls at
the Adjutant General's office. I will add my
testimony as to the importance of early atten-
tion to suggestions contained in the article
alluded to by "M.", and also in the leading
editorial in the same number, in relation to
the same matter, by reciting a case with which
I had occasion to become somewhat familiar,

and in the negative by Messrs. Wilder and Norton.

The debate was inter-
esting, and carried on with a good deal of
spirit. On taking the vote, it appeared there
were twenty-two in the negative, and nine in
the affirmative.

The following question was selected for the
next meeting. "Is Spiritualism in harmony
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at 7⁴⁵ o'clock.

Special Notices.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in
a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having
suffered several years with a severe lung affection,
and that dread disease, Consumption—actuated by
desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to make
known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a
copy of the prescription used (free of charge), free
and full and explicit directions or preparing and
successfully using the same, which they will find
a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis,
etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending
the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and
spread information which he believes to be invaluable,
and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy,
as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a
blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please add-
dress REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

Williamsburgh,
King County, New York.

Letter from the Union Guard.

HALL'S HILL, VA., JAN. 26th, 1862.

Mr. Editor—I closed rather abruptly in my
last in order to prepare myself for a fatiguing
march on the following day. It has been
frequently remarked that "the anticipation
is more than the realization," but in this case
I found that it did not begin to compare with
the realization, for had as I expected to find the
roads they were much worse than I had even
imagined. At half past seven o'clock, Tuesday
morning, the right wing of the Regt. provided
with two days rations, and having their
"poncho" tents on their backs, started for the
"ground of their future labors." Our
route lay through the camps of the Mass 9th
and the 83rd Penn. Regts. As we passed
through the 9th, we saw Mr. D. F. Eager
watching us as we pulled one foot after the
other through the mud, and some of us could
not help remarking that we had seen him in
Woburn when we thought even that Pleasant
st. was muddy, and we were very glad that
he had an opportunity to judge in part of the
many difficulties under which a soldier labors.
On our arrival at the Head Quarters of the
picket forces, we were immediately put upon
duty and before two o'clock, P. M., four of
the men were sick, and unable to do duty,
having been unwell when they were put up
on the post, and standing guard two hours
did not tend to improve their health. After
being relieved by the 4th Mich. Regt. on
Thursday morning, we took up our line of
march for the camp. A small quantity of
snow had fallen the night before and that
made the roads worse, if possible, than on
Tuesday, as it covered the mud and decoyed
us into what we thought hard ground. Arrived
in camp, we met Capt. Thompson, who had
returned during our absence, and had received
orders that all extra baggage should be
packed that day and sent to Washington; that
the officers should reduce their effects to the
prescribed weight (80 lbs.) and be ready to
start at any time. The order was obeyed, and
of course for the next twenty-four hours nothing
was heard or talked about, except our
probable destination and the time of our de-
parture. But now the excitement has all
died away, and the boys have gone about their
usual duties and consider that move as being
among the things that were.

There is but very little gossip going the
rounds of the camp just now. Last night,
while one of the members of Co. C. was stand-
ing guard in front of the Colonel's quarters,
and while fixing his bayonet, he brought his
gun to the ground with too much force, caus-
ing its discharge, whereby he lost the fore
finger of his left hand. This is the second
accident of the kind within a few weeks, and
should learn the men to be more careful for
the future, but whether it will not improve
the weather here is not very cold, but it is very uncomfortable. The sun shone
yesterday for the first time for thirteen days,
and for ten days the weather was such that
we had no drills. It is rumored now that we
are to form a part of another expedition, and
we hope it is so, but anything more definite
we are unable to learn.

Yours, in haste,
UNION.

Statistics of the Town of Woburn for the year 1861

Mr. Nathan Wyman, our gentlemanly
Town Clerk and obliging Postmaster, has
kindly furnished us with the following sta-
tistics:

BIRTHS.—Whole No. 224; males 118, fe-
males 106, foreign parentage 122, twin four
pairs.

Intention of Marriage.—Whole No. 43.

Marriages.—Whole No. 28; widowers 6,
widows 2; average age of males, 29 years,
2 months, 20 days; average age of females,
25 years, 3 months, 3 days; oldest male, 60
years; female, 60 years; youngest male, 19;
female, 18.

Deaths.—Whole No. 114; males 49, females
65; average age of males 22 years, 2 months,
15 days; average age of females, 27 years,
7 months, 28 days; number under 10 years, 51;
10 to 20 years, 5; 20 to 30 years, 15; 30 to
40 years, 11; 40 to 50 years, 8; 50 to 60 yrs.,
7; 60 to 70 years, 7; 70 to 80 years, 6; over
80 years, 4, whose average age was 84 years,
3 months, 9 days. Principal causes—Con-
sumption 23, Cholera Infantum 16, Conges-
tion of Lungs and Lung Fever 8, Croup 4,
Typhoid Fever, 4, Dysentery 3.

No. of persons enrolled in the militia. 965.
No. of dogs licensed from May, 1861, to
Jan., 1862, 194; males 189, females 5.

**No. of letters sent from the Woburn Post
Office during the quarter ending Sept. 30,
1861, and during quarter ending Dec. 30, 9,652**

Those brace of rebels, Mason and Sil-
dell, have before this arrived in England.
We trust that England will receive the
monarchs published, and placing in the hands
of a few monopolists the great power wielded
by this mighty machine. And then what will
be the consequence? Why a few bigots will
stake the destiny of the country and rule
the people with a rod of iron. This must
not be, and we hope the members of Con-
gress will see the error they have fallen into
it is too late. The untrammeled press
of the country still lives, and will not die
without a hard struggle, and a great effort
to make its death tell upon the hereafter of
short-sighted politicians, who may become its
executors. We hope that every Senator
and Representative of Massachusetts will be
found arrayed against this unjust and un-
wise measure.

ACCIDENT.—Rev. Mr. Bronson's little son
James, was run over by a sled loaded with
bark, on Tuesday afternoon, and had his
ankle fractured.

From a private letter, we learn that Mr. J. L. Parker of the Budget, has been
sworn in a member of the Woburn Union
Guard.

CITIZENS' BALL.—A Citizens' Ball will be
given at Lyceum Hall next Friday evening,
February 7th. Music by Hall's Band.

J. R. Kimball, Esq., will please accept our thanks for State documents kindly
furnished us.

We understand that it is contemplated
to open a new Coal and Lumber Yard in
Woburn, in the rear of the Depot, Success-
fully used.

The several favors of our poetical
friends, now on hand, will be attended to in
due season.

WINCHESTER.

Winchester Roll of Honor.

Volunteers for the War.

1ST REGIMENT, Col. Cowdin—Company F,
Capt. Adams—Privates—William H. Foss,
Charles H. Foss, Benjamin F. Foss, George
W. W. Foss, Edmund F. Foss

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

Died.

CHERRY—In Woburn, 22d inst., Annie H., daughter of William and Maria Cherry, aged 11 months.

CORSEY—In Woburn, 31st inst., Nellie Maria, daughter of S. W. and Julia Corsey, aged 4 months.

CRENNEIL—In Taunton, 24th inst., Mrs. Catherine Crenneil, mother of Mrs. Philip Tabor, of this town, aged 70 years, formerly of the Isle of Man.

BERRY—In Reading, 26th inst., Mr. Daniel Berry, aged 43 yrs. 11 mos. 13 days.

GREEN—In South Reading, 26th inst., Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Charles Green, aged 67 years.

KING—In South Reading, 25th inst., Mrs. King, aged 86 years.

COMFORT THE FEET!

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity to inform the people of Woburn and vicinity, that he is prepared to make from measure, every description of Ladies and Gentlemen's

SEwed BOOTS AND SHOES,

including Boots for short legs, weak ankles and every description of deformed feet.

REPAIRING in all its branches neatly and promptly executed.

Boots left on and measured at their own residences.

All orders left at his place of business, or sent through the Post Office will be attended to.

S. R. PRIEST,

Bank Block, Woburn Centre.

Woburn, Feb. 1, 1862.—fr.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX SS. Reading, January 18th, 1862.

NOTICE is hereby given that the taxes, assessed on the land in Bear Hill, so called, Reading, aforesaid, upon the several parcels of land hereafter named, are due and remain unpaid. And that I shall sell at Public Auction, at the store of **JONATHAN FROST**, in said Reading, on **SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1862**, at half past one, at three o'clock in the afternoon, so much of each of said parcels of land as shall be necessary to pay the taxes so assessed therupon, and all other costs and charges thereon, unless the same are paid before said time of sale.

The following are the names of the persons, &c., Assessors, description of the several estates, and the amount of the taxes assessed thereon respectively, viz:

WILLIAM L. BROWN, of South Reading—About 11 acres of land in Bear Hill, so called, bounded Southerly by Hockings Street, West, by Hopkin's land; Easterly by land now or formerly of T. S. Harshorne and by Brook Street; Northernly by State Street, and by land of unknown owner—and is a part of the land called Fairmount on a plan of Fairmount made by E. Black and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, No. 36, State County and Town Taxes for 1861, are \$37.46 State, County and Town Taxes for 1861, are 17.62

NOAH BENTLY, of North Reading—Three acres in Cedar Swamp, so called in the East Range of lots.

Before me, **H. P. WAKEFIELD**, Just. Peace, and **E. T. Harrington**, Horace Barnes and Thos. Emerson, Jr., Directors, and made oath that the foregoing Certificate, by them subscribed, is true.

LILLEY EATON, Clerk of said Commission, 3w—15.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTING AGENCY,

No. 240, Broadway.

CLAIMS of all kinds against the General Government, State Government, the City, or private parties, prosecuted and collected at our risk and expense.

Against private parties we possess superior facilities for collecting claims everywhere in the United States and Canada, relieving merchants, assignees, bankers, and others of the care and all responsibility.

Special attention given to old debts, hard cases, divorces, wills, estates, etc.

Soldiers' pensions, pay and bounty secured for the service, and for that purpose, and for prosecuting claims against the Government, we have a branch office at Washington. No charge made for our services.

Information and claims given, and investigation made without charge, up on claims proposed to be placed in our hands.

In particular, address

H. Huntington, Lee & Co.,
No. 240 Broadway, New York.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the will of **WILLIAM NICHOLS**, late of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testator, and that they do hereby give notice to all creditors and friends that they will give bonds as the law directs.

All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and if no bond is paid to said estate are called upon to make payment.

W. M. H. NICHOLS, Executors.

State, County and Town Taxes for 1861, are 7.20

GEORGE W. IRELAND, of Somerville—About 14 acres of land on Village Street, and bounded, Northerly by land of Summer Weston, Easterly by land of C. P. Judd, and by land of Weston, leading Westerly by land of Weston, and by land of Thomas Swett.

State, County and Town Taxes for 1861, are 11.02

THOMAS TODD, of Chelsea—Three sixteenths of an acre of land on Mount Vernon Street; Bound South by Vernon Street, West by lot of Daniel B. Wadlin, and by lot of Joseph Loring, East by land of Daniel G. Richardson and lot No. 13, on the plan of land formerly owned by Carter and Cheney.

Information and claims given, and investigation made without charge, up on claims proposed to be placed in our hands.

In particular, address

H. Huntington, Lee & Co.,

No. 240 Broadway, New York.

TOOTH POWDER.

This Powder possesses the CARBONIC WITHOUT THE INJURIOUS PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.

IT ACTION BEING ENTIRELY MECHANICAL—POLISHING WITHOUT WEARING THE ENAMEL.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTH POWDER

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL EMINENT DENTISTS.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 37 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & I. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 292 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

THAT "PRINCE"

—OF—

CLOTHIERS

GEORGE H. LANE,

AT HIS

"Great Bargain Store,"

KNOWN AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

No. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON,

INVITES the attention of the residents of WOBURN and vicinity, irrespective of party, to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

—OF—

OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN

NEW ENGLAND.

Please remember also, that No Clothier in Boston can **APPROACH OUR PRICES**.

All our Customers says so — Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the RIGHT PLACE. You will get amply repaid for all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

"Lane's Clothing Palace,"

31 & 32 Dock Square,

BOSTON.

Nov. 1, 1861. 3m.

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED. A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll.

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Paper ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

jan 18-3w.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX SS. Reading, January 18th, 1862.

NOTICE is hereby given that the taxes, assessed on the land in Bear Hill, so called, Reading, aforesaid, upon the several parcels of land hereafter named, are due and remain unpaid. And that I shall sell at Public Auction, at the store of **JONATHAN FROST**, in said Reading, on **SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1862**, at half past one, at three o'clock in the afternoon, so much of each of said parcels of land as shall be necessary to pay the taxes so assessed therupon, and all other costs and charges thereon, unless the same are paid before said time of sale.

The following are the names of the persons, &c., Assessors, description of the several estates, and the amount of the taxes assessed thereon respectively, viz:

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

Somethings or Nothings.

"Variety 's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavor."

The Vegetable Girl.

Behind a market stall installed,
I mark it every day;
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
I've met with at the bay;
Her two lips are of cherry red,
Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn up nose,
And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,
Her customers to please,
And to appear their appetite
She sets them beans and peas,
Aptly by the dances from
The apple of her eye,
And her Jersey apples, too,
Each passer by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout this livelong day,
And sells her celery and things—
A big foot by the way.
She changes off her stock for change,
Attending to each call,
And when she has but one left beef,
She says—"Now that beats all!"

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—Scarcely thirty years ago, a man of genius and of disappointment, child of a New England home, gave in his need to Charles Kemble, then manager of the theatre at Covent Garden, for the sum of thirty pounds, the manuscript of the opera of "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." As I remember it, it is mainly noticeable for its one lyric gem, the low, long utterance of a weary and despondent exile. It made the fortune of every one prominently connected with it, except the author, who was not even complimented with a copy of his own song. It secured to Miss Tree, who first sang it, a wealthy husband; it filled the treasury of the theatre; within two years the publishers were estimated to have made \$10,000 by it. Since then it has gone wherever the English tongue has gone, it is enshrined in every heart, its music and its words wake in each and all one sentiment, the first to live, the last to die. When the returning regiments—the wreck and remnant of the great Ormeau struggle—marched in triumph through the streets of London, stepping to the martial strains of England's grand anthem, "God save the Queen," as the first rank wheeled beneath the gates of the Horse Guards,—the great head-quarters of the army,—the anthem died away, apid slowly, sweetly, softly, and with an electric power that thrilled through every soldier heart, and called, unbidden, warrior tears,—arose the strains of "Home, sweet, sweet Home!" They were men who had faced death for months and years unmoveable, and many of the quicker sensibilities had been blunted by familiarity with scenes of violence and blood, but there blazed underneath, pure, and strong, and fervent, the love of home; and as those long familiar notes fell on their ears, there amid old scenes and sympathetic faces, they were no longer war-worn veterans, proudly returning from hard-earned fields, but little children at the cottage-door,—the dear, far-off, long-left home!—J. E. W. Ware, in "Monthly Religious Magazine."

STRENGTH OF KIND WORDS.—Some people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are only laughed at; their orders are forgot, and their ill-temper is remembered. How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word or even the blow cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders. Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, will tell when you speak a kind word to them. A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in ill-temper, and at the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but either did not or would not go in the right way. Another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and batted him on the neck, and called him by his name. The horse turned his head and fixed his large eyes on the man as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me!" and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly as though the load were a plaything. Oh, how strong is a kind word!

A COPARTNERSHIP PRO.—A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in copartnership. When killing time came they wished to divide the meat; the Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he could get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it, on condition that the Yankee would turn his back, and take the choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back accordingly.

FRENCHMAN.—"Vich will you have, ze piece de tail or ze piece vidout ze tail?"
YANKEE.—"The piece with the tail on."

FRENCHMAN.—"Zen, by gar! you can take him, and i take ge ozer one."

Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

Some friends of ours in Akron, Ohio, have a little girl, about four years old, and a little boy, about six. They had been cau- tioned in their morning strife after hen's egg not to take away the nest egg, but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her dis- appointed brother followed, crying—"Mother, mother!—Suey's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

Who was Suey's wife? Mississippi, of course. The author of the foregoing has fled in disgrace to the rebel lines to escape condign punishment.

NON RESISTANCE.

Perhaps too far in these considerate days has patience carried her submissive ways; Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek, To take one blow and turn the other cheek; It is not written what a man shall do, If the rude earth strike the other too!

—Holmes.

New Sox.—How do you like the clam song?" asked an old lady of her daughter as they stepped into the street after a popular concert.

"Clam song!" exclaimed the young lady in astonishment. "Why, what do you refer to mother?"

"Why, the first one she sung."

"Oh I mean Shells of the Ocean, don't you, mother?"

"Well, yes," said the old lady, "I do think that was it; it was something about clams, any way, and you know I do like them so. Didn't you like it?"

"Miss Josephina," said a cherry-lipped negro to one of Africa's daughters, "Miss Josephina, will you do my niggie de appreciation of dancin' de Virginia reel wid him?"

"I done assent to dance wondrous dances of dat sort, Mr. Casus," said Miss Josephina, turning up still higher, her well-rounded lip, "I dances only de porker."

She stands upon her little feet,

Throughout this livelong day,

And sells her celery and things—

A big foot by the way.

She changes off her stock for change,

Attending to each call,

And when she has but one left beef,

She says—"Now that beats all!"

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Frozen Flower.

"There was ice on its fair, violet leaves ; I thought of death."

How the slumbering harp of memory is stirred when a faded flower I see ! From its magic strings comes a low, sad strain, And the lone hours live in my heart again.

And then I remember, long ago, Of wandering where dark waters flow, And finding there, with its petals froz on a low moss stem, a dropping rose.

And some thing dark and shadowy, Came with that frozen flower to me — Made me closer clasp the hand in mine, As I saw the ice-drops on its pale leaves shine.

Then came wild, whispering words to me, That such would be her destiny, Whose dove-like eyes in that calm, still hour, With mine were fixed on that frozen flower.

"Twas even so : for an angel's love stole the heart away of our cherished dove ; She is sleeping now in a little grave, Where in summer hours bright roses wave.

To many a heart it brings gloom, I know, To see loved graves hid by the winter snow ; But I love it then, for it speaks to me Of that fair, young sleeper's purity.

And as sure as the snow will melt away By the South wind's breath and the sun's warm ray,

And in summer hours bright roses wave,

Will the fair earth-bud whose blighting here, Made a sunny home so sad and drear, Its beauties unfold in the perfect flower in a happier clime, a heavenly bower.

ZELIA GEORGE GREY.

Select Literature.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

I don't like cheerful people. Now, don't misunderstand me, respectable reader ; I don't mean for a moment to insinuate that I'm right ; on the contrary, I think it very possible, nay, probable, that I'm wrong. It is not my desire to convert you to my way of estimating worthy persons ; I only feel called upon to make a confession. The doctor says it's my liver. I dare say it is. I've had a liver, I regret to state, for a great many years, and it has accounted for a great many peculiarities ; among which not the least is an unconquerable aversion for cheerful people. They would be very good for me, I dare say, but I don't like the look of them. I feel towards them as I do towards parsnips. Parsnips, I've been told, are very wholesome food, and I ought to eat them whenever I have an opportunity, but I can't : they have to me the appearance of carrots in a bad state of health. If I am to eat carrots, let them be of a healthy red, I say ; but I don't set before me carrots of a pallid hue, and bid me devour them under the name of parsnips. And then there are oysters ; I will not go so far out of the track of truth as to say that I never eat oysters ; I have eaten them in all shapes ; but I declare I never liked them, and I don't think I ever shall like them. I never eat them without shutting my eyes, for indeed I cannot bear the look of them. So it is with cheerful people. I take them in the way of business, or of society, but there is to me something inexpressibly repulsive in their appearance. It may be they can't help it, but it is my private opinion that they can. I never look cheerful ; why should my fellow-creatures ? They have as many crosses to bear as I have, perhaps more (I hope so) ; and yet they will persist in looking cheerful. It's downright hypocrisy, I say. I can understand a man's being merry, and I can comprehend his being sorrowful ; but cheerfulness is more than I can realize.

Perhaps I have a bad disposition ; it is not at all improbable ; and if I have, I can't help it, any more than Lupkins having a bad hat. Not so much ; for my disposition is natural, and Lupkin's hat is artificial ; and he might have a new hat by paying for it, and he might pay for it if he had any money, and he might have money if he'd work for it, or if some relation or friend, or even enemy (which would be an agreeable surprise), would leave him any, and he might have work if he only knew where to go for it, and at any rate he might know better than look shabby, and be a reproach to his friends and connections, who have got on very well without him, and so why shouldn't he get on very well without them ? But, as I was saying, perhaps I have a bad disposition. And, talking of dispositions, it strikes me that what is called a naturally good disposition is rated a vast deal too highly : it covers a multitude of sins ; all kinds of wickedness are forgiven for the sake of the naturally good disposition. If your heart is in the right place, as the phrase goes, you may put everything else in the wrong place, if not with impunity, with a tolerable chance of being extricated and set right again ; but if you have a naturally bad disposition, woe betide you. And yet I can't see how a man with a naturally good disposition is entitled to more consideration than a man with a naturally bad one ; on the contrary, it seems to me that the latter has more claim to indulgence and sympathy. The former begins his game of life with—to use a phrase not unknown to billiard players—a considerable number of points in his favor ; whilst the latter may be said—to borrow an expression from the interesting game of pyra-

mids—to commence by owing two or three. There are, depend upon it, many men who struggle frightfully against a naturally bad disposition, some of whom overcome it, and deserve immortal glory, and some of whom succumb to it, and earn eternal shame ; but these last merit pity and sympathy, as well as contempt. Old John Bradford shewed a proper feeling when, as a wretch rode by Tyburn, he turned to his friend with the exclamation : "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford !"

So Issy, if I have a bad disposition, I'm very sorry for it, but it is no more my fault than it is your merit, sir, that you have a fine head of hair, or an aquiline nose, or regular teeth, or a villainous trick of the eye. Besides, I'll back my disposition against yours ; and yet you say like cheerful people, Very well ; then I dare say you like pruritis, and oysters, and caviare, and all sorts of things that raise my gorge to look at. You're very welcome to do so ; but pray, don't expect me to do the same. Of course I am talking only of the cheerful people that I have met ; there may be some very agreeable persons of that persuasion amongst your acquaintance, honored sir, or fair madam, or supercilious miss, so recollect I am not alluding to them. The people I mean appear to me to have made up their minds to put on a cheerful countenance always, just as you lay it down as rule to put on gloves always ; they are never more or less than cheerful ; they are cheerful at weddings, and at funerals, they are only just cheerful. I was once present at one of the latter (to most people) gloomy entertainments in company with one of the cheerful sect. His cheerfulness never deserted him for a second. He talked cheerfully about the weather (which, by the way, was excessively cold), and about the distress amongst the coal-whippers very cheerfully ; he recounted cheerfully the number of deaths there had been from starvation, and he dilated cheerfully (nothing beyond) upon the buoyancy of the money-market ; he cheerfully reminded us that "in the midst of life we are in death" ; he cheerfully ate a biscuit, and cheerfully offered me one, which I declined by no means cheerfully ; he drank a glass of wine and a glass of brandy very cheerfully, recommending me cheerfully to do the same (for which I could cheerfully have insulted him) ; and at last, when it was found that there would be some crowding in the mourning coaches, he offered, with the most touching cheerfulness and moving incongruity, to "go outside, if it would be any convenience to anybody." If it had been that man I was following to the tomb, I really believe I should have looked cheerful.

Then there is a man, whose name I don't know, but whom I meet in the public ways nearly every day of my life. I've never seen him laughing ; I've never seen him with his teeth set, as though he had something he was determined to go through with ; I've never seen him gay ; but he is always cheerful. Confound him, I say ; why does he always look cheerful ? He wears spectacles, too, to which I strongly object, for he by means of them evidently espies me at a considerable distance, and immediately surveys me cheerfully from head to foot, as though he were making a mental calculation as much my out-fit might be worth altogether. The man has just the sort of grin I have observed on an etiologist's face when he is engaged in scrutinising some wonderful but very insignificant-looking insect. However, if he has any bowels of compassion, I hereby inform him that my doctor says he interferes with the healthy action of my liver.

Then there's Hickup : his cheerfulness must be affectation. Why, he has no digestion, no more than a wooden doll ; and if it is definable for a man with no digestion to look cheerful, then I renounce all distinctions between right and wrong. It's true he is getting on very well at the bar ; makes £1200 a year, they say—that is (allowing for the multiplying tendencies of envious friends), perhaps £300, which you know is a great deal for a barrister of only ten years standing ; but he has nothing else to make him cheerful. He's as cadaverous-looking a man as you'd see in a large hospital : he has lost nearly all his hair (from constantly wearing a wig, I suppose), and what he has is not at all of a creditable prescription, either in point of texture or color. He's pimply, too ; and I should say his eyes were decidedly aquint. But just as he is, he'll sit opposite you at dinner, with his shirt-collars running into the corners of his eyes (he eschews fashion), eating a steak, and looking cheerful. The idea of a man with no digestion eating a steak and looking cheerful ! I've spoken to the proprietor of the dining-establishment upon the subject, and told him how exceedingly annoyed I am ; but he only told me to mind my own business, and if I objected to gen'l'men looking cheerful over their viands (particularly such viands as he provided at moderate charge), advised me to dine elsewhere. Hickup is evidently one of those persons who think it a duty to put a cheerful face upon everything. I say it's downright acting, and not dealing honestly with your fellow creatures. If you've good reason for being merry, be merry ; if you've good reason for being miserable, be miserable. When Job lost all his property, and had breakings-out all over his body, he didn't put on his Sunday coat, dine at a restaurant, and look cheerful ; but, in the frankest way in the world, acknowledged the change in his position by sitting in the grate in a suit of sack-

cloth, fasting, and curvy-combing himself with a posthorn. You don't set yourself up for a better man than Job, I hope ; and yet you say that a man is bound, under all circumstances, to keep up a cheerful appearance. I say he isn't. I say, if a man is miserable, he is bound, in common candor, to look so ; and if he ought to feel miserable, and doesn't, but puts on a wilful expression of cheerfulness, he ought to be ashamed of himself for being so callous and indifferent to his lot, and for his costumacious resistance to the efforts which are made to render him a sadder, perhaps, but a wiser man. When a boy at school takes a caning cheerfully, doesn't the schoolmaster (and I hope you'll not gainsay me) tax him with obstinacy and impudence, give him a double allowance, and consider that he has not done his duty until he has removed from that school-boy's features every trace of cheerfulness ? And should a man who has gone through this preliminary discipline not know better than to bear the chastisements which are inflicted upon him cheerfully—Resignedly is a very different thing. I've no particular objection to a man's looking resigned (from an artistic point of view), but I beg him not look cheerful. I am told that general cheerfulness is assumed on Christian principles ; if it be so, I have nothing further to say. Let me remark, however, that I have read in Cruden's *Concordance* under the word "Cheerful" and its derivatives, but have found no passage which bears out this assertion. A "cheerful giver" is certainly commanded ; but the people I mean never give anything (that is, of value to themselves, and what other kind of gift is commendable) except advice, which I must do them the justice to say they dispense with excessive cheerfulness.

Another unchangeably cheerful person is my friend the Rev. Mr. Lewyer. I went with him upon one occasion when he wished to purchase some branch candlesticks to a well-known lamp-seller. The lamp-seller thought he had exactly the article wanted, and he proceeded to describe minutely a pair of candlesticks which he was sure Mr. Lewyer would like. Mr. Lewyer listened to the description with the most cheerful smile imaginable, interposed a few questions, made several suggestions, prolonged the conversation for about half an hour, and then serenely informed the lamp-seller that the article in question "was precisely what he didn't want." The lamp-seller, I regret to state, swore in an undertone ; but Mr. Lewyer left the shop as cheerful as he had entered it, whilst I was afraid that the lamp-seller, seeing I had no cloth to protect me, would visit upon the indignation with which he was red in the face. And yet I sympathised heartily with him ; for nothing provokes me so much as cheerful patience.

But worse than Lewyer is my cousin Thomas ; there never was such a cheerful creature as Thomas. If you have the toothache, he looks as cheerful as ever, and dilates upon what must be your sufferings with an agonising smile. Tell him of a common friend who is dying of starvation, and his cheerfulness is not a whit impaired. "Ah ! poor fellow," says he, with a cheerful air, "he hasn't a very full lot in this world." "Well, but won't you help him in some way or other?" "My dear Jim," says Thomas, "I would with pleasure ; but I don't see how it can be done. All the money I have to spare, I lay by for my little boy, and it only amounts to a few hundreds. Charity begins at home, you know ;" and Thomas bids me cheerfully adieu. Our common friend dies miserably, and Thomas wears a hat-band with undiminished cheerfulness. But did you ever "spend a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends?" I did, and I spent the most wretched time that I ever did in this life. Poor Grollip was alternately the merriest and most melancholy dog you ever saw in your life, when he had the misfortune to marry (for his sins, I suppose) what they call a "cheerful little woman :" so I called upon him to console with him, but, to my horror and astonishment, I found him beginning to look cheerful. I remonstrated with him, but without effect ; and not many days afterwards received the following note :

"DEAR SIR.—We are going to have a few cheerful friends to spend a quiet evening with us, and we would like you to give us the pleasure of your company. We take tea about seven o'clock, and if you will come to us about that time, I hope I need not say how very glad we shall be to see you. Tom told me to say that he thought a little cheerful company would do you good ; and I think we can promise you that. Yours very truly, FANNY GROLLIP."

It quite upset me : the number of years I had known Grollip, and that he should think cheerful company would do me good ! I didn't believe it. "Mrs. Grollip," said I to myself, "you don't speak the truth, ma'am. I know what it is. You saw that I was low-spirited the other day, and you talked to Tom about it, and arranged to try whether you couldn't reduce another fellow-creature to the same state of happiness that I observed in him. It's just like you women ; you take an unwarrantable interest in your husbands' old friends, and if you see them in a state of natural and proper despondency, you think it incumbent on you to endeavor to effect a cure. But you'll not succeed with me. I'm not going to be cheerful, if I know it. Show me something ludicrous, and I'll laugh as heartily as anybody ; but defend me from an equitable condition of cheerfulness. I'll drink your tea, though you dispense it at the hour

at which I usually dine ; but if you see me cheerful, I give you leave to tell me of it." On Friday, therefore, I make for Grollip's, after much communing with myself as to the proper costume for an evening with a few cheerful friends."

One of my chief objections to cheerful people is, that they don't give entertainments like other folks. When you get a note formally requesting the pleasure of your company at ten o'clock, with the word "Dancing" in the left-hand corner of the first page at the bottom, you know what to do. You clothe yourself appropriately in mourning garments, thrust your feet into uncomfortable patent-leather boots, make yourself as much like a waiter about the throat as you can, buy the cheapest possible pair of white kid gloves, and make up your mind to stand on the staircase for an hour or two, lamenting that you should ever have been born. But cheerful people write you a friendly letter, babbles of green tea and lead you to believe that you may drop in walking dress. It's a mercy it didn't go to Grollip's in a pair of yellow cord trousers and a lounging coat ; and I thought there was great excuse for a fellow-sufferer I observed there in a coat which was black certainly, but cut as for shooting. He was the only person besides myself who didn't look cheerful ; and he soon pleased toothache and retired. As for the other people, they stared at each other in a cheerful manner, and occasionally interchanged a cheerful remark ; they drank tea and coffee cheerfully, played whist (which I hate) cheerfully, and some cheerful young ladies played and sang cheerfully. This is all certainly very cheerful, though I don't think it will do me much good. I don't know anybody here, except Mr. Grollip, who are engaged with their guests. I can't drink any more tea and coffee—I've had too much already. I feel very uncomfortable. I know I'm very red in the face, and I should like to slip out without attracting attention, but I can't ; for though all the people are in full evening-dress, this is evidently not what is usually termed an evening-party ; and if I vanish without giving notice, I shall be thought rude ; and if I do give notice, Mrs. Grollip will think I don't like my entertainment, which is quite true, but not to be acknowledged. So I tell to examining the prints as carefully as though I were a line-engraver (and I'm sure I wish I was) ; and it is profitable, I'm told ; then I scrutinized my boots, congratulating myself that I had not come in my lace-up ones, with iron tips ; after that, I scrutinized the other men's boots, and wished I hadn't such large feet ; and then I scrutinized the ladies, and wondered why they were in ball-dresses, when they were only spending a cheerful evening. Presently our cheerful hostess proposed a quadrille. This was walked through in a cheerful manner, and so was a second, and so was a third. There was no waltzing, as that, I suppose, is considered incompatible with cheerfulness ; but there was a polka, and a country-dance. After this, we had some negus (which I abhor), for all cheerful people drink negus ; and then I managed—by telling, I am sorry to say, something very like an untruth—to get away, and wandered homewards with my spirits at zero. My road lay over the river ; and as I walked across the bridge, my despondency was such that I believe I should be lost if I were to fall into the water. On February 10, 1840, when the account of the Queen's marriage appeared, the *Times* sold thirty thousand copies. Curiosity-hunters were wonder struck, and calculated that all the columns of all the copies, if laid end to end, would reach from the Land's End to Yorkshire. Eleven years afterwards, however, the regular issue was thirty-eight thousand copies ; and on the day after the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the number of the *Times* sold was fifty-two thousand. Rush's trial carried off forty-five thousand ; and the opening of the Royal Exchange fifty-four thousand. These numbers were far exceeded on the 19th of November 1852, when the account of Wellington's funeral commanded a sale of seventy thousand copies, which were printed at the rate of ten thousand or twelve thousand per hour. That was indeed a week for newspapers : the *Illustrated London News* is said to have sold to the astounding amount of four hundred thousand double numbers ; and the Stamp-office issued altogether nearly two million newspaper stamps for that week. The gradual but vast increase in advertisements brought the proprietors of the *Times* so much money that they could afford to incur expenses utterly beyond the power of any other journal in the world. On a particular day in 1852 there were two thousand and two hundred and fifty advertisements. The daring course adopted, and the enormous outlay incurred, in exposing a gigantic system of fraud in 1831, by which the banks of most of the European capitals would have been plundered of vast sums (as brought to light in the famous trial Bogle & Lawson), won the admiration of the whole commercial community. A subscription of £2000 was raised, to present a testimonial to the proprietors ; but this was respectfully declined, and the amount was applied in the founding of two "Times scholarships," one for Christ's Hospital, and one for the City of London School. Amy did the result give an equivalent for the public-spirited exertions ; the sale of the *Times* increased enormously month by month. The regular circulation in 1852 was forty-two thousand. The Russian War of 1854-5-6 brought out the *Times* in greater force than ever ; the glowing articles by Mr.

Russell ; the splendid fund raised by the *Times* for the poor suffering soldiers, and administered by its own commissioners ; the voluminous correspondence of which it became the medium ; and the absolute necessity for the government to pay attention to what this particular journal said and thought—all tended to give to the *Times* a greater influence than was ever possessed by any other newspaper, English or foreign. No other newspaper has been so often or so heartily abused.

The great majority of newspaper readers in the country can, indeed, only be approached by advertisers through the medium of their own local journals. They think advertisements in a London paper cannot concern them, and therefore pass them over.

This matter of advertising never, perhaps, received such an illustration as in the wonderful number of the *Times* for the 21st of June last. It was the first and only issue consisting of twenty-four full pages, or a hundred and forty-four columns. It was on the 1st of January, 1788, that the *Times* first appeared—nineteen years after the *Morning Chronicle*, sixteen years after the *Morning Post*, four after the *Morning Herald*, and six before the *Morning Advertiser*. Nominally, its birth was on the day here named ; but in reality it was a continuation under a new name of the *Universal Register*, a daily paper which had been commenced in 1785, one year after the *Morning Herald*. M., according to Cocker, we select the monster number above adverted to (No. 23,965) ; if we consider that there are three hundred and thirteen week-days in a year, with an addition occasionally on account of leap year ; and if we then calculate backwards from the middle of 1861, we shall come to the year 1785, which has always been adopted as the *numerical* though not the *nominal*, birth year of the *Times*. From first to last, the *Times* has been chiefly the property of one family, the Walters. The first Mr. Walter was more of a printer than an editor, and the *Times*, under him, did not take precedence of the other daily papers. The second Mr. Walter, who assumed control in 1803, was a man of wonderful tact and energy ; he took a very decided part against the Pitt ministry, and contrived that the *Times* should always create a ferment in one way or another. The government bitterly opposed him, and adopted various expedients to prevent him from obtaining correct information as to what was going on in the court, in the government, and in foreign countries ; and there were also numerous imprisonments to be borne, and fines paid, for statements which were deemed libels in those days. All this served only the more to rouse the energies of Mr. Walter. The more determination he shewed, the more liberally was his paper bought by the public, and the more numerously were profitable advertisements sent him for insertion. The earlier numbers of the *Times* consisted of four pages of four columns each, but the number of pages and the size of each page were gradually increased.

In 1814, Mr. Walter began the bold system of printing his newspaper by steam. In subsequent years, the great upward starts of the *Times* in circulation seems to have taken place immediately after some striking public events, as if the vigorous writing in that journal had drawn new streams of subscribers to it. It was talked of as a great thing when, on the 10th of January 1805, the *Times* sold a few additional thousand copies, on account of its narrative of the funeral of Lord Nelson. In 1828, the regular sale was seven thousand, but we now laugh at the issues of those days. Even light and fire in his study were denied him on the long, cold winter evenings ; and as his study was his only place of refuge from the cruel scourge of his wife's tongue and temper, there, shivering and in the dark, he used to spend his winter evenings at home. Compelled to walk in order to keep himself warm, and accustomed to do so when preparing for the palpit, he always kept his hands before him as feelers in the dark, to warn him of his approaching the wall at either side of the room. In this way, he actually wore a hole through the plaster, at each end of his accustomed seat, on which some eyes have looked that glistened with light from other fire than that of love, at the remembrance of his cruel wife.

But the godly husband had learned to thank the Lord for the discipline of this trial. Being once at a presbytery dinner, alone, amidst a group of moderates, one of them proposed as a toast the health of their wives, and, turning to Mr. Foster, said, as he winked at his companions, "You, of course, will cordially join in drinking to this toast." "So I will, and so I ought," Mr. Fraser said, "for mine has been a better wife to me than any one of yours has been to you." "How so ?" they all exclaimed. "She has sent me," was his reply, "seven times a day to my knees, and that is more than any of you can say of yours." On the day on which his godly husband entered into his eternal rest, and a very few hours after his death, some of the elders, on hearing the sad tidings, hurried with stricken hearts and in tears to the manse. To their horror, they found Mrs. Fraser outside, feeding her poultry. Approaching her, one of them said, sobbing as he spoke, "Mr. Fraser has gone to his rest." "Oh yes, the poor man died this morning," she said, as she scattered the corn among the fowls ; "if you want to see the body, you can go in—chick, chick, chick."

"We have heard of a Mrs. Good who left ten dollars, all she had, on an election. In other words, Good better best !"

"What is the difference between a clergyman and a conjurer ? One is a divine, and the other a diyer."

"Mrs. Simith says the reason children of this generation are so

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion,	.75
Half a square (6 lines), one insertion,	.50
One square one year,	10.00
One square six months,	4.00
One square three months,	2.00
Half a square one year,	6.00
Half a square six months,	3.00
Half a square three months,	1.50
Large half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square;	

Large advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *tended*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Boston—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD,
Stowham—E. T. WHITTIER,
Winchester—JOAS HOVEN,
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PUTNAM, 14 NELSON, CO. Boston, and New
York—H. S. MILLER, CO. Boston, and Palmer,
Socay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly
employed to take advertisements for the JOUR-
NAL, at the rates required by us.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The attention of business
men everywhere is called to this paper as an adver-
tising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely
in the towns that surround Woburn, and will
increase their business by advertising in its
columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short no-
tice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.
Do not hold ourselves responsible for the
opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1862.

The news from Europe by the few last ar-
rivals, has been of the most hopeful tenor
for peace and continued good feeling toward
this country. The *Bury Times* has drawn in
its horns, and seems disposed to treat us in
the future with more fairness than it has in
the past. The intentions of the wily French-
man are enveloped in obscurity, and none can
tell or surmise the workings of his crafty
brain. But amidst this darkness we have the
consolation, just now, that without the sancti-
on of England, anything he may undertake
is powerless to do us harm. This time for
avenging Waterloo is not the present, and he
finds himself compelled to seek succor from
the paws of the very lion he so heartily
loathes and detests. Matters and things are
not so stable in France; but that, in fulfilling
their career, they may compel him to seek an
asylum from the wrath of his capricious peo-
ple in that same London through which he
would much rather lead a conquering army of
Frenchmen, and thereby fulfill the dream
which animated his illustrious namesake. If
we are to believe the stories that reach us
from beyond the sea, England has more than
once checked the ardor of her ally in his de-
signs upon us. This is altogether different
from that which we have been led to believe;
and John Bull, if all is true, has not acted
quite so bad toward us as we gave him credit
for. Our government, in surrendering
Mason and Slidell, saved the country; the
act was a master-stroke of policy, and told
not only England but all Europe, in terms
not to be misunderstood, that the foreign pol-
icy of the government was peace. The act
also gave a flat denial to the many lying
stories up about rebel emissaries, and the
consequence is that secession stocks have
fallen. The whole tone of the British press
and people is changed, and where but a few
days ago brooded sullen dislike, good feeling
now reigns. If this proves lasting we can
look upon it as worth to us a thousand times
as much as would be "worthless booty."
Mason and Slidell. It becomes us, espe-
cially at this time, to be courteous and agree-
able to all nations, as the ill will of any is
something to be seriously deprecated, and
avoided if compatible with the national hon-
or. Let us trust that Mr. Seward will keep
in the same course as that which he pursued
in the recent difficulty. The future of our
country, to a great extent, lies in his hands,
and whether it will be well for us that it is
so, is for him to say. Heaven grant that he
may be led aright, and that whatever he may
do will redound to the honor and glory of
the nation.

REV. MR. MARCH.—This gentleman has
asked for a dismission from his charge
in this place. On Sunday last, the greater
portion of his parishioners were much sur-
prised when he informed them of his intention
to do so. As we understand the matter, Mr.
March has been unable to get the call ex-
tended to him from Philadelphia and which
he accepted, annulled. A Parish meeting
was called for next Wednesday evening,
to consider the matter. Mr. March did not
preach his farewell sermon last Sunday, as
was supposed, but will preach again on the
two next Sabbaths.

FORT HENRY CAPTURED.—The news from
Fort Henry last evening, was of the most
cheering description. That fort has been
gloriously taken by our forces, with slight
casualties. The greatest loss was occasioned
by a ball entering the boiler of the Essex,
whereby thirty-two men were scalded to
death. The fight lasted one hour and twenty
minutes, when the garrison, consisting of
two generals, one colonel, two captains and
one hundred privates, surrendered. This is
good news and will be hailed with joy by
every true man.

GENERAL BUTLER has addressed a long
letter to Hon. D. S. Richardson, of Lowell,
through the columns of the *Pest*, defending
his actions in the imbroglio between himself
and Gov. Andrew. He makes out a good
case, but then "one story is good till another
one's told." Perhaps the other side will
knock his pleadings into a "cocked hat." If
we are to believe what the General says,
Gov. Andrew has been "all wrong" and he
has been "all right."

The happiest of pillows is not that
which love first press; it is that which death
has frowned on and passed over.

It is fortunate for fortune that she is
blind else she might blush to behold the fools
she patronizes.

It is the destiny of the obscure to be
known; it is the privilege of the illustrious
to be hated.

According to last night's accounts
Mr. Chase has paid out the last million of
dollars which found a temporary (very) rest-
ing place in the national treasury. There
are more coming, or going, but they come or
go slowly, having a hard road to travel,—the
banks being too steep for them.

SOCIALIES.—The "Social Party" at North
Woburn, last Friday evening, was a very happy
affair, and those present expressed them-
selves highly pleased with everything per-
taining thereto.

The party at Lyceum Hall, last evening,
was also pleasant and agreeable, and the en-
livening notes of Hall's Band are now (as
we write) sounding in our ears merrily.

A SERMON upon the Times, by the
Rev. Henry Kimball, formerly of Woburn,
will be published in the Evening Traveller of
Saturday, Feb. 8th, which can be procured
at the Woburn Bookstore.

SLIGHING PARTY.—The teamsters and oth-
ers of Woburn, enjoyed a pleasant sleigh ride
last Thursday, under the leadership of that
warren knight of the whip, John B. Davis.
They visited Brighton and spent a joyous
time there.

PERSONS who have books in their pos-
session belonging to the Woburn Library, are
referred to a notice in another column.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.—
A paper was recently read by Mr. Nunnally,
of this town, before the Royal Medical and
Chirurgical Society, on a remarkable case in
which that gentleman had successfully re-
moved the entire tongue, for cancer of the
organ, and restored the patient to comfort and
apparent health. The man otherwise of
robust constitution and in the prime of life, was
wasting under the agony of the diseased
tongue, and such difficulty of taking food as
threatened soon to destroy life by starvation.
The operation of extirpating the diseased
member was most severe and painful, and, in
fact, involved a series of processes extending
over several days; but at the end, and when
the tongue was finally removed, so rapid was
the recovery that the man ate and enjoyed a
good dinner the next day, and continues to
this time in vigorous health. But what will
perhaps still more surprise some people is
that he can talk without even a stump or a
bit of the root of the tongue. He can pro-
nounce every letter of the alphabet, many of
them perfectly (all the vowels), most of them
distinctly. The three there is the most difficult
in K, Q, and T, which are difficult and indistinct
in the order they are named, K being much more so than T. In conversation
he can be readily understood if not hurried or excited.—*Leeds (Eng.) Intelligencer.*

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal

GRADUATED.—Among the graduates at the
State Normal School at Salem on Wednesday
of last week, was Miss Isabella B. Tenney
the daughter of our esteemed fellow citizen
Thomas P. Tenney, Esq. She went through
the regular course of studies at our High
School, and at their completion received the
usual diploma. Since then she has been
through the prescribed term at the Normal
School aforesaid, to fit herself for the impor-
tant office of a teacher. Her answers to the
questions propounded her at the examination
were very satisfactory, and her essay was
well received. The Principal of the School
expressed deep regret at parting with her.
There can be no doubt but that she has in
her elements necessary for a successful
teacher, and in whatever field of labor she
may be placed will reflect honor upon her
"Alma Mater."

PARISH MEETING.—A special meeting of
the First Congregational Society has been
called for next Monday evening to act upon
several matters to be brought before them.

Thinking that doubtless your readers would
be pleased to hear from the Woburn volun-
teers in the 6th Battery, I send you the present
communication.

Your correspondent joined Battery K, 9th
regiment, N. Y. S. M., on Dec. 7th, 1861, at
Washington, where it was temporarily encamped
on the way from Pooleysville to join Gen. Hooker's division on the lower Potomac.
At Washington Arsenal four of our guns,
six-pounders, rifled "James" cannon, were
returned, and in exchange we received Hotchkiss'
field guns, so that now the battery presents a much more uniform appearance,
all our guns being of the same size and make.
Our battery now consists of six-pounder
rifle cannon, made of bronze and carrying a
cannonical shell, of 138 lbs. weight. The
advantage of the gun shell consists in the
fact that it always explodes at the moment
of striking, allowing no opportunity for extin-
guishing and thus rendering it void of effect.
Even if the shell only strikes the water it is
sure to explode, whereas the water often
extinguishes the fuse of a spherical shell.

Since joining the battery, it has been de-
tached from the 9th Reg., and now is called
6th N. Y. Artillery.

In the battery, besides myself, there are
four other Woburn boys, viz: J. E. Tleton,
J. B. Horne, P. M. Griffin, and J. A. Per-
kins. J. E. Tleton is our orderly sergeant
and enjoys a well deserved popularity. All
the boys enjoy good health, although for the
last week the weather has been anything but
conducive to health, in fact we haven't seen
the sun in five days, and it was only yesterday
that we treated to a thunder shower.
I doubt whether in Woburn you can
boast as much at this time of year.

At present we are encamped on the edge
of some pine woods about a mile from Budd's
Ferry on the lower Potomac. At this place
the river is about 1½ miles wide. Opposite
the ferry the rebels have erected several bat-
teries containing in all 14 guns, as can be
seen with the glass very plainly of a clear
day.

Right opposite the ferry, and lying in the
mouth of Quantico Creek, can be seen the
smoke stack of the rebel gun-boats Page, just
peering above an intervening strip of land.
Yet although the river is almost lined with
batteries, the rebels have not been enabled
to entirely stop navigation. It was only a few
evenings ago the Peninsula passed down
the river when the rebels fired over fifty
rounds of shell at her without one of them
taking effect. And scarcely a day passes
but what they fire at some passing schooner,
though I never heard of their hitting any-
thing.

The duty of our battery consists in doing
picket duty on the bank of the river at the
ferry, two guns at a time in alternation with
those of the two other batteries which con-
stitute the artillery of this division.

Such is our situation and such is our duty,
but as to the probable movements, and the
intentions of government, with which I per-
ceive the correspondents of the Boston pa-
pers are in the habit of treating their readers,
I must confess I am entirely ignorant.

Yours, &c., G. P.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—It is said the fore-
man of a grand jury at St. Louis, dazzled by
the beauty of a lady who appeared as a wit-
ness, became a little confused, and after ad-
ministering the oath as usual instead of pres-
enting the book, drew up his face in the most
fascinating manner, and said, "Now kiss me-
mam." He never discovered his error
until the jury burst into a roar of laughter.

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which love first press; it is that which death
has frowned on and passed over.

It is fortunate for fortune that she is
blind else she might blush to behold the fools
she patronizes.

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influence. The immortality of the soul is
the first element of Spiritualism. He denied
the assertion that Spiritualists do not believe
in the Bible, and challenged proof to the
contrary. Extracts were given from the
writings of some spirits to show the effect of
their belief to purify and enable the lines.

Mr. Story, who opened on the negative
side, believed in putting some things down by
ridicule, and with this idea he read some
extracts from spiritual communications published
in the "Banner of Light" purporting
to be from certain departed spirits, which
were very ludicrous in their character, which
he presented as samples of the "just men
made perfect" alluded to by the previous
speaker. Many of the Spiritualists declare
that the Bible is false, or interpret it to suit
their own views.

We are sorry to perceive that the gentle-
man has apparently placed too low an esti-
mate upon his own fitness to write concerning

the subject of morals, and that he seems
to have entertained a mistaken idea with re-
gard to the quality and amount of Christian
charity which is exercised by some persons
whose religious views do not coincide with
his own.

Mr. Norton on the affirmative side, claimed
that the question was an interesting one and
taxing the best minds of the age. It should
not be laughed down, but seriously consider-
ed in view of its great importance. There
was no doubt, a vast deal of twaddle about
the subject, but this was not an uncommon
feature. History shows that the world has
been the theatre of spiritual agencies. The
sublime song of Milton was based upon the
spirit world. Scripture placed the evil spirit
in the shape of the devil in the garden of
Eden, and like spirits have been abroad upon
the earth ever since. In the Bible we read
of beings possessed with spirits and the power of
Christ over them. If these evil spirits were
not abroad at the present day, we should
walk the earth with a serener step. He could
not but feel that there were invisible
spirits around children in their infancy pro-
tecting them from those numberless dangers
which beset their path. The powers and
capacities of the human soul were all defined
by the speaker.

Summer Richardson on the negative side,
said there could be no question in regard to
the angels referred to in the Bible. It was
modern spiritualism, that he opposed. He
quoted passages from the Bible in relation to
material spirits which he compared to modern
spiritualists, and which he believed to be
those evil spirits against whom the Bible
warns us. Such men as Webster and Adams,
would be ashamed could they read their pur-
ported sayings which come to us through
spiritual medium. It has a demoralizing
effect upon the community.

Mr. Wilder's argument in the negative was
principally to show that the power of one mind
over another could be accounted for on
scientific principles.

Mr. Campbell in closing, related a remarkable
instance of the power and extent of these
communications in the case of a brother of his
who died several years since at Burlington.
A spirit medium who was unknown to his
brother or him, residing in Boston, who was
consulted by a friend, was able to tell better,
the character, progress and final termination
of the disease from time to time, than himself
or the regular physicians who attended the
case.

On taking the vote on the merits of
the question it was decided in the negative
by a vote of twenty to one, several in the
affirmative not voting. Some were desirous
of continuing the question for discussion
to another meeting, but there seemed to
be a fear on the part of some that it would
not be productive of good. That cause is
certainly unworthy of support, which was
not stand a full and searching investigation
into its merits. The following question will
be selected for debate at the next meeting.
"Resolved, that the Federal Government has
no power under the Constitution of the United
States to abolish slavery in the rebellious
States; and that it would be bad policy to
do it, if the power existed." Messrs. B. B.
Stanton to open on the affirmative side, and
W. F. Young in the negative.

ARMY APPOINTMENTS.—Our fellow town-
man, Hon. John A. Bolles, has been appointed
upon Gen. McClellan's staff in the Army of
the Potomac, and has been detailed for service
under Gen. John A. Dix.

HENRY FLETCHER, a private in the 24th
regiment, has been detailed for special duty
under Dr. C. A. Green, formerly the Surgeon
of the regiment, now attached to a brigade.
Shortly after the meeting was called or held, the two
gentlemen aforesaid resigned their positions
upon the Committee, feeling that they had not
been properly treated, and that they as the
guardians of the interests of the Society had
been thrust aside and their wishes not
respected.

RELIGIOUS.—The pastoral connection of the
Rev. Mr. Meeson with the Baptist Society
having terminated, they have engaged Mr. G.
Hinckley of the Senior Class in the Theological
School at Newton to supply the pulpit for
one year.

LYCEUM.—The exercise for last Monday
evening was a debate upon the following
question, "Is Spiritualism in harmony with
the Bible and reason?"

Mr. Campbell in opening the debate upon
the affirmative side of the question, said that
the only difficulty with him was to prove
with his limited experience in the subject,
what Spiritualism is. It will be admitted, he
thought, that spirits of "just men made perfect"
visited the earth in times past. Experience
shows it to be a kind of amusement fit
only for boys to engage in, and then very
destructive to boots and shoes

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

1st BATTALION OF INFANTRY.

*Co. B, Capt. G. L. Prescott,
Cyrus Tay, 1st lieutenant,
John E. Tidd, 2d sergeant,
Jos. S. Wyman, 4th
Robert T. Johnson, 1st corporal.
John Robbins, musician,
Mark W. Ham, Geo. K. James,
Robert Pemberton, Augustus Plympton,
James Reed, Warren F. Plympton,
William Hunting, H. B. James,
COOK'S BATTERY,
Henry Wyman, * t
MOUNTED RIFLE RANGERS, CAPT READ
Alonzo W. Bersons,
ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES.
Samuel Stevens,
GEN. PORTER'S DIVISION,
J. L. Brigham, paymaster's clerk,
6th BATTERY.
J. W. Goodwin, sergt. Geo. W. Dean,
U. S. REGULARS.
B. McHannery, sergt. Patrick Daley,
John McBride,
U. S. 2d BATTERY,
Andrew Christy,
NEW YORK 1st REGT.,
Co. II, Capt. Baghee,
John Curry, sergt. John O'Leary sergt.,
MOZART (N. Y.) REGT., COL. RILEY,
Co. II, Capt. A. S. Ingalls,
H. N. Shepard, Corp. John J. Powers,
SICKLES' BRIGADE,
John Devlin,
NEW YORK 10th REGT.,
Sylvester Murray,
2d VERNON, COL. WHITING,
Co. D, Capt. Gragg,
James O. Hoey,
4th VERNON REGT.,
Edwin H. Persons, * t
6th VERMONT, COL. LORD,
Co. C, Capt. J. C. Spaulding,
Thomas Bradley,
N. Y. 6th ARTILLERY, COL. STILES,
Co. K, Capt. Bunting,
J. E. Tleton, sergt. Perley M. Griffin,
John H. Horne, G. A. Perkins,
J. A. Perkins,
4th CONN. REGT., COL. WOODHOUSE,
Edward Bryan, Quartermaster Sergeant,
3d N. H. REGT., COL. E. Q. FELLOWS,
John Plummer, musician,
ON PROVOST DUTY AT WASHINGTON,
Thomas Ryan,
TEAMSTERS, &C. FOR MONROE,
Capt. T. J. Porter, master-waggoner,
Charles Blake, Charles Parker,
B. F. Chamberlain, M. L. Richardson,
S. H. Drown, T. V. Sullivan,
A. C. Frost, Frank Taylor,
Sam'l. P. Hooper, R. L. Towne,
Thomas Hooper, M. V. Wade,
U. S. NAVY.*

S. W. Abbott, Assistant Surgeon,
Z. C. Burnham, Hospital Steward, Gembsok,
Henry Wyman, Master's Mate, Cumberland,
Daniel O'Connor, " "
Patrick Lenahan, Congress,
Geo. W. Chapman, Anacosta,
James Duffy, Macedonian,
William Knott, " "
James Nixon, Minnesota,
Henry Howard, New York,
J. H. Wall, G. W. Anderson,
Cornelius Sullivan, Vicennes,
E. J. Miller, Congress,
Dennis Murray, " "
James Claffy, " "
TOTAL, 283.

39 of the above list were three months men, 13 of whom have re-enlisted; thus leaves 256 as the actual number of Woburn men enlisted for the war.

- * Three months men.
- + Enlisted.
- † Discharged.
- ‡ Dead.
- § Taken prisoner at Bull Run.

Swarming of the Medical-Hives.
CONSOLATION FOR THE SICK.

Considering the enormous number of young M. D's that our medical colleges turn out every year, we certainly think it would be any virtue in the practice of medicine to be a mere quackish people than we are. But the bills of mortality do not shorten as the bill of fators lengths. Quite the reverse! Shall we say them with Macbeth, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it." No, that will not do. Nature, when attacked by disease, needs an ally to sustain her. An ally, remember; not a depleting agent, that helps the disease, and exhausts her energies. We verily believe that most of the drugs administered in acute diseases have this effect. Such, however, is not the operation of one medicine now generally used in this country for complaints of the stomach, liver and bowels. We mean HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Of course, our readers are aware that both the physicians and pills which bear the name of that distinguished physician and philanthropist, are in the highest possible favor all over the world; but we have only had an opportunity to witness the effect of the pills. It gives us pleasure to testify to their efficacy. In dyspepsia and liver complaints they uniformly work the most marvelous cures. Now, we will go so far as to say that with this remedy within their reach, no man or woman need ever be long troubled with dyspepsia. The pills remove the distress at the stomach, and restore the strength and appetite with a rapidity that is really astonishing. The curative action seems to be the same in all cases, without reference to age, constitution, or sex. Such, at least, is the conclusion to which our experience and observation point. — N. Y. "Advocate."

"What a fine thing it is," said Dr. Spooner, as he got up from the holly ice on which he had violently seated himself the other morning, "that the brains are situated where they are. I never so fully realized the nicely of the arrangement as of this morning, for I should have endangered mine several times had they been in a less elevated position."

VOLUNTEERS. ATTENTION!—For the arrangement of the system, incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Erptions, and exposures, which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT, 25 cts. per box.

BIBLES! BIBLES!!

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of the above in various styles of Binding, and at all prices can be found for sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

Special Notices.

NOTICE

Is hereby given to the readers of the town library that all books must be returned immediately for examination, and no more books will be given out until after the annual March meeting.

PER ORDER OF THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE,

E. J. JENKS.

To Consumers.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered from a severe attack of consumption, and that dread disease, Consumption, getteth desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to give to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send copy of the prescription used (free of charge), from full and explicit directions or preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please add dress REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh,
Kings County, New York.

Married.

In this town, 2d inst., in the Catholic Church Mr. Edward McQueen, of East Cambridge, and Miss Mary M. Fuller, of Woburn.

Died.

In this town, 2d inst., Steam Jr., wife of Fred W. Barker, 2d son, Edward Cassidy, 30 years, 2d mst., Infant son of Michael Shea, 7 weeks.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Honorable JUDGE OF PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

Somethings-or-Nothings.

Variety's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

The Sunshine on the Wall.

Fade away, oh, beauteous sunshine, beauteous
sunshine on the wall,
Fade slowly away each day and hour, then never
come at all!

I lie upon my couch of pain and view your beams
depart,

And feel that with you fade too, the sunshine
on the heart.

The days are getting short and drear, the leaves
begin to fall,

As your yellow rays are paling, oh, sunshine on
the wall;

I watch them growing less and less with growing
sense of pain—

Shall the spring behold me watching for their
return again?

Or, shall my poor unquiet heart, that ne'er con-
fess has known,

Be lying where my kindred lie, on yonder hill-
side lone?

Shall I fade with you, oh, sunshine, beauteous
sunshine on the wall,

Till my spirit hear the summons and answer the
recall?

Away, depressing fancies,—morbid thoughts of
future ill!

I will trust to God's own goodness, God's holy,
perfect will,

And this strip of fading sunshine, fading sun-
shine on the wall,

Shall leave a golden memory where a shadow
shall not fail!

—Phil. Sat. Evening Post.

A Race with a Bull.

We find the following yarn in the November
number of the Knickerbocker Magazine.
It is more or less rich.

Some forty years ago, the members of a
race-course near Brownsville, on the Monon-
gahela, published a notice of a race, one mile
heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one
hundred dollars, "free for anything with
four legs and hair on."

A man in the neighborhood named Hayes
had a bull that he was in the habit of riding
to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined
to enter him for the race. He said
nothing about it to any one, but he rode him
around the track a number of times, on sev-
eral moonlight nights, until the bull had the
hang of the ground pretty well and would
keep the right course. He rode with spurs,
which the bull considered particularly dis-
agreeable, so much so that he always bellowed
when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hayes came
upon the ground on horseback—on his bull.
Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox-hide,
the head part of which, with the horns still
on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He
carried a short tin horn in his hand. He
rode to the Judge's stand, and offered to
enter his bull for the race; but the owner of
the horses objected. Hayes appealed to the
terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had
four legs and hair on, and therefore he had a
right to enter him. After a good deal of
swearing, the judges declared themselves
compelled to decide that the bull had the
rights to run, and he was entered accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the bull
and the horses took their places. The horse-
races were out of humor at being bothered
with the bull, and at the burlesque which
they supposed was intended, but though it
would be over as soon as the horses started.

When the signal was given, they did start.—
Hayes gave a blast with his horn and sunk
his spurs into the sides of the bull, which
bounded off with a terrible bawl at no trifling
speed, the dried ox-hide flying up and down and rattling at every jump, making a
combination of noises that had never been
heard on a race-course before. The horses
all flew the track, every one seeming to be
seized with a sudden determination to take
the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone
Country, and none of them could be brought
back in time to save their distance. The
purse was given to Hayes.

A general roar ensued, but the fun of the
thing put the crowd on the side of the bull.—
The horsemen contended that they were
swindled out of the purse, and if it had not
been for Hayes's horn and ox-hide, which he
ought not to have been permitted to bring
upon the ground, the thing would not have
turned out as it did.

Upon this Hayes told them that his bull
could beat any of their horses anyhow, and if
they would put one hundred dollars against
the purse he had won, he would take off the
ox-hide and leave the tin horn, and run a fair
race with them. His offer was accepted and
the money staked. They again took their
places at the starting post, and the signal was
given. Hayes gave the bull another touch
with his spur, and the bull gave a tremendous
bellow. The horses, remembering the
dreadful sound, thought all the rest was
coming as before. Away they went again in
spite of all the exertions of their riders, while
Hayes galloped his bull around the track, and
again won the money.

A son of Erin having hired his ser-
vices to cut some ice, was asked if he could
use the cross-cut saw. He replied that he
"could surely." He was sent accordingly,
in company with his co-laborers, to cut some
ice, and on reaching the centre of the pond
the saw was produced with both handles still
in their place. The verdant son, looking at
the saw, very coolly put his hand in his
pocket, and drawing from it a cent, said,
"Now, Jamie, fair play; head or tail, who
goes below?"

TOO MUCH NOISE.—An Irishman from Bat-
tle Creek, Michigan, was at the battle of Bull
Run, and was somewhat startled when the
head of his companion on his left hand was
knocked off by a cannon ball. A few mo-
ments after, however, a spent ball broke the
fingers of his comrade on the other side.
The latter threw down his gun and yelled
with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him,
exclaiming—"Blasht your soul, you owd
woman, stop crying: you make more noise
about it than the man who lost his head!"

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &c.



Variety's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor!"

The Sunshine on the Wall.

Fade away, oh, beauteous sunshine, beauteous
sunshine on the wall,
Fade slowly away each day and hour, then never
come at all!

I lie upon my couch of pain and view your beams
depart,

And feel that with you fade too, the sunshine
on the heart.

The days are getting short and drear, the leaves
begin to fall,

As your yellow rays are paling, oh, sunshine on
the wall;

I watch them growing less and less with growing
sense of pain—

Shall the spring behold me watching for their
return again?

Or, shall my poor unquiet heart, that ne'er con-
fess has known,

Be lying where my kindred lie, on yonder hill-
side lone?

Shall I fade with you, oh, sunshine, beauteous
sunshine on the wall,

Till my spirit hear the summons and answer the
recall?

Away, depressing fancies,—morbid thoughts of
future ill!

I will trust to God's own goodness, God's holy,
perfect will,

And this strip of fading sunshine, fading sun-
shine on the wall,

Shall leave a golden memory where a shadow
shall not fail!

—Phil. Sat. Evening Post.

JUST OPENING at the WOBURN BOOK
STORE, a large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods,
consisting in part as follows—

Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead,
and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax Angels,
Beads, Beads, Drums, Whisks, Whistles,
Rattles, Domino Masks, Paper Sol-

ider Zouaves, Fire Engines, Toy
Brushes, Jumping Mice and
Jacks, Wagons, Rings,
Harmonicas, "Sop-
ses," &c., &c.

Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Card Cas-
ses, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Domi-
noes, Backgammon Boards and Check-
ers, Men, Bill Boxes, Watch Stands,
Bracelets, Necklaces, Porte-
monnaies, Perfumery, Hair
Oils, Extracts, Brush-
es, Combs, &c., &c.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

THAT "PRINCE"

OF—

CLOTHIERS
GEORGE H. LANE,

AT HIS

"Great Bargain Store,"

KNOWN AS

LANE'S CLOTHING PALACE,

No. 31 & 32

Dock Square,

BOSTON,

INVITES the attention of the residents of WO-
BURN and vicinity, irrespective of party, to his

NEW AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

CLOTHING,

AMONG WHICH IS THE

LARGEST & MOST SUPERB STOCK

OF—

OVERCOATS

TO BE FOUND AT ANY HOUSE,
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, IN
NEW ENGLAND.

AND OUR CUSTOMERS SAY SO—EVERYBODY
SAYS SO.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bargains
here that are not to be found elsewhere.

Look until you find the RIGHT
PLACE. You will get amply repaid for
all time and trouble.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

Lane's Clothing Palace,

31 & 32 Dock Square,

BOSTON.

Nov. 1, 1861. 3m

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND VARIED
SUPPLY OF

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl
and Ground Papers.

FOR PRESERVING AND REPAIRING METAL
ROOFS OF ALL KINDS.

CURTAINS AND CURTAIN PAPER.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Pa-
pers ever offered in this town—containing 100
different styles.

Our Customers are invited to call and examine
samples at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

No. 65 & 67 Union St., Boston.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PLAIN & FANCY TIN WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

COOKING AND PARLOR STOVES.

FOR SALE, THE

FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL

AT

WAR PRICES,

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short no-
tice.

We also have a

JOHNS & CROSLEY,

Sole Manufacturers,

LIQUID CUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,

For Coating Metals of all kinds when ex-
posed to the Action of the Weather, and

FOR PRESERVING AND REPAIRING METAL
ROOFS of all kinds.

IN GREAT VARIETY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.

JOHN'S LANTERN to Burn Kerosene Oil.

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

65 AND 67 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

GAMES!

A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES—"THE

BEHEMOTH," "THE MILITARY," "CO-
QUETTE," &c., &c.—can be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Almanacs for 1862.

ADY'S, OLD FARMER'S, LEAVITT'S,

AND CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1862, can

be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Full descriptive Circulars and Prices will be fur-
nished upon application.

[7-1]

CLARK'S Patent Indelible Pencils, for
Marking Clothing, for sale at the Bookstore.

Harper for February,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE

GAMES!

A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES—"THE

BEHEMOTH," "THE MILITARY," "CO-
QUETTE," &c., &c.—can be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : NO. 20.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Be Sure, Ye Rich.

Be sure, ye rich, who dwell in splendid halls,
And make a summer there in wintry weather,
While the grating snow so gently falls,
And clothes with beauty mountain pine and heather—

Be sure, ye rich, who banquet on the best
That Nature yields, and precious gold can buy,
Who on the softest down supinely rest,
Regardless how the moments hurry by—

Be sure, ye rich, whose forms are warmly clad,
Defended from the cold and arrowy sleet,
That smites the wand'rer in the open gade,
And the poor outcast in the wind-swept street—

Be sure ye make some heart with pleasure glow,
Some lips a blessing from this season cold,
For if thou'rt deaf unto the cry of woe,
A curse will haunt thy more than useless gold.

—Chambers' Journal.

Select Literature.

The Painter and the Apparition.

Some few years ago a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady F. to paint a portrait of her husband. It was settled that he should execute the commission at F.— Hall, in the country, because his engagements were too many to permit his entering upon a fresh work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employers, the arrangement was satisfactory to all concerned, and on the 15th of September he set out in good heart to pursue his engagement.

He took the train for the station nearest to F.— Hall, and found himself, when first starting, alone in a carriage. His solitude did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London, a young lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him. She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and sadness in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and sensibility. For some time neither uttered a syllable. But at length the gentleman made the remarks usual under such circumstances, on the weather and the country; and, the ice being broken, they entered into conversation. They spoke of painting. The artist was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his doings. He was quite certain he had never seen her before. His surprise was by no means lessened when she suddenly inquired whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person whom he had seen only once, or at most twice? He was hesitating what to reply, when she added, "Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he could. "Well," she said, "look at me again. You may have to take a likeness of me." He complied with this odd request, and she asked, rather eagerly— "Now do you think you could?" "I think so," he replied; "but I cannot say so for certain."

At this moment the train stopped. The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the painter, and bade him good-by; adding, as she quitted the carriage, "We shall meet again soon." The train rattled off, and Mr. H. (the artist) was left to his own reflections.

The station was reached in due time, and Lady F.'s carriage was there, to meet the expected guest. It carried him to the place of his destination, one of "the stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall-door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him. A kind greeting passed, and he was shown to his room; for the dinner hour was close at hand.

Having completed his toilet, and descended to the drawing-room, Mr. H. was much surprised and much pleased, to see, seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, spoke to him two or three times, mixed in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home. Mr. H. had no doubt of her being an intimate friend of his hostess. The evening passed very pleasantly. The conversation turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H. was interested to show some of the sketches he had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them. At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning, early, Mr. H. was tempted by the bright sunshine to leave his room, and roll out into the park. The drawing-room opened into the garden; passing through it, he inquired of a servant who was busy arranging the furniture, whether the young lady had come down yet?

"What young lady, sir?" asked the man, with an appearance of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night."

"No young lady dined here last night, sir," replied the man, looking fixedly at him. The painter said no more; thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. So leaving the room, he sauntered out into the park.

He was returning to the house, when his host met him, and the usual morning salutations passed between them.

"Your fair young friend has left you?" observed the artist.

"What young friend?" inquired the lord of the manor.

"The young lady who dined here last night," replied Mr. H.

"I cannot imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, very greatly surprised.

"Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H., who in his turn was beginning to wonder.

"No," replied the host; "most certainly not. There was no one at the table but yourself, my lady, and I."

The subject was never reverted to after this occasion, yet our artist could not bring himself to believe that he was laboring under a delusion. If the whole were a dream, it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the railway carriage, so surely she had sat beside him at the dinner table. Yet she did not come again; and everybody in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence.

He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

For two whole years he followed up his profession; growing in reputation and working hard. Yet he never all the while forgot a single lineament in the fair young face of his fellow-traveler. He had no clue by which to discover where she had come from, or who she was. He often thought of her, but spoke now about her. There was a mystery about the matter which imposed silence on him. It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

Mr. H. was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his—whom I will call Mr. Wyde—resided there. Mr. H., being anxious to see him, and having only a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as he reached the hotel, begging Mr. Wyde to call upon him there. At the time appointed the door of his room opened, and Mr. Wyde was announced. He was a complete stranger to the artist; and the meeting between the two was a little awkward. It appeared, on explanation, that Mr. H.'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentleman now face to face with the artist was another Mr. Wyde; that the note intended for the absentee had been given to him; and that he obeyed the summons supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The first coldness and surprise dispelled, the two gentlemen entered into a more friendly conversation; for Mr. H. had mentioned his name, and it was not a strange one to his visitor. When they had conversed a little while, Mr. Wyde asked Mr. H. whether he had ever painted, or could undertake to paint, a portrait from mere description? Mr. H. replied, never.

"I ask you this strange question," said Mr. Wyde, "because about two years ago, I lost a dear daughter. She was my only child, and I loved her very deeply. Her loss was a heavy affliction to me, and my regrets are the deeper that I have no likeness of her. You are a man of unusual genius. If you could paint me a portrait of my child, I should be very grateful."

Mr. Wyde then described the features and appearance of his daughter, and the color of her eyes and hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H. listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy with his grief, made a sketch. He had no thought of its being like, but hoped the bereaved father would possibly think it so. But the father shook his head on seeing the sketch, and said, "No, it was not at all like." Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were pretty well, but the expression was not hers; and the father turned away from it, thanking Mr. H. for his kind endeavors, but quite hopeless of any successful result. Suddenly a thought struck the painter; he took another sheet of paper, made a rapid and vigorous sketch, and handed it to his companion. Instantly, a bright look of recognition and pleasure lighted up the father's face, and he exclaimed, "That is she! Surely, you must have seen my child, or you never could have made so perfect a likeness!"

"When did your daughter die?" inquired the painter, with agitation.

"About two years ago; on the 13th of September. She died in the afternoon, after a few days illness."

Mr. H. pondered, but said nothing. The image of that fair young face was engraven on his memory as with a diamond's point, and her strangely prophetic words were now fulfilled.

A few weeks after, having completed a beautiful full-length portrait of the young lady, he sent it to her father and the likeness was declared, by all who had ever seen her, to be perfect.

The mention of the University of Tu-

rin suggests to Dr. Spooner that the education to be obtained at the University of Tu-

rin must be superficial.

Fear not to do that which is right and just.

The Marvelous Tower.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that overleaps the deep and narrow bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads along the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived, wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here was a narrow, arched way, cut through the living stone, the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, with rusty locks of diverse workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portals stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to open the gate. The hoary headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound and set loose, to shake the earth to its foundation?"

At the sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and the bay of trumpet, the neigh of steeds and a shout of arms; but all was heard indistinctly, as afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed the plainer became the motion, and louder the noise, and more distinct; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as if it were a mighty banner, and filled the hall and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared a transparent cloud; and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture or vision of an army of embodied spirits conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell.

They beheld before them a great battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp and clarion, the clash of cymbals, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There were battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; but the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout—the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him, but whose armor and device were his own, who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war horse Orlina. In the confusion of the flight the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orlina galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirl-mace had disappeared from his pedestal; and on arriving into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed, but the door was invincible; the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within, and the walls of the tower were rent with the roar of tempests and overthrown by the fury of the wind. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

In the centre of the hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarer workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek character, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world, three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set around with precious stones, and closed with lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words:—

"In this casket is contained the mystery of the tower. The hands of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son!" said he: "desire while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined to me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it."

So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Like a cloud, and they descended and wheeled in circles around the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the ashes were borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain; and wherever a particle of those ashes fell, it was a stain of blood. It is, furthermore, recorded by ancient men and writers, that all of those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a signal and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

Richelieu's Invitation.

Cardinal de Richelieu has always been considered a great minister, and in many instances he well deserved the name. He rendered an immense service to monarchy, in dispelling the last heads of the feudal hydra, and literature owes him much for the establishment of the French Academy. Although himself but an indifferent writer, he was ever ready to encourage the arts, and paid liberally for the efforts of others. Not always satisfied to use his own power among the nobles, those who were indulged in venting his spite against obscure citizens. The following anecdote is related of him:

M. Dupont, a small merchant of the Rue St. Denis, received one morning a letter, dated Rueil, a little village in the outskirts of Paris, where the cardinal had a country seat.

The letter contained an invitation to supper for the next day with his Eminence.

M. Dupont could not believe his eyes: he read the letter several times, looked at the direction, and finally concluded that the letter was really addressed to him. Amazed beyond expression, he called his wife and daughter, to communicate to them his good fortune. You may imagine the joy and pride of the three women!

About four o'clock he mounted his horse, and started for Rueil. He had scarcely reached the barrier, when the clou assumed a threatening look, and the sound of distant thunder announced the approach of a violent storm. The merchant having neglected to provide himself with a cloak, doubled the speed of his horse. But the storm traveled faster than his steed; flashes of lightning succeeded each other with frightful rapidity, and the rain fell in torrents. M. Dupont, assailed by the tempest, started his horse at full gallop; but unable to continue his journey, he stopped at a small tavern in Mantere. He alighted, sent his horse to the stable, and took refuge in a low room, where the servant lighted a blazing fire to dry the clothes of the unfortunate merchant. While he was wearing himself, the door opened, and another person, drenched with rain, entered and seated himself in the opposite corner.

Two travellers looked at each other for some time in silence. M. Dupont at last addressed his companion, and said:

"What detestable weather!"

"It is very bad indeed," replied the stranger. "But it is only a shower, which I hope, will soon pass over."

"Hear, hear," continued M. Dupont; "the storm increases; peals of thunder shake the house; the rain falls in torrents, and yet I must go on."

"Sir," said the unknown, "to wish to proceed on your journey in this weather you must have very serious reasons."

"I have, indeed," said Dupont; "I will tell you; it is no secret. I am invited to supper, this evening, with the Cardinal de Richelieu."

"Ah! I know it is a difficult matter to decline such an invitation. But you have still a long way to go, and how can you present yourself before his Eminence in the state in which you now are?"

"His Eminence will, perhaps, be thankful for my empress."

"If I did not fear to appear indiscreet, I would ask you if ever had anything to do with the Cardinal?"

"Nothing at all. I must even say that I cannot account for the favor which I received."

"The Cardinal is very jealous of his authority, he does not like to have his actions judged. One word sometimes is sufficient to excite his suspicion; think well. Have you never given the Cardinal any cause for complaint against you?"

"I think not. I have been constantly occupied with my business. I have no interest in what they call politics. However, I believe that before two or three friends only, I censured the death of the Duke of Montmorency, and you would have done the same, for my grandfather was *maitre d'hôtel* in that illustrious house."

"My dear sir, you look like an honest man. You have inspired me with much interest for you. Will you listen to me, then? Do not go to Rueil!"

"Not go to Rueil! I shall set out this instant, in spite of the storm."

"One more word, my friend, for your position interests me exceedingly; you really believe, then, that his Eminence is expecting you to supper? Well, let me undeceive you. You are expected, it is true, but to be here."

"Oh, merciful Heaven! what do you mean? It is impossible."

"I tell you again," said the stranger, "to be here."

"At these words, Dupont, shuddering with terror, drew himself nearer to the unknown."

"For Heaven's sake, how do you know?"

"I am sure of it."

"But what have I done to deserve such a fate?"

"I don't know; but I am sure of what I say, for I am the one who has been sent for to hang you."

The poor merchant, pale as a corpse, drew back several steps, and scarcely able to speak, said:

"Pray tell me, sir—who are you?"

"The hangman of Paris, called by his Eminence to dispatch you. Think of the service I have rendered you, and that the fate of children, is at once the delight and terror of the nursery, and appears to have

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Each half square (seven lines), one insertion,	.75
Each subsequent insertion,	.50
One square one year,	10.00
One square six months,	6.00
Half a square one year,	6.00
Half a square six months,	4.00
One square three months,	2.00

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, leaded, 12 cents per line for one insertion, can be inserted insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted **ENTITLED ORDERED OUT,** and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD,
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER,
Winchester—JOSEPH HOVEY,
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York, S. M. PETTENGILL (and to Y. B. Paine), 205 Boylston Building, Cornhill Street, Boston, are employed to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JON PAINING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the plausibility of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1862.

Where will the rebellion leave us? is a question often asked than answered. Another question, just as appropriate, might be asked—Where will we leave the rebellion? This last question we are apt to pass by without notice that we bestow upon the first. That the rebellion will leave us groaning under a tremendous taxation, no one will contradict; and if we leave the rebellion with slavery as it was—one of the ruling powers of the country—desolation and trouble will be constant attendants upon taxation. We cannot expect the South to quietly submit to the force of arms, it is not in human nature to do so. Some may think that there is no submission in the matter, but this is not so. If we crush this rebellion, we will crush it as conquerors, and will secure from the South guarantees for its future good behavior, or else we will allow the lesson to pass unheeded, which we trust will not be the case. If slavery, at the close of the war, is left with undivided and improper power, and an open course to regain the strength which the demands of the rebellion have wrung from it, we will, when it is too late to apply a remedy, perceive our egregious blunder. We must, for our own good and also the good of the South, place the political power of that section of our land on different footing from that which it held before it threw down the gauntlet of defiance. Any one who believes that the lion of the South will be turned into a lamb by the stern realities of war, cannot be possessed of all his faculties. The misguided people of that unhappy and slave-cursed portion of our common country, will imagine themselves as living under a similar yoke, as that which grinds many of the people of the old world; and each act of the government, no matter how honest and well intentioned its promptings may have been, will be construed into a menace and a restraint upon their rights. Love and jealousy cannot work harmoniously together, consequently it is our imperative duty to remove the cause for jealousy by making all labor throughout the land free. Men of energy seldom allow themselves to be thwarted in their designs, if their first efforts meet with defeat; they bide their time and grasp at the next available opportunity. So it will be with the Slave Oligarchs, if, when we close this rebellion, we leave them in possession of their "darling sin," wherein to re-build and foster that power which has brought upon us this calamitous war and whose sole aim is the overthrow of the government. We must stifle slavery so that it cannot do us harm. It is antagonistic to the Union; therefore to keep the Union in its purity we must abolish Slavery. This can be done when the power of the traitors is powerless at our feet; we will then be in a better condition to treat the subject as it deserves. Whatever feeling of revenge may have entered our bosoms, will then have vanished, and we will go to the work with "clean hands" and a "clear conscience, and trusting in heaven for guidance.

Gen. STONE'S ALLEGED TREASON.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune states that the discovery of General Stone's treasonable communication with the enemy happened in this wise:

A soldier in one of the New York regiments, who had procured his discharge, and came to the Capital for the purpose of getting his pay, mentioned to a gentleman in one of the public offices that there were suspicious circumstances connected with Gen. Stone's movements, and related the following incident:

While he (the soldier) was on picket duty near Edward's Ferry, some time subsequent to the Ball's Bluff affair, Gen. Stone rode down near the ferry, accompanied only by a servant. After some little time he went to an unoccupied house near, and bringing out a spyglass looked across the river. He then remounted and rode away, but shortly returned to the same house, and again brought the glass into requisition, and seeming to discover the object of his search, waved his hat as though communicating a signal. Directly about a dozen horsemen came out of the woods on the opposite side of the river. Gen. Stone, going to our pickets, remarked that these men must want something; and suggested that some of them should cross and see what it might be.

Five men volunteered to go on this service, and on reaching the Virginia shore, the rebels proposed that they should remain as hostages, but when an equal number of their party crossed for the purpose of having an interview with Gen. Stone, which proposal was accepted, and the rebels accordingly crossed and met Gen. Stone. They withdrew from the river bank near the house above mentioned, and remained in conference for some time. A soldier at the Ferry observed a sealed packet passing between the rebels and Gen. Stone. One of the rebels remarked to one of the men who remained as hostages, that they had come down by appointment. The one who headed the rebel party was Capt. Porter.

No Tick Here!

—Old Town Clock.

Mr. Editor.—If a dozen of dollars would lubricate the movements of the old clock, I think those in sight would be willing to contribute a small sum each toward hiring some to attend to the wants of our four-faced friend.

Thursday,

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

We insert with pleasure the following letter from a gentleman, well and favourably known in Boston as a most successful sea captain:

BOSTON, Feb. 6th 1862.

Dear Sir.—Mrs. Lewis wishes me to express to you her satisfaction in her use of the set of teeth, which you inserted for her on the Vulcunite base about one year ago. They answer in every respect all the purposes of natural teeth; they are firm, easy to wear, and it is with the utmost difficulty, that she can remove them from the mouth. The atmospheric pressure is perfect. Mrs. L. had used for twenty years, teeth inserted on a gold plate, with indifferent success; those you inserted she would not day, (if possible) exchange them for her natural ones. Please make use of this in any way you wish, and believe me,

Yours truly,

GEO. W. LEWIS.

SOLDIERS SPECIAL NOTICE.—Do your duty protect your health, use HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. For Wounds Sores, Bowel Complaints and Fevers, they are a perfect safeguard. Full directions how to use them with every box. Only 25 cents.

Lieut. J. P. Crane of the Union Guard, has spent the past week at home. He reports the members of the Guard in good health and spirits. He will soon return to his post of duty.

Deacon Ezekiel Johnson fell on the ice last Wednesday and fractured his shoulder.

Lines suggested by the death of Mrs. Marcia A. Hayden.

NOT more joyous is the sunshine,
Not more glad the opening day,
Than the soul's that pass'd away.

NOT more bounding is the bright brook
In its onward course along,
Than that brave and buoyant nature,
Than her free and gladsome song.

NOT more truthful is the mirror,
Where the sky bends down to greet
The bosom of the unsullied lake,
Where mountain shadows meet;

NOT more pure are those clear waters
Than her spirit frank and free,
Than her fair face, ever so bold,
Her thoughts most radiantly.

NOT more loving are the breezes
As they woo the flowers fair,
Than her heart so true and tender,
With its freight of treasures rare.

Sunn'd by her smiles within our hearts,
Sprung up affection's flowers;
Their blossoms yielding sweet perfume
Made happy all the hours.

Thus pass'd her life—one blissful dream,
Where love and friendship twined
Bright garlands and sweet memories
Of pure joys combined.

But ah! a sombre cloud has come
With shadows dark and drear;
Our smiles are fled—the flowers lie dead
While flies blow the bitter tear.

In deep and silent grief we bow,
Our souls with sorrow fill;
No gleam of light—no cheering thought
Can pierce that shadow's chill.

But no! the light breaks through the cloud,
The darkness rolls away,
The sun itself bursts forth once more
Revealing the clear day.

For lo! she moves where angels tread,
With white and beaming hands.
While Faith and Hope still point the way
To those celestial lands!

B. C.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The March number of this growing monthly is already before the public. The articles are all upon live subjects, and do not lag in interest from beginning to end. The same satisfaction will be enjoyed by the public in reading this number, that was experienced in perusing the first two.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

Somethings-or-Nothings.

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &c.



"Variety's the Spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

What Doesicks' Wife Wanted.

Doesicks is out in the New York *Mercury* upon the habit of merchants exposing their tempting wares at their doors and in their windows. He thinks it should be prohibited by law. He says:

My wife (I've got a wife) and I start for a walk down Broadway to see the people and the sights. Of course, she wants everything she sees; and the consequences can only be computed. Yesterday I made a mental calculation how much my afternoon's walk would have cost me, supposing me to be a millionaire, and able (willing, I was of course), to indulge my wife in all her freaks and fancies. Here is a list of the few articles that were forced on her attention:-

1 carriage, that she "wished she had," \$1,400.00
1 buggy, that she "thought she ought to have," 270.00

1 piano, that "we certainly can't do without," 375.00

1 harp, that "makes a parlor look so elegant," 200.00

27 carpets, each one "a great deal prettier than ours," 2,700.00

1 Newfoundland dog, "so lovely," 60.00

400 new dresses, "such ducks"—average \$30., 20,000.00

50 shawls, "such superb patterns," at \$50., 2,500.00

2 chin sets, "so exquisite," at \$200., 600.00

1000 bonnets, "such loves," at \$100., 10,000.00

70 sets parlor furniture, "just such as we ought to have," at \$1000., 70,000.00

12 American flags, "so pretty for the parlor," at \$10., 120.00

1 cravat, "look very well for you, dear," 75

1200 volumes books—"no gentleman's library should be without them," at \$1., 1,200.00

1 cashmere shawl—"such a magnificent thing," 900.00

42 dozen pocket-handkerchiefs—"you know I must hate them, dear," at \$25., 600.00

1 paper-knife, "very handy for your dear," 50

1 India-tablet doll, "for the baby," 1.50

100 fine engravings, "so handsome for the parlors," at \$5., 500.00

80 pairs new shoes, "so pretty and neat," at \$3., 240.00

9 teams of horses, "such as she had always prayed for," at \$1000., 9,000.00

1 linkstand, "so much prettier than yours, dear," 87

7 marble statues—"look superb in the parlors," at \$4000., 28,000.00

1 penholder, "prettier than any you've got dear," 14

\$148,858.76

Besides the trifles, there were also some further items, thus:

1 gun, "for the baby," \$1.00

1 drum, "for the baby," 2.00

1 soldier hat, "for the baby," 1.50

1 pound candy, "for the baby," 2.50

1 Zouave uniform, "for the baby," 16.00

1 paper fire-crackers, "for the baby," 1.00

1 sword, "for the baby," 5.00

5 new dresses, "for the baby," at \$1., 32.00

4 new pairs shoes, "for the baby," \$1.50

2 pounds almonds, "for the baby," 6.00

25 at 2c., 60

1 more gun, "prettier than the other," for baby, 2.00

1 other sword, "prettier than the other," for baby, 3.00

Various toys for baby, 12.75

\$89.10

You will observe that all this amounts to not far from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now if these things hadn't been exposed to view—in fact obstructed on our view—my little wife, who is as economical as any woman of her size, never would have thought of wanting them, and I would never have been compelled to reflect on the humiliating fact, instead of having an income of fifty dollars an hour, I am only a poor devil, who thinks himself lucky to earn so much in a week.

Of course, I didn't buy all these things; but these fellows have no right to make me want to buy them. What right has a merchant to do such things, any more than any other man?

The doctor doesn't array his medicines in his window, and stand there, all dressed in his best, to invite people to come in and be physicked. The minister doesn't pile his most eloquent sermons up in sight of all the world, and then stand on his front step, arrayed in gown and band, bowing at people to come in and be preached at. The soldier doesn't put up his sword and bayonet on the sidewalk, and standing guard over them, in the showiest of regiments, with an affable smile on his face, urge the generous public to step up and be killed. And who is more respectable than these men, I'd like to know?

Now, I call on the law tinkers to fix up something that shall stop the merchants in their nefarious career, and make them keep their goods in the house. Am I to be led into temptation with impunity? And is my little wife to be led into the temptation kind of temptation, every time she walks down Broadway, and he made to commit the horrible sin of coveting her neighbors' goods, to the peril of her jolly little soul?

Horrible thought! Suppose she, my wife aforesaid, should yield to this perpetual temptation, and steal something! Suppose she should foul a pair of gloves, or help herself to a bonnet, or take a dozen handkerchiefs, or pin a dozen shawls to her crinoline, and try to make off with them? Suppose she should be caught at it; should be tried, convicted, and sent to prison! isn't the rascal shopkeeper in reality the guilty criminal? and hadn't he ought to be punished for the larceny? Who'll restore my poor suffering wife to her former place in society? Who'll—

But I forgot; I was talking about a mere contingency. She is yet honest; but when I observe the longing looks she casts at a certain "love of a bonnet," that I can't afford to buy for her, I fear for the future.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

WILL Withstand Water.

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Dont throwaway that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling; a shifting saucer is a shifting curse.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and cannot be mended; it mend it never show when put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue.—New York Times.

It is very convenient to have in the house.—New York Express.

It is always ready; this commands it to everybody.—Independent.

We will trial it, and find it as useful in our house as water.—Will's Spirit of the Times.

ECONOMY is Wealth.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottling.

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S

Improved Gutta Percha

CEMENT ROOFING,

The cheapest and most durable Roofing in use.

IT IS FIRE and WATER Proof.

It can be applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, steep or flat, and to Shingle Roofs without removing the Shingles.

The Cost is only One Third of that Tin, AND IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in New York, Boston, and the United States, Canada, West Indies and Countries, and in Europe.

Please remember also, that No Cloth-

Hanging House in Boston can APPROACH OUR PRICES.

All our Customers say so — Everybody says so.

Wholesale Buyers for Cash will find Bars here that are not to be found elsewhere.

SEE THAT THE SIGN READS

Lane's Clothing Palace,

31 & 32 Dock Square,

BO TON.

Nov. 1, 1861. 3m

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

Purchasers are invited to call and examine samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

No. 65 & 67 Union St., Boston.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Plain & Fancy Tin Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

COOKING AND PARLOR STOVES.

FOR SALE, THE

FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL,

AT

WAR PRICES,

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short notice.

We also have

Nice Lanterns to burn Kerosene Oil.

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

55 AND 67 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

GAMES!

A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES—The REBELLION," "MILITARY," "COQUETTE," &c., &c.—can be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Harper for February,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Almanacs for 1862.

LADY'S OLD FARMER'S, LEAVITT'S,

and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for 1862, can

be found at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Full descriptive Circulars and Prices will be furnished on application.

OUR TERMS are Cash.

We give abundant proof of all we claim in favor of our Improved Roofing Materials, having made trials of them in every part of the United States, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$21, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half-a-dozen.

GOOD IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS.

AGENTS WANTED.

We will make liberal and satisfactory arrangements with responsible persons who would like to establish themselves in a lucrative and permanent business.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrangements are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term which previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .25
Half a square (seven lines) one insertion, .20
Each subsequent insertion, .10
One square one year, .10
One square three months, .06
Half a square one year, .04
Half a square six months, .03
Half a square three months, .02
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *leaded*, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.
South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD;
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTEMORE;
Winchester—JOSEPH HOVEY;
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PITTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. C. MILLER (successor to V. B. Palmer), South Boston, Cambridge, Boston, are employed to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will consider their business of advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOURNALING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1862.

THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The news that has this week been flashed over the telegraphic wires, carrying joy to every loyal heart from Maine to Minnesota, and doubtless spreading consternation throughout the length and breadth of Rebellion, though it has been somewhat pruned down by later despatches, is still great enough and good enough to more than justify all the bell ringing and cannon firing that welcomed it in every city and town.

If it be true that we have not taken prisoner the celebrated Sidney Johnson, or can yet rejoice to know that the notorious Buckner is in good hands, and that, after hard fight and glorious victory, we hold thirteen thousand men, a very formidable fort, and immense stores of the material of war, as the fruits of one of the bloodiest battles ever fought by volunteer troops.

General Floyd displayed his usual mastery over the eighth commandment, and though no one supposed the rebels had a march left to them he succeeded in stealing one. It is a cause of mournful reflection to see such an accomplished thief descend to the lowest branches of his profession, and commit the very petty larceny of stealing himself. Such is the force of habit. But according to the present appearance of affairs in Kentucky and Tennessee his time will not be long in coming, and we may soon expect to see him fast in some Union prison, unless he should fall in honorable battle, or should lay hands on himself and finish his exploits by robbing the hangman.

The good effect of this news can hardly be overestimated. It has infused fresh spirit into the hearts of loyal people everywhere, and, taken in connection with the success of Burnside, the taking of Fort Henry and the rumored capture of the important city of Savannah, it has strengthened into belief the popular impression that the arms of the Union are no longer to be dimmed by repeated reverses, and that the Battle-Roll of the republic was for the last time darkened when Treason or incapacity wrote the name of Bull's Bluff in shameful and bloody characters.

Not the least encouraging feature of this news is the report that reaches us of the feelings with which the conquerors of Fort Henry were hailed by the citizens in that section of country. It affords confirmation of the statement that a large part of the people in the mountainous districts of Alabama and Georgia are hostile to the Southern oligarchy and retain that affection for their country which a rebel paper calls "their idolatrous love for the old Union."

There are not wanting those who believe that the decisive events of the war are not to be looked for on the Potomac, but in the West; and that the Union is to be restored in the valley of the Mississippi.

It is evident that our generals are concentrating their forces and that the powerful army of Buell and the troops under our other generals are very soon to make some important movements.

The news from Tennessee will therefore be anxiously looked for during the next fortnight. May the good prevail.

"Already shows the beginning of the end," "A ready tyrannous darkness breaks the day."

Rev. Mr. March left town on Wednesday last for Philadelphia, the scene of his fatigues, and the troops under our other generals are very soon to make some important movements.

The news from Tennessee will therefore be anxiously looked for during the next fortnight. May the good prevail.

"Already shows the beginning of the end," "A ready tyrannous darkness breaks the day."

Our Correspondents at home and abroad, must bear with us this week. We are reluctantly compelled to either abbreviate or leave out entire their favors. Next week, such as will then be in season, will be attended to. Indisposition is our principal excuse for this rough treatment.

Hon. J. N. Goodwin, M. C., has our thanks for a copy of the Sanitary Commissioner's Report.

Our military and Naval letters this week will be found interesting.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—At a meeting of the Selectmen on Thursday evening, it was decided to celebrate Washington's Birthday in a public manner, and a committee was appointed to carry the vote into effect. That Committee has decided upon the following programme:—

At Sunrise, Noon, and Sunset the Bells throughout the town to be rung; at 12 M., a NATIONAL SALUTE on Meeting-house Hill. At 3½ P. M., the citizens are invited to assemble at the New Congregational Church for public services.

EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH.

- Introductory Remarks, by the president, John R. Kimball, Esq.
- Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Stebbins.
- Singing.—"Hail Columbia," by the children of the Public Schools.
- Reading Washington's Farewell Address by Mr. J. G. Pollard.
- Singing.—"Star Spangled Banner," by the children.
- Concluding Prayer, by Rev. B. F. Brown.

The children are requested to meet at the church for exercises at 2½ o'clock. Doors open to the public at 3 o'clock.

Letter from the Union Guard.

CAMP WIRGIN, Hall's Hill, Va., February 13th, '62.

About 10 o'clock to-day, Cos. A and E, formed a division and went out on skirmish drill, and returned in about an hour and a half. After the Cos. E, was dismissed, Captain Thompson, who is always foremost in every good work, was the first who received the news of Burnside's victory in camp. "Orderly," said he, "Fall in the Company, I've got good news for you." The tents were soon vacated, the cook-houses not excepted, for I saw the chief cook swinging his cap with his mouth wide open, and six cheers were given for Burnside. This was contagious, for it went through every Co. from right to left.

Ten men from each Co. in the Brigade are making a corduroy road to Washington by felling trees and putting them across the road. This ought to have been done months ago.

Every day the Regt. practices target shooting—distance, from a hundred to a thousand yards.

Last Friday, Feb. 7th, D. F. Brown, Quartermaster's Sergeant, died of typhoid fever. His father was with him at the time of his death and conveyed his remains home to Cambridgeport, Mass. The deceased was a faithful officer and a gentleman of mild disposition. He was kind to all, and will be greatly missed in the department to which he belonged.

B.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—In common with many patriots, I am much gratified that our Chief Magistrate has proclaimed to the citizens of the United States that they notice in a public manner the birthday of the beloved Washington, the influence of whose counsels was never more needed than at this moment.

In the programs of exercises to be held in this town to-morrow, I see, in order No. 5, that the children will sing the "Star Spangled Banner." Allow me to make one suggestion, that the audience in one voice, (if not one chord) join in the chorus at the close of each stanza. The effect would be thrilling, and though perchance every voice should not be in the right key, every heart would be, and doubtless Mr. Clark will make up all deficiency.

UNION.

Woburn, Feb. 21. 1862.

WE are happy to have it in our power to say that the little daughter of Mr. G. W. Kimball who we stated last week as being sick with diphtheria, is fast convalescing, and that physician, (Dr. Harlow), parents and friends are looking forward to her early return to health. During the week another large piece of the disease has been removed and circumstances do not now warrant the suspicion that the complaint will extend to the windpipe.

FOR WASHINGTON.—The following named gentlemen left town on Wednesday, for the purpose of spending a short time among the camps in the vicinity of Washington:—Dea. Thomas Richardson, Jotham Hill, Simon Holden, John G. Cole, Willis Buckman, and Philip Alexander.

KNITTING FOR THE UNION GUARDS.—The ladies connected with the several societies in Woburn, are desirous of having 150 pairs stockings knit in ten days, for the Union Guard, and will supply yarn to any ladies who may wish to contribute to the comfort of the soldiers, in the shape of knitting.

THE children of the Centre Grammar School enjoyed a very pleasant sleigh ride on Wednesday afternoon. They visited Boston, Belmont and West Cambridge, stopping at Brighton for refreshments.

THE Town of Woburn has paid to her military men from the breaking out of the war to February 1st, \$8,435.00; of this sum the State refunds \$4017.47.

GONE for March is before the public. The interest manifested by the ladies in this pet monthly is beyond all precedent, and it is worthy of it all.

THE chaplain of the Senate, Rev. Mr. Clark of Newton, will preach in the First Congregational Church, to-morrow.

A public spirited citizen intends, so we hear, to start the Old Town clock again. We wish him success."

THE thirteenth Annual Ball of Gen. Worth Engine Co. No. 2, Stoneham, passed off on Wednesday evening in a pleasant manner. Sixty couples were present.

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE ARMY should not leave the City until supplied with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. For Sores, Scars, Wounds, Small Pox, Fvrs, and Bowel Complaints, these medicines are the best in the world. Every French Soldier uses them. Only 25 cents per Box.

Letter from the Colorado.

STEAMER COLORADO, Jan. 30th, Off S. W. Pass.

Mr. Editor.—News will undoubtedly have been received at the North, ere this reaches you, of the capture of the rebel steamer Cuba—formerly known as the J. C. Calhoun' of New Orleans—by the Colorado, while attempting to run the blockade at this place; also of the escape of her crew and passengers, among whom was the great advocate and supporter of secession, Wm. L. Yancey of Alabama, and also ex-Hon. Thos. B. King of Georgia. Thinking that an account of the affair, with other events which have taken place subsequently, would not be uninteresting to your readers, I have hastily noted down the particulars connected with the capture, which, if on perusal you deem worthy of consideration, you are at liberty to publish.

The Cuba was first seen from the Colorado about sunrise on the morning of the 23d inst., in an easterly direction, and about two miles distant from us, the sun being at the time very rough, and the atmosphere filled with dense fog. She was at first supposed to be the mail-boat, which had been expected for several days previously, but as the fog lifted a black smoke was seen to be issuing from her smoke stack, indicating that she was burning soft coal, which is not the case with any of our steamers. It was soon plain to be seen, also, that instead of approaching us, as at first conjectured, she was on the contrary showing us her heels, and rapidly increasing the distance between us; at the same time directing her course into an inlet or bayou which makes in between the islands, our or five miles to the eastward of us, and about half way between this Pass and the S. Pass, evidently intending to reach the latter above the blockading vessels, and thus gain a free pass to New Orleans. Our Pilot, however, who is perfectly acquainted with the channels and soundings in this vicinity, in forming Capt. Bailey that if such was the intention of her commander he would soon find himself sorely disappointed. Meantime the Colorado's tender, the Samuel Rotan—not the Robert Seman as I incorrectly stated in my other letter, and as I understood her name to be at that time,—had been signalled to get underway and give chase; and as the wind was then blowing almost a gale from the N. W., she had gradually closed up the distance between herself and the steamer, when our look-out reported the latter aground, hard and fast, the schooner being then only a mile or two distant from her. On arriving alongside it was found that she was not aground, as had been reported, but anchored and deserted by her crew and passengers, who could be seen from her deck retreating in their boat toward Pilot-town, a small village about seven or eight miles from the bar, outside of which the Colorado is anchored. A fire having been discovered, however, in the hold of the steamer, the attention of the captors was immediately given to its extinguishment, which was after considerable difficulty accomplished, and the fugitives were meanwhile presented with an opportunity to make good their escape, of which they probably took every possible advantage.

There is no reason to doubt that if the officers of the Samuel Rotan had been possessed of sufficient presence of mind to have sent a boat's crew in pursuit of them, they would all have been secured as prisoners; but unfortunately, as it seems to me, the safety of the steamer was for the time uppermost in their minds, in consequence of which, as has since been proved, two noted secessionists,—the capture of whom would have created universal enthusiasm throughout the loyal States,—have made their escape, and are now probably safe, for the present at least, in the bosom of Secessiondom.

Soon after the Cuba had been boarded by the Rotan's crew, an engineer was sent off from the Colorado to take charge of her machinery, which was found to be in a disordered state, and owing to the delay occasioned by this circumstance she was not finally brought to an anchor along side the Colorado until about 9 o'clock, P. M.

Early upon the following morning (24th), fifty or sixty men were sent up to Pilot-town, on the steamer to search for her crew, who it was supposed would be found at that place, or in the immediate vicinity. No information was obtained, however, in regard to them, except that they had been seen to pass up the river on the previous afternoon, without making any stop at Pilot-town, and as the smoke of a rebel steamer had been seen by us coming down the river shortly after the Cuba left in the morning, it was conjectured that they had been taken aboard of her and carried up the river, as has since been proved to have been the case.

ON Saturday (25th), a gentleman came down with a flag of truce from Pilot-town, who on coming aboard the Colorado introduced himself by the name of Scott, and stated that he with his wife were passengers from Havana upon the Cuba. He remained on board several hours, during a greater part of which he was closeted with the Captain and 1st Lieut. I have found it impossible to ascertain the precise circumstances in regard to his case, but I am informed that he claims to be an English subject, and that he sailed with his wife from London a few weeks ago with English passports. On his arrival at Havana he engaged passage upon the Cuba to New Orleans, where his wife's mother resides. His object in coming aboard the Colorado was to recover a few articles of clothing and jewelry which belonged to his wife, and had been left by them on board the steamer, both having refused to desert her and enter the boats, when ordered to do so by her captain, until informed by him that fire had been communicated to her magazine, which he stated would soon explode. He (Scott) claimed to have no complicity with the rebels and no sympathy with their cause, satisfactory proof of which was received, I presume, by our officers; at all events his property was restored to him, and he returned in the afternoon to Pilot-town, after having communicated several important facts in regard to the steamer and her passengers.

J. Campbell on the negative, also claimed that Jesus Christ was a true reformer, especially when he denounced the Scribes and Pharisees in the severest and strongest terms, which he commended to the consideration of the previous speaker. He would defy any one to show that there was any thing in the Constitution which prevents the abolition of slavery. There are four passages in the Constitution which refer to slavery.—The three fifth representation,—insurrections, importations of slaves, and return of fugitives. None of these have any thing to do with the question under the consideration. Extracts were

among whom, he stated, were Yancey and King, as had been previously concluded, from papers which were found aboard of her.

During the past week her cargo has been overhauled and found to consist of several cases of field rifles, a large quantity of ammunition, salt-petre, coffee, quicksilver, lime and cigars, all of which has been transferred to the Samuel Rotan, and forwarded to the Flag Officer at Ship Island.

Nothing else of importance has taken place here since my last letter, with the exception of the appearance of three of the "Mosquito Fleet," on Wednesday of the present week, one of which came down the Pass until within about three miles distant from us, when she came to and fired two shots, which fell nearly a mile short of us. Two shots were then fired from our 30 pounder rifled Parrott gun, but without effect. Our 11-inch pivot—or peace-maker, as we term it—was then elevated and fired, the shell bursting within a few feet of her bow, reminding her that her presence was required further up the river, judging from the fact that she immediately retreated in that direction. The Cuba had mounted upon her except a small boat howitzer, otherwise the affair might have ended differently. She has since been armed with two rifled Parrott guns, which will probably have an argument or two to offer, should the rebels repeat Wednesday's experiment.

The weather during the past month has been very unfavorable to health and comfort. Fog and rains have prevailed to such an extent that the decks have been wet and sloppy a great part of the time; still there has been but very little sickness among the crew, the binnacle list indicating only thirteen to be in the hospital at the present time. The thermometer has ranged from 52° to 76°, averaging about 64°.

SUNDAY, Feb. 2d.—The Niagara came in last night and is said to be under orders to sail for the North as soon as she has transferred a part of her armament and stores to some other vessel of the squadron. It is thought by many of our officers that the Colorado will also be ordered home, as soon as relieved by some vessel of lighter draught—perhaps the San Jacinto, which is expected here soon,—and it is not improbable that even two months more shall have elapsed, we may sail into New York or Boston harbor. With an earnest wish that such may be our fortune,

I remain, yours respectfully,
C. W. GREENE.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

UNION LEVEE.—On Friday evening of last week, Excelsior Engine Company with their friends united in a Social Gathering at their house on Church Street. The engine and apparatus were taken out, and the whole house put in use, appropriately fitted up, and decorated for the occasion. In the upper rooms, those who wished had an opportunity to dance, and others to look on. In the lower hall were set three long tables which were filled with an abundance of eatables and drinkables of a substantial and tempting nature to which ample justice was done at a late hour. About three o'clock in the morning the company separated, and retired to their respective homes much pleased with the entertainment.

EMANCIPATION.—A petition has been at the Post Office for several weeks receiving the signatures of the legal voters, praying Congress under the war power to emancipate the slaves in the rebellious States, allowing a just and reasonable compensation to loyal slaveholders. Although no effort has been made to obtain signers to this petition, yet some fifty have already placed their names upon it, many of whom are our most prominent citizens.

LYCUM.—The exercise for last Monday evening was a continuation of the debate upon the resolutions that Congress had no power under the Constitution to abolish slavery in the rebellious States; and that it would be bad policy to do it at the present time if such a power existed. Mr. J. Hovey opened on the affirmative side, by reading the clause in the Constitution relating to the fugitives from service, (claiming that it referred to fugitive slaves) and quotations from Dr. Channing, Ch. Jus. Story and Webster in support of its constitutionality. M. N. Gage on the negative contended that the arguments quoted by the previous speaker referred to times of peace and to States abiding by and supporting the Constitution and not States in rebellion who do not acknowledge the authority of the Constitution. Extracts from the speech of Bingham of Ohio and the Report of the Judiciary Committee in Congress, were read, that the

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

few short months ago. During his brief illness, his mind seemed to soar away from earth, and hold communion sweet with spirits blest. "I have seen Frankie Jones," he said, "he is an angel, now, and I am going to be an angel, too. I have been to see my mother, I will go and stay with her." And Willie is an angel, too, we trust, and with his mother dwells, in blissful rest, above.

We deeply sympathize with the bereaved and sadly stricken father, called for the third time, to part with a dear child, still we would say to him,

"With patient heart thy ease of duty run; God nothing does, nor suffers to be done But thou wouldest do thyself, if thou couldst see."

The end of all does as well as he."

Greenwood, Feb. 18th, 1862. S.

CONFORT THE FEET!

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity to inform the people of Woburn and vicinity, that in proportion to the number of persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons interested are encouraged to make payment to, JOHN CUMMINGS, JR., Adm. Woburn, Feb. 11, 1862.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly notified that the estate of W. H. CURTIS, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and that they will meet at Boston at the office of C. P. Curtis, 10, Cornhill Street, on the 24th day of February, 1862, at 10 o'clock A. M. to receive the same, at which time and place creditors may present and prove their claims.

CHAS. CURTIS, JR.
EDWARD L. BROOME,
Boston, Feb. 20th, 1862.

NOTICE

I S hereby given, that the Subscribers has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Stephen Cummings, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and that the same is held by him, and that by serving bonds, as the law directs, all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons interested are encouraged to make payment to, JOHN CUMMINGS, JR., Adm. Woburn, Feb. 11, 1862.

SEWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
including Boots for short legs, weak ankles and evens of deformed feet.

REPAIRING in all its branches neatly and promptly executed.

Families waited on and measured at their own residences.

All who left at his place of business, or sent through the Post Office will be attended to immediately.

S. R. PRIEST,
Bank Block, Woburn Centre,
Woburn, Feb. 1, 1862.

COMFORT THE FEET!

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity to inform the people of Woburn and vicinity, that in proportion to the number of persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons interested are required to make payment to, JOHN CUMMINGS, JR., Adm. Woburn, Feb. 11, 1862.

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including Boots for short legs, weak ankles and evens of deformed feet.

REPAIRING in all its branches neatly and promptly executed.

Families waited on and measured at their own residences.

All who left at his place of business, or sent through the Post Office will be attended to immediately.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

The Knight and Jester of the Period.

In days of old, when might was right,
Each strong-armed and beef-witted knight
Had a buffoon among his vassals,
Decked with bells, and bows, and tassels,
Whose scurvy jest supplied the want
Of wit in his superior,
The master's powers of mind being scant—
Decidedly inferior.

This jester's duty was to datter
His master's rights, his fops bestrapper,
And back him up in ev'ry matter.
Now once again in days of steam,
Telegrams and artillery,
A modern anti-type I seem
To find of ancient chivalry!

Sir Times rides pompous through the land,
Laying down jaw with iron hand;
Clothed cap-a-pe in shining mail;
And on his mule, face turned to tail,
His jester, Punch, trots after.
And every word the great man speaks
The fool chimes in with silly squeaks
And saddle-pated laughter!

—*Lion Star.*

(Concluded from first page.)

by one, they fall to the ground? Just so it was here; great temples had crumbled into ruins, looking for more pleasing to us, than when they were all whole, with a greasy idol within. But there was one temple still in use, and it is a famous one. We were walking in to see what was inside, when a man, and then three or four others, rushed to us saying, "Go back; go back; you can't come here!" "Why not?" "O, this is a holy place!" So we went back. We then went into another place, swinging open two enormous doors over thirty feet high and a foot thick. A man tried to keep us from going in, but we pushed ahead. What do you suppose his reason was? "Why," said he, "you are white people, and can do anything; but if a black man should go in there without leave, he would never come out alive." It is a sacred place. There the people go who want to make vows. They take an oath and throw sandal wood upon the doors, and then never dare to tell a lie. We went up into a high tower of the temple where we could see a long way off. Mr. Burnell shouted out to the people below, "Christ's kingdom shall come; and all the idols he shall destroy." So it shall come, we believe, if we do what our Saviour commands us to do. But we must work hard. "I would rather have my throat cut than be a Christian," said a man, a few days ago.

Pray much, children of the Sabbath School; and, if God permit you, come out to this, or to some other heathen land, to tell the people of Christ. Now, when people write letters, they expect answers. Won't you answer this and cheer up your friend?

DAVID C. SCUDER,

London by Night.

London by night presents strange scenes. The city proper, being devoted wholly to places of business, is deserted and silent at night, but in the other part of London the hours from nine to midnight are the busiest of the twenty-four.

Let us first enter this gin palace, gaudy with gilt and plate glass. Here is the portly landlord, always bald, the far-cinder, chewing a straw; the bar-maids—some from respectable families; and the motley crowd of customers all calling for gin—Costermongers, thieves, rowdies, dirty women, old men, children, and the seedy gentleman who has no money, and stands rubbing his hands and glaring at the gin casks with such thirsty eyes! Presently there is a fight—ludicrously represented—the combatants dodging about, but never hitting each other.

Leaving this, we visit Butcher's Row, Whitechapel, the great market of the poor. Here, seen under the glare of the gas, are miles of legs, loins, joints, hearts, kidneys—meat, meat, nothing but meat. On the opposite side, on open stands, are for sale every nameable article, from brooms to Bibles, and such a babel of noise, swearing, laughing, fighting, fun, and confusion! Here you see big butchers, lean butchers, short butchers, tall butchers, and that other sort described by the boy when he called a butcher who kicked him off the sidewalk, "a dropped old sausage!"

Next comes the penny theatre, where the tragic style is affected. Here is a peep show, "the very one which Her Majesty exhibits to the little Princes every Monday morning, and I borrows it for the rest of the week." In Ratcliff Highway we meet the ballad sellers and sea ballads—"fourteen verses about Moses in the bulrushes, and all for a penny!"

"Pharaoh's daughter went down to the Nile To take a bath in style, And running on the bank to dry her skin, She hit her foot agin the basket that Moses was lying in."

A visit to a police station introduces us to the machinery of the London police, with its fifty-five thousand constables and inspectors. A little man is brought in, drunk, for breaking at Mr. Brown's door. "What is your name, sir?" "Dono." "How old are you?" "Dono." His watch is gone, but its number and the name of its maker are sent to every police station, and before morning every pawnbroker's shop in the city is visited.

But we must visit the Victoria Theatre—the costermonger's theatre—one of the great curiosities of London. The costermonger—a contraction of costard-mongers, the small apples which they sell having formerly been called costards—are a class by themselves, the beaten of the great world of London, vendors of small wares, which they carry about in baskets. They have very crude notions of religion, and can't understand how any one can feel any interest in the salvation of their souls. They don't understand loving their enemies, but think it mainly to pitch in and "punch 'em." The young costermonger early sets up himself, and gets a girl to keep house for him. One of them said to me, "It's a worry curis that a gal thinks the more of a feller the more he wallop her. It hurts, ye see; and all the while it hurts it makes her think of you, and so keeps it in mind."

This theatre is patronized by the young costermongers and their girls—fifteen hundred or two thousand of them in an immense gallery, and as they support the theatre the actors play only to them. It is a sight to see them—such a mass of faces upon the move. They shout, they laugh, they fight, they pitch nutshells into the girls' bonnets hung upon the railing, they interrupt the actors, keeping up a running commentary on everything said, and all is quietly submitted to by the manager. They don't understand sentimental scenes, but enjoy fights, and when they are over, shout *encore*, and the dead man must get up and fight it over again, or Hamlet must give them a comic song in his soliloquy, or the ghost give them a fancy dance. We come here not to see the play, but the audience.

From the theatre to the lodging-houses, the haunts of thieves, the encounter with pick-pockets, the noble institutions of charity, the ragged schools, and the movement for the reformation of prostitutes, by inviting them to tea at a restaurant, where clergymen wait upon them, and conclude with Christian exhortations which move the hardest hearts. Places of refuge are provided for them, and numbers have been saved.—John B. Gough,

Curious Epitaphs.

In the churchyard of Truro, says an English paper, the Shrewsbury Chronicle, are the following epitaphs:

"Here lies two little ones,
Whose ears were tender as their bones."

The second is equally original:

"Father, mother, and I,
Close to be buried as under:
Father and mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder."

A freeholder in the parish of Wistanton, whose wife died some time ago, has lately erected a tomb in the churchyard to her memory, and described her age in the following way:

"Twice six, twice seven,
Twice twenty and eleven."

On being asked why put her age in that way, he replied—"Why her was always an odd'un when she was alive, and I thought her should have summit odd now her dead."

"A critic of Mr. G. V. Brooke's acting in 'Othello' complains of the long pauses introduced, and says it is a common fault with him. Once while acting Hamlet, Mr. Brooke made a very long stop after the words, 'To be, or not to be,' upon which an impudent occupant of the gallery vociferated to the tragedian, 'Toss up for it, Brooke!'

"Nothing hides a blemish so completely as a cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses commonly learn. Would that equal pains were taken to convince them that the having inherited a good cover for blemishes does not entail any absolute necessity of providing blemishes for it to cover!

"The worst of all kinds of eye-water is a duquette's tears.

"A widow said to her daughter, — 'When you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband.' 'Yes, mamma,' replied the girl, 'for a second time.'

"Napoleon Bonaparte punished every dishonest army contractor with death. He regarded every man who sought to coin money by malpractice upon the Government, in time of war, as worse than a public foe."

"Upon two lovers, who, being espoused, died both before they were married:—

"She first deceased; he for a little tried To lie without her, liked it not, then died."

"No doubt honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest."

"TOYS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

JUST OPENING at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, a large lot of Toy and Fancy Goods consisting in part as follows:

Dolls and Doll Heads in variety, Fruit, Bead, and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax Angels, Beads, Buttons, Whisks, Whistles, Ratties, Domino Masks, Paper Soldier Figures, Punching Mice and Jacks, Wagons, Rings, Harmonicas, Nos., &c., &c.

Alabaster Inkstands, Pearl and Shell Card Cases, Pearl and Ivory Paper Knives, Dominos, Backgammon Boards and Checkers, Men, Pull Boxes, Watch Stands, Bracelets, Necklaces, Portemonnaies, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Extracts, Brushes, Combs, &c., &c.

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

No. 65 & 67 Union St., Boston.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Plain & Fancy Tin Ware,

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COOKING AND PARLOR STOVES.

FOR SALE, THE

FIRST QUALITY KEROSENE OIL,

AT WAR PRICES,

With good Lamps of all kinds to Match.

Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil at short notice.

We also have a

Nice Lantern to Burn Kerosene Oil.

ALL ARE INVITED TO GIVE US A CALL.

WILLIAMS & CO.,

55 AND 57 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Figurine, it easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it with this glue when you get it.

It will Mend Bone, Carrat, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of JOHN & CROSLEY'S American Cement Glue."—*New York Times.*

"It is very convenient to have in the house."—*New York Express.*

"It is always ready; this commends it to everybody."—*Advertiser.*

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water!"—*Welles' Spirit of the Times.*

ECONOMY is Wealth.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by ONE BOTTLE.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 cents per bottle.

Price 25 cents per bottle.</

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL XI : No. 22.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

"Hearts of Gold."

Hearts to the hearts that love us,
That forms our own have clasped,
The faces we have gazed upon,
The hands that we have grasped;
For though within our circle
A Time a gay hath left,
There are still some pleasures spared to us
And still some dear ones left.

Hearts to the hearts that love us;
Many they faithful still remain,
Till 't's summer sun of happiness
Shines on us again.
The hearts that ne'er forsake us,
Now fortune's grown gold,
Are far cheer than "pearls of price,"
For they are Hearts of Gold.

Plant, plant within our bosoms
Or spray ivy green,
To climb around the ruined home
Or pleasures that have been;
But let us not repining,
Ungratefully forget,
Though some storms have come on us,
Souls are left us yet.

Select Literature.

A SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

So then the problem is solved, and I am all a hero! I am glad to know it, for it gives me confidence in myself that I did not before possess. I had long doubted whether that identity known to its fellows as Edgar Brandon, was a brave man or a coward, and now the doubt is removed, the matter is clear, the fact is established, numbers witness it, and the general has made it public.

We know that I am a hero, I have been congratulated by my comrades and strangers, been acknowledged as such by my government, and am lying here in the hospital with a broken arm, two broken ribs, a bruised head, a serious stab, and sundry minor ailments, with plenty of time to think and reflect, let me recall the details and see what claim I have to the honorable distinction.

A private in a battalion of cavalry, flanking the right of a column of infantry, and quiet watching the dense bodies of the enemy, as they steadily moved up into position for opening the terrible conflict, their bright arms glittering and flashing in the uncloaked rays of a clear morning sun, I had not the responsibility of command to distract my thoughts from consideration of personal danger, and I remember calculating the chances of being one of the first victims when the black mouthed batteries of the foe should begin their messengers of death. Though I set firm and still, I felt very ill at ease, and looking round upon my comrades, I saw many a pale face and quivering lip, which convinced their thoughts and feelings were similar to mine. Why could we not advance? Why must we remain there, like so many statues, and let the iron hell strike us with all our cold, shuddering reflections upon us. Oh, for action of some kind, to ward off the thoughts that were secretly making us tremble like cowards! Were we cowards?—Should we break and run at the first sight of blood? There was no telling, for we were as yet untried soldiers, and scarcely a man among us had the right to say that he would stand fire. How was it with veterans? Did they ever feel as we felt while waiting for a battle to begin?

The suspense was awful, and every minute made it worse. Why did not one side or the other fire, and break the paralyzing dread? But no—marching, marching—moving here, there, and yonder—all, except our column, which had got into position too soon, and must now wait idly for the dread messengers of destruction, like so many sheep in the butcher's pen.

Gradually the whole field began to settle down into a death-like quiet, and at last the two armies stood passively before each other, face to face, watching each other in that ominous silence which precedes the bursting of the tempest. And then I would have given half of my life, whatever that might be, to have been safe at home. So much for that courage which men now applaud, and which is said to have won me such honorable distinction.

From my position on elevated ground, I could see the headquarters of the opposing army, with mounted officers prancing and curving around a centre, which I knew to be the commander-in-chief, the single human being who was to direct that host amid the roar and rush and carnage so soon to be.—Ah! cool should be the brain and great the skill of him who is the thinking principle of such a mighty mass! whose will may be the fate of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, perhaps of a nation itself!

There was now a deep and awful silence of perhaps a minute, as if each commander dreid to be the first to open the work of death, and then there was a single flash, a single roll of smoke, a single heavy boom, and the signal of deadly strife had been given from the cannon's mouth. Then came the unceasing roar of more than twenty batteries, all along the lines, to which our batteries gave the answering roar, and in an instant the miseries of death had passed from foe to foe, and the little battle had begun.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, with the

ground fairly trembling under the roar of cannon, and still there was nothing for me to do but sit on my horse, look down on a cloud of smoke, listen to the sound of strife, and calculate the chances of being suddenly hurled into eternity with every breath I drew. At first the balls went wide of the position I occupied, and men fell at a distance; but gradually the strife grew nearer and more near, till at length the balls began to sing around us, and the heavy smoke rolled up to envelop us in its sulphurous folds. Now the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the groans of combatants, made a horrid din in the ears of one who, with nothing to do, wished himself a thousand miles from that perilous place. Why were we kept idle, to be shot at like so many dumb targets? Occasionally, as the smoke lifted, I could see the cavalry charging, and infantry advancing and firing, and I envied those who, while doomed to face the danger, had some action for the body as well as the mind. If we must remain in that horrible locality, (and I confess I thought seriously of the chances of running away), in the name of Heaven, let us have action of some kind!

"Well, Palmer, what do you think of this?" I said, turning to the man on my left.

His lips opened for a reply, but none ever came. A cannon-ball passed through his breast, and he fell over against me, his life-blood staining my garments. I uttered an involuntary cry of horror, and clung to my saddle, with every thing swimming around me.

While thus I sat, sick, faint and dizzy, I had a dim recollection of seeing an officer dash up to the commander of our troops, and an consciousness that he said something to Jonathan Brandon, was a brave man or a coward, and now the doubt is removed, the matter is clear, the fact is established, numbers have witnessed it, and the general has made it public.

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The bugle sounded, and somehow I found my horse in motion, with my comrades riding beside me. On we went, faster and faster, through smoke and flame, amid a confused roar of firearms and human voices, till down went my horse, pitching me clean over his head and into the arms of a man, who grappled me by the throat, and, springing back, struck at me with a sabre. Instinctively I parried the blow, and then somehow getting impression that if I did not kill him he would me, cut him down. Then there was a rush and whirl around me that I did not understand, and somebody else seemed trying to take my life. Of course it was my duty to defend myself as well as I could, and I remember striking out with my sabre right and left, though with what effect I really do not know.

However, in something like a minute or so, I found myself standing all alone, just in front of a large cannon, with several persons fighting near me, some mounted and some on foot. One of the mounted men looked like my captain; and, with a vague idea that I ought to assist him, I was moving toward him, when a sudden blow on the head sent me reeling against the cannon, and I fell down under it.

Though partially stunned, I was not deprived of my senses, and I might easily have got up and continued the fight; but it occurred to me that I was safer where I was—that I had a rather providential escape—and so I concluded to lie there for awhile, more especially as I believed I could meet any malicious charge of cowardice with the bold assertion that my wound had for the time deprived me of my consciousness.

In a minute or two the gun was surrounded by my comrades, and then nine hearty cheers rent the air.

"Bravely done, my gallant fellow!" said the voice of our commander; "the battery is ours; but, alas! with the loss of some of the noble spirits that ever went into battle.

Let them be taken up and carried back—some of them may yet be saved. Poor Brandon! I shall never forget him. The first upon the enemy, he fought with a valor seldom equalled. With his horse shot from under him, he engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, and slew three desperate fellows before he was overpowered. Ah! my heart swells with pride at the thought that I command such men!—let the memory of the dead be honored."

Good heavens! was he in earnest or in jest? I anxiously listened for a laugh, but none came. Could it be possible that he had mistaken me for a hero? me! who had blundered through all I had done, and got out of the way at the earliest possible moment. No, no—already I was doubtless the butt of my captain and comrades!

"Ah! here I am! here is Brandon!" exclaimed two or three voices; and immediately a dozen hands assisted me out from under the cannon, and congratulations poured upon me till I was more completely bewildered than when I was unconsciously acting the part of a daring hero.

Such then was my first glorious exploit, with the exact amount of credit that ought to attach to it, but which I think will keep me, notwithstanding I have recorded it in my journal. What business has the critical public with motives? Facts have made me a hero in spite of myself, and let the facts stand as others have recorded them.

In a few minutes another order called my corps away to another charge; but I was not mounted, could not accompany them. So I started off afoot toward that part of the field whither I perceived some men carrying

the wounded. Before I got half way there, one of the enemy's horses came prancing toward me, and with a sudden sprang I caught it. Having mounted, I was riding away as fast as I could, when a body of cavalry came thundering along, with the bugler sounding a charge. I would have given these foemen a wide berth, but unfortunately my confounded fool of a horse would not let me. Taking the bit in his teeth, he rushed directly in among them; and I, being good deal excited and confused, thought I was now obliged to fight, whether I would or not. Had it occurred to me that I could surrender myself a prisoner of war, I should have done so at once; but instead of this, I began to lay about me, right and left, with no particular design in view except it might be to get away as quick as I could. Surely they must have thought me either a mad-man or a fool, to contend single-handed against such odds, and they treated me accordingly. Sabres flashed, blows fell, and soon, with a broken arm and a broken head, I dropped from my horse, to have the little sense I possessed trampled out of me on the ground.

Jonathan is most clamorous when he is pleased, and growls only when out of humor.

Jonathan is clamorous when he is displeased, and grants only when things go to suit him.

He eats when it comes handy, then his food is required to perform a forced march down his throat that would strangle John Bull outright.

Is there a pleasure proposed, the first question is Refreshments; "that answer governs the patronage. You remember Little Britain goes to Epping forest with a cold bite in a brown paper, in the pocket, and you say Jonathan is the bigger glutton. But he is only more vulgar and scrambling, which is but natural in a lad of his spirit. The old gentleman anticipates as much, possibly more, only he has lost the rush of youthful vigor through his veins, and is therefore more discreet and dignified. If the lad fails, of success in the scramble, he says, "it's real mean," and forgets it, if the old gentleman fails, he says nothing, but takes it to heart,

Jonathan's proximate elements depend upon where he grows. The probability is strong, however, that his head and neck may be aptly represented by a respectable specimen of a crooked-necked squash. Into the regions round about, are poured a host who may name canary, par-boiled, par-boiled or greasy frit. If anything in particular predominates in Jonathan's body corporate, it is the porker which may account for the peculiar grunt he is in the habit of giving when he does not wish to commit himself, but begs you will proceed to speak your mind freely. In fact this porker, apparent in his eye, enriching his beans, cracked beneath the cover of his paws, may account for more than one of his peculiarities. Both alike have a keen relish for prying into every thing, and that intellectual member the nose, seems in either animal, to have taken out a captain's commission, since it always marches conspicuously ahead of the rear-guard. Both animals, have also, a mind of their own, and are more likely to strike out an independent, contrary course, than to follow, meekly in leading-strings. Both have a keen, distrustful eye, always curved to take in the merits of the case.

A proneness to lie dozing in the sun might naturally be expected in Jonathan, but so many condiments counteract this tendency that he is noted rather for his proclivity to start off on an eccentric ellipse, from any mathematical point to which you may attempt to pin him. If he lounges in the shade, it is to plan; if he sleeps, it is to dream of steam out speeded.

If he is born in Maine, and is not of a very

roving turn, he settles down in California, and his bones bleach in Kansas; but if of an ardent disposition, all you can say of him is, he is now where he was not a moment before—whittling a stick, and whistling Yankee Doodle. "Go ahead," is his watchword, and the jumping off place, his Ultima Thule. You can daub him up, for he cannot stand still long enough; he must spit, and he must whistle; so what is fair similes this moment, will not be during any other sixty seconds of his life. You cannot even sketch his character, for "new times demand new measures, and new men," and his position is certainly not on the pivot. It is just possible if you are very clever, you may cheat him once, but done it once, can't do it twice."

What the lad will be, when fully grown, it is impossible to predict, but, doubtless, something eminently sui-generis, and we must wait the development.

For the Middlesex Journal.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan.

Irving says, "there is scarcely a being in existence, more absolutely present to the public mind, than that eccentric personage, John Bull." We recognize him instantly, whether he holds the ribbons at a race-course, handles the quarter-staff at a brawl, or, quite as much in everybody's mouth, from the general down;

and though a few of the more prudent were disposed to ensure my rashness, yet all concerned in pronouncing me a hero worthy of the happiest days of Sparta.

Though excessively pale from the loss of blood, I know that some must have found its way to my cheeks as I humbly confessed that my last Quixotic charge was all the world over.

The doctor affected not to believe me, and declared that true merit was always modest.

After that I told others the same truthful story, with the same result; but now I do not repeat it any more—finding it a very

pleasant thing to be a distinguished hero with something lucrative promotion as my reward.

The only thing that troubles me now, aside from my honorable wounds and bruises, is the mental query, whether, in case I should ever venture into battle again, I should so happily blunder through the second as the first, and always find another victorious, headstrong beast to bear me on to glory in spite of myself.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, when previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00

Each half square (seven lines), one insertion, .50

Each subsequent insertion, .25

One square one year, .60

One square six months, .40

One square three months, .40

Half a square one year, .60

Half a square six months, .40

Half a square three months, .40

Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *leaded*, 19 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted *extra*, obtained over, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. D. MANSFIELD,

Stoneham—E. T. WHITAKER,

Winchester—JOSEPH HOYNE,

Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PHELPS & CO., Boston and New

York—J. NILES, successor to V. B. Palmer,

Soldier's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly

employed to take advertisements for the JOURNAL,

at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their success by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Job PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

What February said to the Emancipationists.

The Atlantic Monthly for March has been before the public for two weeks, and no doubt its many readers have found much pleasure in its perusal. It is useless to say anything in favor of this magazine, its various good qualities are known to all. We venture to suggest to the publishers, that they would not curtail their sales if they forwarded their country exchanges a day or two before the magazine is placed before the public.

PRIEST.—On Wednesday evening last, Prof. Sanborn, Principal of Warren Academy was presented with a nice writing desk by the students of that institution.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Devotional Music.

Various are the opinions of people on this topic; and yet it is one which interests every attendant on divine worship. The true object to be attained by the use of Church Music is to assist us in the worship of God; and music which has not this idea fully expressed is not devotional.

Nearly all the music called scientific, was, and is written, not for the object above specified, but to exhibit the skill of the composer; and those whose taste inclines them to sing this style of music in the sanctuary, do so from a love of displaying their own ability.

There is more devotion in the mere humming of a true lover of holiness, than in all the combined skill which the best of trained choirs with the most scientific music can execute.

The spirit of devotion is often destroyed, by members of a choir not always being in union with each other.

When singers assemble in their places on the Sabbath, does each individual feel that he or she sings to help others praise God? Do they feel that they are trying all in their power to bring every listener into harmony with the slaves set free. "A distinguished general" told the editor of the Tribune that the war had become merely a war for boundaries. "But," says the nursing father of all ills, "suppose we manumit all persons held to service in the rebel states?"

The distinguished general admitted that Mr. Greeley had made a point and was of opinion that such a course would probably be productive of an effect.

Thus, in all places, at all times, with the determination and perseverance for which this school of politicians are famous, and with a force and ability worthy of respectful attention, they have not ceased to insist upon immediate emancipation as a matter of urgent military necessity.

And it is not to be denied that they had some powerful names to conjure with. Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Wilson's Creek, McClellan inactive, Buell inactive, Halleck inactive, Fremont superceded, a million a day expended, Grant affairs, all these in turn furnished a text for numberless depressing discourses of which, each ended with the exhortation to emancipate or June would see a broken blockade, and an acknowledged Confederacy.

These things were not without their effect. The people began to distrust themselves. They were half prepared to believe in what may be considered the last utterance of pure and undefiled Garrisonianism, namely, that the slaveholders are so wedded to the peculiar institution that they will not receive their whippings even unless at the hands of the black man.

But that good bit of stuff which is said to be at the bottom of every Anglo Saxon heart held out steadily against the humiliating confession that the North was not strong enough and brave enough to abolish rebellion without abolishing humanity, first from our hearts, and next from the southern half of the Union. For what else would it, or could it have been, but an exterminating war whose horrors would have been unmitigable and inconceivable? It would have been barbarism gone mad.

But fortunately the country waited and had faith. It refused to listen to those men who, lacking solidity of judgment and the patience necessary for great designs, would have forced the nation into a disgraceful confession of weakness, as they had before precipitated the generals and the army into dishonorable defeat. And for our long suffering and patience of hope February has brought the reward, and has meted to us no stinted measure. If the remaining history of the war should be one of unmixed disaster there has still been enough done within the past thirty days to demonstrate that the government is abundantly able in the exercise of its constitutional authority, and without violating one of its constitutional obligations, to trample out this crackling fire of rebellion, and needs not with hasty hand to blow up the whole fabric of Western civilization for fear least the flames should prove too fierce to be arrested.

VERITAS.

Mr. Editor.—Will you have the kindness to allow me space in your columns, to express my thanks to the one hundred and more of my parishioners and others, for the very agreeable surprise which they gave me and mine on the evening of Feb. 26th. They came unbidden and unexpected, making us prisoners in our own hired houses; but did prisoners ever bear their durane viles more joyfully, or fare better than we? After a delicious repast, (of which all partook,) we left with a cheerful good night—forty-one dollars richer in purse than when they came, besides several dollars worth of the luxuries, and substantialities of life.

S. W. SQUIRE,

Pastor of the First Universalist Society, Stoneham, Feb. 27th 1862.

There is no such thing as the military necessity for emancipation.

What may be the fate of slavery at the end of the contest is a question altogether different and infinitely more difficult of solution. The irreversible logic of circumstances will have more to do with its settlement than the rhetoric of senators or the wild speeches of indiscriminate journalists. Upon this problem, however, we do not propose to enter. It will be much easier to be wise after the event.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN WOBURN.—The 22d of February was celebrated in Woburn, according to the programme published in our last. The bells were rung at sunrise noon and sunset, and a salute was fired at noon. At the church a large concourse of people assembled, filling that capacious edifice. The services were commenced with a voluntary on the Organ by Mr. Clark, who did himself much credit on the occasion, if we may judge from the many encomiums we have heard passed upon him. The remainder of the exercises were strictly according to the programme. Many of our aged citizens were seated near the platform, and no one either old or young, could have helped feeling that Washington's dying advice had been observed we would not now be compelled to mourn the unhappy distraction which is now desolating this once happy and peaceful land.

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S. W. SQUIRE,

Pastor of the First Universalist Society, Stoneham, Feb. 27th 1862.

INSTALLATION OF A PASTOR.—Last evening a large congregation assembled at the Clinton-street Presbyterian Church, to witness the installation of the Rev. Daniel March as the rector of that church. The exercises commenced with the singing of an anthem, Mr. Charles Hornman presiding at the organ.

The Rev. Mr. Jenkins made a very fervent prayer, in which allusion was made to the solemnity of the exercises about to be performed. The blessings of God were besought in behalf of the minister elect, that he might be qualified for the work, and receive an inspiration from on high in the discharge of his ministerial functions.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Adams. He announced his text from the 7th chapter of St. John and the 17th verse, "If any man do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." The sermon was a faithful exposition of the delight entailed by doing God's will and obeying his law.

The charge to the pastor was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Darling, former pastor of the church.

The remarks of this gentleman were in detail, and related to his past relations with the people to whom the pastor just instituted had been called to minister.

The speaker said, "Do to him as you did to me, that he could ask of them." Their various obligations were defined with great clearness, and the congregation were visibly affected at the tenderness and emotion exhibited by their late beloved pastor.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

on the 1st, that a portion of the people became dissatisfied among themselves, and grew noisy among themselves and said let us go up and annihilate these mudsills of the North—and the Floyds, the Masons and all the men of the South cried with one accord, go up and up they went. But the end is not yet. On the other side of the river the Lincolnites were so afraid, and said one to another, what shall we do to free ourselves from being invaded by our misled brethren of the South. And the people cried as one voice, we will defend ourselves to the last.—And the people gathered together in great numbers, some at Lynnfield and in all the cities of the North armed with deadly weapons of war, and it came to pass, in these days, that Martin the son of Daniel, and Edward his brother, was fired with indignation at the conduct of the rebels, and said to themselves, we will go up and help whip these ungodly men. And they departed amid great applause. But the end is not yet.—And when the time came, the grand army moved southward, and behold a famine, and this same army was thirty-one days with nothing to eat but salt Mule and bread. But it had been foreordained that man should not starve; so the people were once made blessed with plenty to eat, and the men rejoiced and were exceedingly glad."

The 23d passed off very pleasantly with us, and in the afternoon we had quite a spirited celebration. The bells commenced ringing forth their merry peals at noon, and continued for one hour. At 2 o'clock, the firing of cannon announced that it was time to be wide awake. At 3 o'clock a large audience assembled in the Bethesda Church, and for two hours were highly entertained. The exercises were varied, and excited the deepest interest throughout. Mr. David G. Richardson, the organist, opened with a voluntary on the organ, with the ever glorious airs of Yankee Doodle, (a privilege an organist seldom has in a church) which never seemed more appropriate, after which the meeting was called to order by the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, whereupon the Hon. H. P. Wakefield was chosen chairman. The choir then sung the Star Spangled Banner with fine effect. The Honorable Chairman then ascended the pulpit and delivered a most touching address, a copy of which I have the pleasure of forwarding to the Journal. It is due here to state (though needless) that he had not the remotest idea of seeing it in print, and it was only after repeated solicitation that he consented. In fact all the arrangements were made, I believe, on the morning of the 22d. The Hon. Senator commenced by saying in his characteristic manner, that "he had never in his life attempted to preach without notes, he should take the liberty to use them at this time. One hundred and thirty years ago to-day a child was born, who in the providence of God was destined to exert a powerful influence over this great Republic. Forty-two years ago last December, having discharged all the duties allotted him in a noble manner, he fell asleep. 'The fathers, where are they; and the Prophets, do they live forever?' But 'although dead, he yet speaketh.' By the proclamation of the President of these United States, we are assembled to listen to his Farewell Address. Besides giving us a life worthy of imitation by all, 'the high and the low, the rich and the poor,' he has left a rich legacy to all who have enjoyed the blessings he achieved for us, the Address we have assembled to listen to and contemplate."

Let us thank God that these words of wisdom have been transmitted to us, his fellow countrymen, and that we 'under our own vine and fig tree' and under such favorable auspices to-day, with 'none to molest and make us afraid,' can assemble and refresh our minds in contemplating his words of wisdom and experience.

Let us thank God that away from the clashing of swords, the bristling of bayonets and the din of battle, we can, turning aside from our daily avocations for a few moments, come up to this house dedicated to the service of Almighty God, and while listening to his patriotic exhortations, pour out our hearts in devout thanksgiving that the same God of battles who sustained our Fathers through the bloody struggles for independence, has vouchsafed to bless the efforts of their sons to maintain the same great principles when assailed by our misguided brethren of the South, 'bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.' Let us give thanks that he has put it into the hearts of our brothers and sons to take their lives in their hands and go forth to do battle for the right, and standing shoulder to shoulder, at the cannon's mouth, and amid the roar of the deadly missiles, achieve some of the most noble yet bloody victories obtained on this continent. Let us give thanks that he has raised up and placed in the Executive Chair, a President equal to the emergency of the times—free from the ambition to please at the expense of his better judgment, with an iron will, and undoubted perseverance to retain his plans and his goals, in that place where Lazarus is represented in the Parable,—in Abraham's bosom."

And while oppressed with the cares of State, and the responsibility of the crisis, let us all cordially sympathize with him now that the Angel of Death has entered his dwelling, and smitten one of his sons. And while we sympathize with all who may have lost loved ones on the field of battle let us give glory to him who notices even the "fall of a sparrow," but directs the mightiest energies of the world—for the cheering news the last few days waited to us on every breeze. Let us like Aaron and Hur, stay up the hands of Government, officers, men, all who do battle in our country's cause. Let us give thanks, that God has raised up a stripling like David of old, who has been enabled to win victory for our arms, when the veteran scared by many battles in the service of his country, has been forced by the infirmities of age, to retire from the scenes of his labor, and his post of honor and duty.

Believing the maxims, cherishing the principles, following the advice, and obeying the

doctrines so simply, yet so forcibly set forth in Washington's Farewell Address, trusting to the bravery of our soldiers, the energy of our officers, the wisdom of our councils, and above all, relying on Him who in all our emergencies has hitherto been with us, and in this our greatest time of trouble will never forsake us, let us thank God and take courage."

After the address prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Barrows'. Then followed "Hail Columbia" by the choir in good earnest with full organ accompaniment that might be supposed almost to reach the ears of the rebels, (perhaps it did some of their sympathizers). Next followed the reading of Washington's Farewell Address by Jacob M. Howard, Esq., which was done in a very impressive manner.

Mr. Charles Manning, our honored representative was now called upon and delivered a speech with more than his wonted energy, vividly portraying wherein consists the strength of the Government, why Washington was so successful—he was a good man, a wise man." Next, and last (though by no means the least), the Rev. Mr. Barrows responded to a call in his usual (I might say more than usually) happy manner and made a patriotic speech. He spoke somewhat rapid and this I may suppose was necessary, for thoughts apparently crowded themselves upon the mind in such profusion that it became necessary to open the safety valve and let them escape, but the audience caught them all and it is hoped will profit by them. The choir now sang America "My country 'tis of thee," and this closed the proceedings.

LINCOLN,
Special Notices.

CITIZENS' MEETING.

The Voters of this Town are requested to meet at the Town Hall, on Friday evening, March 7th, at 7 o'clock.

A general and punctual attendance is desired.

WARREN ACADEMY.

The Spring Term of this institution will commence Monday, March 17th, and continue fifteen weeks under the charge of Mr. D. W. Sanborn.

BENJ. CURTER, Secretary to Treasurer

Woburn, Feb. 29th, 1862.

mt—3w.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few years by a simple remedy, has after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption—acted by desire to benefit the afflicted, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will cheerfully send a copy of the prescribed use (free of charge), with full and explicit directions or preparing and successfully using the same, which they will find a safe Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and general information which he conceives to be valuable, and he hopes every sufferer with try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh,
Kings County, New York.

Married.

SWEETEST.—In Uxbridge Miss F. A. D. Feb. 20th, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Capt. Joel Sweetser of South Reading, to Miss Eveline S. Sibley of Uxbridge.

HARRINGTON.—In South Reading, Feb. 24th, by Rev. E. A. Eaton, Mr. Charles T. Harrington to Miss Clara Ann Pratt, both of South Reading.

Died.

BLAKE.—In August M., Mr. David Adams Blake, only son of the Rev. T. D. Blake of Sandwich, Mass., aged 29 years.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
MIDDLESEX, SS.

COURT OF COMMONS,
The undersigned being the Assignee of the Assignes of the Estate of Stephen Cummings, deceased, of Woburn, Mass., as Trustee, doth hereby

inform the Creditors of the Estate of Stephen Cummings, deceased, to meet at the Court of Common Pleas, Cambridge, on the TWENTY SIXTH DAY OF MARCH next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which Creditors may appear to be heard.

EDWARD MANSFIELD, Assignee,
South Reading, Feb. 27, 1862.

mt—2

Rubber Clothing Company,

ONLY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND

OF THE CELEBRATED

Metropolitan Universal

Clothes Wringer.

This wringer is WARRANTED reliable for one year, and is the only durable and reliable machine of the kind in the market.

AGENTS wanted in every town and city.

RUBBER CLOTHING CO.,

37 Milk Street, BOSTON.

100,000 Lodi Manufacturing Co.'s

POUDRETTTE,

FOR SALE BY

Lodi Manufacturing Co.,

125 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

This Company, with a capital of \$50,000, the most extensive works of the kind in the world, and an expenditure of \$22,000 per month, with a constant output of 100,000 lbs. of the best and most elastic control of all the night soil from the great City of New York, are prepared to furnish all articles required for the manufacture of soap, &c.

Agents wanted for agents who have used it.

It is a soap which may be had free by addressing a letter, as above.

JAMES T. FOSTER, 66 Courtland St., New York, Capital of Lodi Manufacturing Co.

Feb. 22—3m.

E. PERLEY ROBBINS,

Formerly with H. M. Currier and Son,

(ACCESSOR TO J. R. CAMPBELL),

MARKEAT EATING HOUSE,

40 North Market Street,

Corner Merchants Row, BOSTON.

Mr. P. R. attends personally to the selection of

everything necessary for the House, and guarantees perfect satisfaction.

BOOK-KEEPING RATIONALIZED by George N. Conner. Price \$1. For sale at Woburn Bookstore.

BOOKS

GIFT AND JUVENILE BOOKS,

CONSISTING OF "A Gift for You," "A Collection of Ladies' Names," "A Popular Girl Book," "Sunbeam Paper," Autograph Books, Annuals, &c., "Specimens for Young Eyes," "Ice King," "Christianity," &c. A large collection of Library containing a variety of different books.

AL WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

BOOKS

BOOK-KEEPING RATIONALIZED by George N. Conner. Price \$1. For sale at Woburn Bookstore.

BOOKS

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

WOBURN VOLUNTEERS!

1st REGT., COL. ROBERT COWDIN.
Co. D, Capt. Eben W. Stone.

E. Carroll, musician, William H. Childs,

P. B. Phillips, Amos E. Tuttle,

J. W. Pierce, J. M. Phillips,

Robert K. Danforth.

Co. I, Capt. Charles E. Rand,

Frank Duffy.

Co. K, Capt. A. G. Chamberlin,

Squire S. Tidd.

2d REGT., COL. G. H. GORDON.

Co. G, Capt. Richard Carey.

C. McDonald, corp. Theophilus Page, corp.

Henry Page.

Co. I, Capt. A. B. Underwood.

Simeon Jaquith, corp. Aaron Butler.

4th REGT., COL. A. B. PACKARD.

Co. G, Capt. T. Gordon.

Cyrus B. Richardson, *†

5th REGT., COL. S. C. LAWRENCE.

Co. B, Capt. J. W. Locke.

O. S. Hosmer, *‡

Co. C, Capt. W. R. Swan.

A. D. Gifford, *‡ Albert S. Leslie, *

Horace P. Stone, *‡ E. J. Miller, *†

Co. D, Capt. G. P. Messer.

Charles Hayes, *

Co. E, Capt. J. Hutchins.

Jonas L. Smith, *† William Sweeney, *

Co. F, Capt. C. K. Wardwell.

William McDevitt, *

Co. G, Capt. G. L. Prescott.

Peter Carmick, Jr., *† W. H. Goodwin, *†

Thos. M. Hooper, *‡ Thos. M. Hooper, *

M. M. Howe, *‡ J. E. Jeffords,

Jesiah Leath, Jr., *‡ B. T. Livingston,

J. M. Maxfield, *‡ C. F. Mulligan, *

Robt. Pemberton, *† John W. Smith,

John E. Tidd, *† W. F. Taylor, *†

T. F. Warland, *‡ Jos. S. Wyman, *†

Co. I, Capt. G. O. Brastow.

Wm. B. Brown, * Thomas Glynn, *

Joseph Johnson, * J. A. Parker, Jr., *§

Jos. Henry Parker, * Oscar Persons, *

W. F. Parker, * O. W. Rogers, *

Boggs Wescott, * Edwin F. Wyer, *†

L. F. Wyman, *

9th REGT., COL. THOMAS CASS.

Surgeon—S. Watson Drew.

Assistant to Dr. Drew—Winthrop Wyman.

Co. A, Capt. E. H. Gallagher.

William Flaherty, *†

Co. D, Capt. Pats. R. Garney,

Michael Clafferty, William Sweeny,

Go. E, Capt. J. R. Teague,

Charles Hayes, Hugh Dorrington,

Michael Edward.

Co. H, Capt. J. O'Neil.

James Keelan, * Patrick Collins,

Patrick Burns,

Co. I, Capt. C. J. McCarthy,

Patrick Garvey.

10th REGT., COL. HENRY S. BRIGGS.

Co. D, Capt. Thos. H. Clapp,

Richard Colliss.

11th REGT., COL. WM. BLAISDELL.

Hospital Steward—R. E. Jameson,

Band—Jacob Kendall.

Co. D, Capt. J. W. McDonald,

J. W. McDonald, capt. M. McGaughan,

William B. Cormick,

Co. F, Capt. L. Gordon,

Geo. W. Dorr, *|| Henry Smith,

James Patten, * Co. G, Capt. W. C. Allen,

Oliver C. Stiles.

12th REGT., COL. F. WEBSTER,

Major—Elisha Barbank.

Co. A, Capt. Richard H. Kimball,

James Keron, James Ritchie,

Co. D, Capt. N. R. Shurtleff,

E. E. Tupper, corp. H. E. Buckman, corp.

D. W. Moody, Adam Plannett,

Henry B. Stewart,

Co. I, Capt. John Ripley,

James H. Stewart,

13th REGT., COL. S. H. LEONARD.

Co. C, Capt. Jackson.

Geo. K. Horne, W. P. Miles,

Edw. A. Stimpson,

O. S. Warland, E. K. Willoughby,

Co. D, Capt. Hovey,

W. M. Buckman, corp. W. C. Thompson,

Co. G, Capt. Eben W. Fiske,

H. P. Sanborn, corp. Thos. C. Field, corp.

J. Webster Colcord, Charles R. Dale,

Sam. H. Hood, Edward A. Lewis,

George E. Morse, Edward W. Spear,

Michael M. Matthews, John McCave,

14th REGT., COL. W. B. GREENE.

Co. I, Capt. A. A. Putnam,

Alexander G. Weir,

Co. K, Capt. F. A. Rose,

Herman Page,

16th REGT., COL. P. T. WYMAN.

Co. A, Capt. S. W. Richardson,

James Conner,

Co. E, Capt. John E. W. 2d.

Henry E. Goodell, corp. Clif. B. Bowles,

corp. William Cranford, Benj. S. Cutler, 2d.

Albert O. Cutler, Saml. B. Cutler,

Edwin S. Danforth, John H. D.,

Samuel Gates, E. H. Perry,

Charles H. Smith,

Co. F, Capt. C. Robinson Johnson,

James McCairn, Benjamin Tuck,

Stephen Shea, John F. Murray,

Daniel Reddy, Patrick Kelley,

Michael King, Thomas Foley,

Co. H, Capt. G. Bank,

Wm. H. Matthews,

Co. I, Capt. H. T. Lawson,

Samuel Judkins,

17th REGT., COL. T. J. C. AMORY.

Co. B, Capt. C. S. Bancroft,

Patrick Thayer,

Co. E, Capt. Michael C. McNamara,

Michael Brannigan, Patrick Cogan,

Michael Ward,

19th REGT., COL. E. W. HINCKS.

Everett Richardson, musician,

Henry G. Weston, *†

Co. A, M. P. Stanwood,

Edmund A. Hale,

Co. C, Capt. J. S. Todd,

G. W. Batchelder, lieut.

Co. I, Capt. J. F. Plympton,

John Fitzgerald, §

Co. K, Capt. Ansel D. Wass,

Jos. L. Smith,

20th REGT., COL. W. R. LEE.

Co. D, Capt. C. Crownshield,

James M. Cogan, sergt.

22d REGT., COL. JESSE A. GOVE.

Commissary Sergeant, Ephraim Hackett,

Co. D, Capt. J. F. Downing,

J. K. Richardson, Alonso Teel,

Co. E, Capt. W. L. Cogswell,

Charles F. Mulliken, corp.

Co. F, Capt. S. T. Thompson,

S. I. Thompson, captain,

John P. Crane, 1st Lieut.

W. Bennett, sergeant,

Charles Merriam, "

Joshua Rundle, "

R. M. Dennett, "

F. L. Bryant, corporal,

John L. Parker, "

P. W. Thompson, "

Jas. T. Newcomb, "

Alx. Barker, "

Rosece L. Bryant, * drummer,

O. M. Wade, "

C. H. Day, bugler.

William Bowen, Cyrus Converse,

Sh. Choate, Prentiss Childs,

George W. Cobbett, George W. Eustis,

Charles Elms, Kendal S. Flint,

Prince W. Gorham, Michael Murphy,

Marshall H. Peck, J. Louis,

E. J. Miller, Congress,

John L. Parker, Dennis Murray,

David Roach, Inc.

James Darmady, San Jacinto,

TEAMSTERS, &c, &c. FORT MONROE.

Capt. T. J. Porter, master wagoner,

Charles Parker, M. L. Richardson,

S. H. Brown, T. V. Sullivan,

A. C. Frost, Frank Taylor,

Sam'l. P. Hooper, B. L. Towner,

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : No. 28.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

"The Red, White, and Blue."

The following lines were suggested by a remark made by a little boy, whose parents reside near Hardystown, Ky., when our troops first made their appearance in the heavens, he ran to his mother, and exclaimed: "Mother, God is a union man." His mother, questioning him for his reason for this declaration, replied that he had seen his flag, and it was "Red, white, and blue."

The traitor, Archangel, dared first to rebel,

And draw round him his traitorous crew;

But the flag of the "Union" was straightway unfurled.

With its glorious old "red, white, and blue;"

When Loyalty gathered from heaven's domain,

And brightened their armor anew,

And the armies of heaven then marshaled their train

To fight for the "red, white, and blue."

The order went forth to the white tented field,

To hasten succession away,

And the tide of "Rebellion" was instantly sealed,

And "Union" again held the sway.

The arch-chief of traitors was sentenced to reign

O'er his minions—the misguided few—

And dwell amid darkness, where he never again

Could behold the "red, white, and blue."

The first great rebellion that history records

Was crushed ere the dawn of its day;

And Satan, its leader, with all of its hordes,

Was banished from heaven away.

As we are assured, that "God speeds the right,"

As long as we're loyal and true

To the cause of our country, we'll never lose sight

Of our banner—"the red, white, and blue."

—Louisville Journal.

Select Literature.

THE SECRET STRANGLERS.

A LONDON MYSTERY.

Inside of the last ten years, some may remember how the newspapers of the metropolis, and a magazine, too, teemed with paragraphs with startling headings, on account of the numerous drowned bodies who had been discovered floating in the eddies of the Thames formed by heavy laden barges obstructing the tide, or tossed half out of water or submerged by waves, even as far out as the Downs. The frequency of such cases, combined with the fact that every victim was a person of some standing either in Great Britain or on the Continent (for one had been a secretary of the French Ambassador), called down a storm of indignation upon the authorities for not putting a stop to this wholesale taking of life, and bringing the guilty ones to justice.

Every member of the detective force that was not otherwise engaged, at least eighty of us, took the field, so to say, according to orders. Our honor was concerned in a successful termination of the affair.

I selected a friend who bore some resemblance to me, and travelling as quietly as possible, we passed into France, and through Paris to Nancy, where we staid several weeks.

Then, after having our moustachos trimmed to the then Paris fashion, and playing the cadet of the family with an elder brother out for a sight of the world, we returned to London, never once speaking the mother tongue all the way, for precaution's sake.

Once in the metropolis, we took apartments at a stylish hotel, and mixed in with the station from which the victims of the secret murderers had been selected—that is, the upper portion of the middle class. Despite our broken English, we had many a dinner out, and our new acquaintances had many a supper in our rooms, for money was at our disposal for any kind of a reasonable expenditure.

One evening in June, over four months from the first of our entering into this business, after coming out of the Adelphi, my comrade and I were separated by two bands of intoxicated friends, one of which drugged me one way, while my comrade went the other. I succeeded in shaking off those around me before I got into any of their wild scrapes, and was glad to retire to rest on reaching the hotel, at which my so styled brother had not yet arrived.

Next morning by ten o'clock, he was waiting for me, with a meaning smile on his lips.

We were so careful that we even took the omnibus to Camberwell, at which quiet place we could find a spot where conversation might take place without being overheard.

"Well, Delforet," said I, "you seem to have acquired something of moment."

"Well, the truth is, I hope we are on the right track, and yet I cannot give the reason."

"You can tell me, though, what has happened while we were apart?"

"So I will," Delforet replied; "do you remember that man, Wildey, who has won a strange ascendancy over those young men we meet?"

On reflection, I thought I might venture to assert that I had noticed him, though only passing by.

"He was in the crowd that carried me away, and tried to make himself agreeable to me, and," chuckled Delforet, "he has made me promise to keep a secret from everybody, even you, brother, an invitation I have accepted to a private gaming house. I have a presentiment that this will lead us to our in-

accompany me and a force the next night to break up the gambling-house, if worse needs than that did not also merit our interference."

To the number of ten, well armed, our party followed the course I had previously taken, and, lying in wait, we seized upon the negro usher at a favorable moment, and stripping him of coat and vest, we made a colored man, whom we had brought, don the clothes and the character, for a while, until we succeeded in threatening the original into conforming with our instructions under promise of letting him turn evidence, when let him resume his duties. Then we, in obedience to a hint from him, (that is Mr. Murdock and three others beside myself), betook ourselves to a room, the last but one of three on the floor; the first being the large hall where the gambling went on, the next the room we occupied, the next again one whose examination I gave you the result of.

It was a place startlingly opposite to the modern papered walls and carpeted floor and smooth ceiling of its neighbor, for its walls were stone, its door brick, the ceiling vaulted stone, and a door of hollow iron, like a safe-door, twelve inches thick, when closed must have completely stifled sounds. It was, in brief, a stone box built inside a room, with a vacancy of about a foot between it and the partition of the next room, to which we occupied, furnishing a good place for one who only desired to look but not for one eager to be a participant in whatever happened in the cell, because the wall could not be broken through without enormous lever power. In the centre of this cell hung a strange work of iron. It was a frame like a horrid skeleton, looped round and banded, with hinges where the backbone would have been and likewise down both legs; it was lined throughout with padded velvet, soft and yet firm beyond a certain point, and there were straps as if to buckle it around a human being. Around the main iron rod supporting it, some eight feet up, ran a circular pipe with jets for gas, unlighted, for we viewed all this by a lantern. In one corner, opposite the door, most luckily were three or four large barrels, two rows of two, one on top of the other, which had evidently been used, from their dampness, to carry water with which to fill a covered vat in the other corner, with a force-pump, from the spout of which ran a hose of gutta percha up over the frame-work, from whence it hung over the end of the iron frame-work, just where the head was wanting. What all that meant we were still in wonder at.

Our comrades were posted in different parts of the house which all the servant pointed out when he could leave the door. Mr. Murdock and I, after the bottoms of the barrels had been knocked out, let ourselves be covered with each two barrels, in which we stood, with holes bored in the front to look out of. Another stood by the vat in readiness to jump into it and let down the lid on him in the three feet of sea-water that nearly filled it, when a fourth in the next room, who had been appointed to make holes to the gambling room, walls, knocked thrice at the end of a resonant rod, we had put through the partition and between two stones of the wall so far that the end just appeared at the interior.

These arrangements were all over by twelve of the night; we had worked three hours—One, two, and half past that hour passed without event, but a few moments after, the three not unusual notes on the signal bar were followed by the splash of our men into the vat and his panting as he tried to recover himself, for the sudden coolness had taken away his breath.

I lifted the cover carefully off and lowered myself by my hands till my feet were a little ways from the floor and dropped. I was in a box-like room, like a coffin on end, so scant of space as hardly to contain me and a ladder. This I fixed upright; on feeling it, as ascending, adjusted the scuttle so that a slight shove would suffice for one's exit, for I did not know but that I might want to escape in that way. I found the door locked, but the key being in the hole, a turn of a pair of nippers overcame that difficulty.

I stood upon an unlighted landing, up the well-hole of the stairs to which cause a subdued, murmuring confusion, like loud talk and laughter smothered by baize doors.—All was still on this floor, but a breath-exhaling from the wholly or partly opened doors of two or three bedrooms around. My boots, over which were drawn thick woolen socks, made no sound upon the dragget-covered stairs, and as softly as a gliding ghost I descended two floors, only one of which had light streaming through a door just told of.

The medley of voices now was plainer, and luckily my sharp look-out prevented my coming abruptly upon a colored man, whose dusky form I had much trouble to separate from the darkness around a door, where he stood. As I peered through the banisters at him, there was a rush of cold air, and a party of three or four gentlemen came with noisy steps up the stair-case, and I involuntarily shrank back as the negro servant flung open the wide door for their entrance into a vast hall, whose aspect dazzled me with its brilliancy. I had a glimpse of mirrors reflecting gaily dressed men and women, tables covered with yellow gold and crisp heaps of notes, chandeliers with tinkling, rainbow-tinted pendants, and two well-oiled doors swung so inaudibly to shut out the scene, that I had seen enough, so I retraced my steps, and all that night saw me closeted with our in-

spector, Mr. Murdock, who determined to

accompany me and a force the next night to break up the gambling-house, if worse needs than that did not also merit our interference.

To the number of ten, well armed, our party followed the course I had previously taken, and, lying in wait, we seized upon the negro usher at a favorable moment, and stripping him of coat and vest, we made a colored man, whom we had brought, don the clothes and the character, for a while, until we succeeded in threatening the original into conforming with our instructions under promise of letting him turn evidence, when let him resume his duties. Then we, in obedience to a hint from him, (that is Mr. Murdock and three others beside myself), betook ourselves to a room, the last but one of three on the floor; the first being the large hall where the gambling went on, the next the room we occupied, the next again one whose examination I gave you the result of.

It was a place simply sleeping rooms; this floor had the elegant gambling saloons of inlaid tables, solid, exquisitely carved sideboards full of cut decanters, containing wine of the rarest vintage, mirrors with heavy frames, instruments of gaming of ivory and gold and silver; in short, articles the most fastidious would have been glad to handle.

From Delforet and the other almost victim, we found out the modes operandi of murder in this house.

They were too cunning to use any single drug which might be detected by the palate, but had in two kinds of wines such medicines dissolved as, when combined, to dull the nerves and prevent speech for a half hour or so before its effects would go off. A half hour was ample for locking the victim up in that devilish frame, and pouring down his throat the Thames water necessary for the purpose of strangulation, thus giving the man all the appearance of having been drowned. How so many bodies could be transported to the river-gids without arousing inquiry, we could by no means ascertain.

For some reason best known to the Home Officers, we officers were bound over to a half secrecy. The prisoners were never brought to the bar of justice, which was supposed to have arisen from the fact that many a high name had its representative within that gambling house; and until now, to my knowledge, this case has never come before the public eye.

The proprietor of the Gentleman's Furnishing Store, below the "saloon," through which gentlemen had gone above, in this way avoiding suspicion, judged it advisable to give up his business, and his place was taken by a chemist, who now uses the stone room as a laboratory for the manufacture of perfumes. "Tis an ill wind that blows nobly any good.

—N. Y. Atlas.

The Soldier's Grave.

I was buying a newspaper in front of Wilder's, to keep me company over my breakfest, when the boy who was giving me change sang out, in ragamuffin blurt, over his shoulder—"There comes an ambulance, Bob! another feller dead!" And as my eye followed the toss of the varlet's cap, I saw a squad of eight or ten soldiers approaching on the road from Alexandria, with reversed arms, followed by one of the two-wheeled vehicles which answer for both litter and hearse, and the polite name of which has now become universal. The moment after, came the sound of the muffled drum, the single tap making the more prolonged measure of the funeral march, and slowly and thoughtfully the little phalanx of mourners came along. And so went the dead soldier past the crowded hotel, on his way to the cemetery bound in the other corner, with a force-pump, from the spout of which ran a hose of gutta percha up over the frame-work, from whence it hung over the end of the iron frame-work, just where the head was wanting. What all that meant we were still in wonder at.

Our comrades were posted in different parts of the house which all the servant pointed out when he could leave the door. Mr. Murdock and I, after the bottoms of the barrels had been knocked out, let ourselves be covered with each two barrels, in which we stood, with holes bored in the front to look out of. Another stood by the vat in readiness to jump into it and let down the lid on him in the three feet of sea-water that nearly filled it, when a fourth in the next room, who had been appointed to make holes to the gambling room, walls, knocked thrice at the end of a resonant rod, we had put through the partition and between two stones of the wall so far that the end just appeared at the interior.

These arrangements were all over by twelve of the night; we had worked three hours—One, two, and half past that hour passed without event, but a few moments after, the three not unusual notes on the signal bar were followed by the splash of our men into the vat and his panting as he tried to recover himself, for the sudden coolness had taken away his breath.

Now we could judge how admirably impenetrable to sound was this cell, for we heard no approach, of anybody, although the heavy door opened and three men, bearing a fourth, we could just distinguish in the gloom to enter. A quick flash, a white, bluish flicker of light, a bright yellow flame from a lucifer, and then the gas jets on the circular pipe before spoken were lighted, making every object as clear as the sunniest day.

The three men were in their shirt-sleeves and the fourth, whose face was turned from us, was also dressed of his coat and shoes, and his cravat was taken away.

One of the three, after a glance around, proceeded to the frame-work and opened the skeleton down the breast, arms and legs, for the reception of the insensible man whom the others arranged in this skeleton, and enclosed with straps. The man's head being uncovered, and below the light which fell vividly upon it, through our peep-holes we saw that he was Delforet.

When things had been arranged to their satisfaction, two went out and returned with another senseless man, without coat and shoes whom they deposited in the corner.

They locked and barred the heavy door now, and at a motion from one who seemed the master spirit, one went to the force-pump while another supported Delforet's head, opening the mouth into which the third inserted the mouth-piece of the hose.

We divined everything now, and Mr. Murdock blew the whistle we had agreed to be the signal. Off we tossed the uppermost barrels, scrambling out of the other Mr. Murdock stunned the man at the pump with his pistol-stock, and aided the detective in the vat to get upon the brick floor, which he sat upon with the dog-like shake he gave him.

Meanwhile he had upset one of the astonished men, who happened to be in my way to the door, which I quickly unbolted and unlocked to call for men.

TEACHING CHILDREN.—Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by example and gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good-humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion. If pride makes his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sin.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

er as their respective legislatures directed.—

Mr. EDITOR:—I copy the following letters as found in *Littel's Living Age* of 1851, copied from the *Philadelphia North American*. It will be read I think with deep interest at the present time.

Lew.

MULBERRY STREET, Jan. 22, 1851.

MY DEAR DR. MITCHELL.—Nothing that I have read upon the danger to which our glorious Union has been exposed, equals in eloquence, argument and truth, the beautiful discourse of the Rev. Dr. Boardman. Being now within a few months of eighty years old, I may speak with the authority of an eye witness of the condition of our country when in a state of Disunion. I can report upon its evils, as having been an anxious spectator.—

After the peace of 1783, when our independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, the States were left to themselves to recover from the exhaustion of a seven years' war; for the general government, constituted as follows, was all but a nullity: 1st. It was authorised to recommend to the several States and nothing more, the consent of every one of which was necessary to give legal sanction to any act so recommended. 2d. It had no power to execute punishments, except in the military department. 4th. It could not regulate trade, 5th. It could institute no general judiciary powers. 6th. Neither could it regulate public roads, or inland navigation. With such an inefficient form of government, it failed in almost every appeal for pecuniary aid. It asked for authority to lay an impost on imported goods of only five per cent, and it was refused for want of unanimity in the States. A letter from Dr. Franklin upon the necessity and reasonableness of that tax, so moderate and so equal, did not mend the matter. A government so feeble must necessarily be without influence. It had little or no legal or moral power, and was held in no respect. Each State, acting for itself, began to loose its feeling of Nationality and Americanism, and to consider its late associates as aliens. The people became unruly, dis obedient and even insurrectionary. Ferment of commerce, manufactures and money, they were unable to pay their debts, and were generally discontented. Bodies of armed men in Massachusetts and New Hampshire interrupted the proceedings of the courts of justice. Daniel Shays assembled in the first named State an armed party of insurgents, sufficiently formidable to require its suppression a strong force under General Lincoln. The poor weak Congress never thought of interfering, but left the States to fight their own battles. In Massachusetts the equipment of Lincoln's army was the work of a few men in Boston, who had still something left; part of which they lent for the occasion to the State government, whose treasury, after Shays's defeat, was so exhausted that not enough was left for the most common expenses. So low, indeed, was it, that my father, who was a member for Boston of the General Court at that period, told me that he had been applied to by Jacob Keuhn, its well-known messenger, for a loan of 7s. 6d., (a dollar and a quarter) to buy candles for an evening session of the House of Representatives.

In the month of June, 1787, on my return from a residence of a few years in France, I arrived at New York. The present generation will scarcely be able to realize the state of prostration and decay in which I found that city. Built chiefly of wood, with a very few vessels at its ruined wharves, it did not show the smallest sign of revival. The British had evacuated more than three years before, and while they held possession, about 1782, an extensive fire destroyed Trinity Church in Broadway, and both sides of the street down to Fort George; and now, four or five years after, not the smallest effort had been made to clear away the rubbish from a single building. So spiritless, so dead, was its population of about twenty thousand, to every desire to restore their town! The next year, in view of the adoption of the present Constitution, Mr. Macon and others began to rebuild. This was the state of the city of New York when the country was without a National Government, and when each separate Commonwealth was left to shift for itself. On arriving at Boston, I found the same languor, the same dearth of improvement. No commerce, mechanics unemployed, so much so with the shipwrights,

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person continuing his paper after suspended, must give notice thereof to the option given of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One insertion (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion,	.75
Each subsequent insertion,	.50
One square one year,	.90
One square three months,	.60
One square one year,	.40
Half a square three months,	.30
Half a square six months,	.20
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.	
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.	

SPECIAL NOTICES, least, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements not otherwise marked on the copy will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THIS JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Stephens.—E. T. COOPER.
Woburn.—J. H. COOPER.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETCHGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. E. NILS, (successor to V. B. Palmer's) Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take and collect for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to the paper as a advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOURNAL is done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

The late Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. James Monroe, in his time of life, had so much of his good things as consists in being a prominent member of the F. F. V.'s, and in his day that meant more than is signified by it in these latter years of the Republic. Then, to be eligible for the Chief Magistracy of the nation, or indeed for any office of great honor or emolument, it was necessary to have been born on what we now consider the wrong side of the Potomac. The general belief was that man was made out of the dust of the earth, but that Presidents must be fashioned from the sacred soil of Virginia. That could not have happened in the year of grace, 1817, which occurred the other day in France, when Mr. Thurlow Weed was introduced to the Parisian journalists as "the American President-maker." In the older time, it was the Southerners who kindly undertook that duty, and New York politicians were content to harass each other without embroiling all the rest of the Union.

Mr. Monroe, then, being a member of the select few, was early apprised to politics, and in due course of time became Secretary of State. But thirty or forty years ago, to be Secretary of State meant to be waiting next in order for the Presidential Chair,—so James Monroe was made President, a fact which may have slipped out of the recollection of many of our readers. Nevertheless a President was, and by an overwhelming majority. Indeed, in this respect, he has been surpassed by none of our Chief Magistrates, not even by the illustrious Franklin Pierce of Concord, New Hampshire.

But like the majority of the six or seven thousand great men whose names are to be found in various places of record, our first President would have slipped away infatuatedly forgetfulness if, in a certain fortunate hour, he had not given utterance to an idea that became incorporated into the policy of the nation, and that has thus far brought his name down to his otherwise oblivious countrymen.

The Monroe Doctrine declares that no European power should be suffered to effect a lodgment upon any part of North America, so long as it is in possession of such power. It may be considered a circumstance for the patriotic declaration,

"And the whole boundless Continent is ours."

In framing this statement, the President gave expression to the feelings of a large majority of his countrymen. The principle was eagerly adopted by the Democrats as an article of party faith, and was said to be a piece of political sagacity worthy to be set side by side with Washington's advice to the nation, to shun entangling alliances with foreign powers. The admirers of Mr. Monroe found one more point of the resemblance which they were so fond of tracing between him and the father of his country. Washington had urged Mahomet not to go near the mountain. Monroe had warned the mountain off the premises of Mahomet. Undoubtedly in character the two men are alike, for behold how their words and deeds coincide.

Popular as this doctrine was, and perhaps is, it has so far been seldom or never of practical application. The newspapers have talked of it more or less vaguely in connection with the English occupation of certain Central American islands, but it has been insisted upon in theory rather than carried out in practice.

The need of reducing the theory to fact has indeed been small, for until very recently, no attempt to infringe it has been made by any foreign government, and might, very likely, have gone on quietly to absorb the entire continent, subject to no more serious interruption than an occasional quarrel among ourselves, as in the case of California and Texas, according as the newly acquired territories seemed likely to increase the number of Northern or Southern senators and representatives.

But the unapplied rebellion which has destroyed so much that is better and more important, has not spared this political dogma, and the ramifications of our country have opened a way for the Spanish occupation of San Domingo, and for the invasion of Mexico by the allied powers.

The latest report, coming in the form of rumors, but such as would seem to be

well authenticated, place the Arch Duke Maximilian of Austria upon the throne that is to be erected in Mexico nominally upon the suffrages of the inhabitants, but really upon the bayonets of the triple alliance.—The want and the opportunity of these powers appeared to coincide in an unlooked for manner.

On the one hand was the strong and increasing probability of a general war in the Spring, unless some method could be devised to wring Venetia from the grasp of Austria, and to satisfy Garibaldi and the fiery populace of the new kingdom of Italy.

On the other hand, both Mexico and the United States, the intruded prey and its only protector, were alike rendered incapable by internal dissensions of offering any effectual resistance to the scheme.

Whichever shall turn out to be the true account of affairs in that wretched country—whether a Spanish or an Austrian dynasty is to import a government into that kingdom of misrule and anarchy, the doctrine enunciated by President Monroe would seem to be dead. But it is not past resurrection, as the world may discover in the soon returning day of our nation's strength.

Light Syr.—The trial of the suit brought by "The Count Jospine" against Rev. Joseph L. Bennett was concluded in the Supreme Judicial Court held at Dedham last Wednesday. Hon. G. W. Warren appeared for the defence, the verdict was in favor of the Count for the sum of five hundred dollars. The amount of damages claimed was twenty thousand dollars. The ground assumed by the defendant was, that he acted for other parties and supposed the statements made to be true; and also, that the letters upon which the libel was founded were in the nature of privileged communications. The lady (Mrs. Bigelow) to whom the letter was addressed was at the time engaged and contracted in marriage to the Count, and the letters contained alleged libels upon the character of the Count, which led to the severing of the engagement and contract between these two parties. The lady had been a former parishioner of Rev. Mr. Bennett and one in whom he was much interested. The Court (Judge Merrick) decided that it could not be treated as a privileged communication. So it behoves clergymen to be careful about writing letters to their present or former parishioners derogatory of the character of any individuals unless they are based upon reliable evidence. The amount recovered in this case is secured by an attachment of Real Estate.

The Count has another suit against the Rev. Mr. Bennett now pending in the Superior Court for Suffolk County, upon a similar cause of action as the preceding in which damages are laid at ten thousand dollars.

TOWN OF NEWTON.—We have been favored through the politeness of Mr. William Winn, with the perusal of the Annual Report of the Receipts and Expenditures, &c., of the Town of Newton. It is a document of 119 pages—over one hundred and nineteen pages of good substantial information for that town. Forty-three pages are devoted to the usual matter found in Auditors' Reports; the history of the Kenrick Fund is detailed in full.—This Fund was left the town by John Kenrick, Esq., in the year 1825, for the purpose of "assisting and relieving the needy and industrious poor of Newton, especially widows and orphans, none of whom have fallen under the immediate care of the Overseers of the Poor." The sum originally bequeathed was \$1200, which was to be put out at interest at the rate of 5 per cent, until it amounted to \$1000, which it did in 1851, after which the interest annually accruing was to be disposed of among that class of poor before named. Then follows the Selectmen's report, occupying eight pages, which is a model report, and places the business of the town before the citizens in a clear and business-like manner. Then comes the Registrar's Report, giving the number of births, marriages, and deaths, causes of death, and the population and mortality of the town for the past 14 years. This is succeeded by a "list of persons who were taxed for Real and Personal Estate, in the year 1861," which is made up in the same style as that of Woburn, in 1860, with the exception that the poll and delinquent tax payers are placed separately at the end. A list of the Streets with their distances, concludes the statistical department of the report.

Taking the report altogether it is one that the Town of Newton has cause to be proud of. It is as definite as such a work could be, and will prove a source of great benefit to the town now and hereafter.

FIRE.—On Wednesday night last, the house owned and occupied in part by Mr. James Mann, and situated in the rear of the Methodist Chapel, was discovered to be on fire. An alarm was at once given, which was quickly responded to by Niagara Co. No. 1, and many citizens. The labor of the engine men was extremely laborious owing to the bad roads and also being compelled to throw two streams up hill; but their exertion was rewarded with much success, and they saved a large portion of the building. Mr. Mann lost a large portion of his furniture, and family wearing apparel. Mr. N. H. Nichols, who occupied the house with Mr. Mann, and who with his family escaped from the house just in season to prevent suffocation, saved nearly all his goods. The building was insured for \$1400, in the Holyoke Company.

REMOVAL.—It will be seen by advertisement in another column, that our well known and talented Dentist, Dr. Lang, has removed his place of business to Winn street, first house in the rear of the old Orthodox church. Persons in this and adjoining towns will find Dr. Lang an experienced and successful dentist, one well qualified to give the utmost satisfaction in the various branches of his profession. No one need secure the services of city Dentists, when at their own doors, they have a gentleman competent to do as good, if not superior, work.

ATTENTION COMPANY!—Volunteers who expect to retain their health unimpaired during the campaign, must see to it themselves, as well as to their men. Supply yourselves with Hollaway's Prize & Greatest. Every English Soldier's Knapsack contains them, only 25 cents per Box of 12.

CAUCUS.—In compliance with the call issued, a meeting of citizens was held in the Town Hall, last evening, for the purpose of nominating Town Officers. At 8 o'clock the meeting was called to order by John Cummings, Jr. George M. Champney was chosen Moderator, and John Johnson, Secretary. The meeting then proceeded to nominate officers. Wm. T. Grammer declined serving as Selectman, and Moses A. Tyler was substituted; with this exception, the different officers that served the town last year, were re-nominated. Rev. Mr. Bronson was nominated for School Committee, and J. A. Gould was taken to fill vacancy occasioned by Rev. Mr. March's resignation.

The meeting was very well attended and as harmonious as meetings of this character generally are. The sense of the meeting seemed to be in favor of giving the new system of consolidating the three boards in one, a fair trial of its working.

STONEHAM.—We are indebted to Silas Dean, Esq., for the following list of officers, elected last Monday in Stoneham:

Town Clerk, Silas Dean; Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of Poor, B. F. Richardson, Jesse Curtis, H. H. French; Treasurer, Summer Richardson 2d; Constables, A. M. Latham, Otis Bucknam; Collector, D. N. Stevens; School Committee for 3 years, W. H. Heath; for one year, M. L. Morse. Appropriated for Schooling, \$2500; for Roads, \$490; for other expenses, \$8200.

WILMINGTON.—We are indebted to Mr. Wm. H. Carter, Town Clerk, of Wijnington, for the following:

At a meeting convened in the Town of Wilmington on the third day of March, 1862, the following named persons were duly elected to office, viz.:—Moderator, Jonathan Carter 2d; Town Clerk, Wm. H. Carter; Selectmen and Overseers of the Poor, Lemuel C. Barnes, George Gowling, Henry Sheldon; Constable, Levi Swain, Jr.; Treasurer and Collector, Charles S. Sullivan; School Committee, Warren Barnes, George Gowling, Lemuel C. Barnes.

BURLINGTON.—List of Town officers elected in the town of Burlington, on Monday last:—

Moderator, Wm. Winn; Town Clerk, Rev. Samuel Sewall; Selectmen, Assessors, and Highway Surveyors, Nathan Blanchard, Wm. Winn, Abner Shedd; School Committee, for 3 years, Oakes Tirrell, Jr.; Overseers of Poor, Samuel Sewall, Jr., John Wood, Artemas Reed; Treasurer and Collector, Samuel Sewall, Jr.; Constables, John F. Snow, Jona K. Woodward; Fence Viewers, Nathan Blanchard, Wm. Winn, John Wood; Library Committee, Silas Cutler, Wm. Lawrence; Surveyors of Wood, Wyman Skellon, Jr., A. P. Marion, Henry Nichols, John Wood, Thomas D. Radford; Surveyors of Lumber, Edward Reed, Wm. Lawrence.

DEATH IN THE WOBURN UNION GUARD.—Mr. A. J. Harris, son of Mr. W. B. Harris of this town, died of typhoid fever at Hsl's Hill, Va., on Sunday last. His remains reached town on Thursday, and were buried from the North Woburn Meeting House yesterday afternoon, attended by the Jacob Webster Engine Co., of which he was a member.

MR. S. W. ABBOTT, Assistant Surgeon in Navy, has been appointed to the Marine Barracks, in Navy Yard, Charlestown.

REV. MR. JENKINS of Lowell, will preach in the First Congregational Church to-morrow.

CAMP WILSON, HALL'S HILL, VA., February 17th, 1862.

Friend Journal.—There has been a number of statements published in regard to Co. F, of the 22d Mass. Regt., and I have seen scarce one but had more or less mistakes. The following is a correct list of names, together with the rank, of officers and men:—

Capt. Samuel I. Thompson; 1st Lieut., John P. Crane; 2d Lieut., Walter S. Davis; 1st Sergt., Wm. Bennett; 2d, Josiah Stratton, Jr.; 3d, Charles Merriam; 4th, Joshua Rundle; 1st Corp., Francis L. Bryant; 2d, Francis W. Thompson; 3d, James F. Newcomb; 4th, Charles W. Lunt; 5th, Alexander Barker; 6th, Edwin H. C. Wentworth; 7th, Joseph Simonds; 8th, John L. Parker; Buglers, Charles H. Day, Wallace H. Gilbert. Detailed from the Company on extra duty, John F. Gleason, Asst. Quarter-master; William S. Bowen, Hospital Department; Eben G. Wilford, Wagoner; Eleazer C. Beals, Ambulance Driver; Oliver M. Wade, as Drummer, but as the drum corps has been broken up he has applied for discharge. And 76 privates, making a total of 99 members, of which 42 are from Woburn. Born in Woburn, 9. Born in U. S., 66. Foreign, 24.

Yours, &c.

A MEMBER.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT.—The question of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia is exciting much attention among members of Congress, and there can be little doubt of the ultimate passage of the bill now before that body providing for emancipation and compensation. Slavery in the District is little more than a name. Comparatively few of the citizens are masters, and the general sentiment of the people is opposed to the existence of slavery. As an institution, it should no longer exist in the capital of the great American Republic.

THE SLAVES OF PREJUDICE.

DR. ROBERT OF HIS PREY.—There are people in the world; people with the most absurd, unreasonable, and indefensible pride. For example, we have met with individuals who had a mind and alacrity that matter what might be its actual claims to the confidence of the public. These eccentricities looked with especial disfavor on advertised medicines. They could not see, for example, in Dr. Hollaway's magnificent system of advertising, covering, as it does, all the mediums of publicity which the world affords, anything but a gigantic scheme of mere speculation. Truly, they could not gainsay the testimony pouring in spontaneously from the highest sources, in favor of his incomparable Pills and Ointment, but still they shook their heads and muttered "humbug." Of course, there is no possibility of arguing with men who won't reason. The best way is to let them alone. Fortunately such specimens of stupidity are few and far between in this enlightened age. Their foolishness, if a thing is in itself excellent, is virtue, should be proclaimed to the four winds of heaven for the general benefit of mankind. Hence the proclamation made by Dr. Hollaway through the entire newspaper press of the properties and operation of his remedies, with the cordial approval of thinking men. The value of the preparations as specimens for the various internal and external complaints peculiar to different climates, or countries to the world at large, is conceded not only by the masses, but by governments, men of science, and candid observers in every walk of life. Can such remedies be worthless? Impossible!—Civ. Doctor.

REBEL PRISONERS SHOT.—While the rebel prisoners were embarking from Fort Donelson for Chicago, some of them proved refractory, and frequently disobeyed the order to keep in line. Exasperated with the refractory conduct of two of them, the guard were ordered to fire upon them, and the two were thus killed. Subsequently the prisoners evaded more respect for the orders given.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

only returned in season to see the smoking embers. The house was insured for \$2,500, but in what office I have been unable to learn.

I cannot forbear to say that the article of *Veritas* in last week's Journal in relation to musical matters, meets, for the most part, my hearty approval. It is worthy of being printed in large type and put in some permanent and conspicuous place in every pew in all the churches in the land, and engraved on every seat where singers do congregate to worship God. It should be engraved upon every pulpit in characters big as a man's hand, and in characters of gold on the front of every organ. Show me a singer at church when performing a truly artistic piece of music, who for a moment thinks of God, and I will try to explain how it is that there can be two mountains without a valley between them.

An exhibition by the Universal Sabbath School is expected to take place on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week. — The exercises on Wednesday evening will consist of Declamations, Dialogues, &c., some of which will be original. Thursday evening will exhibit some fine scenes in Tableau, and should they be equal to those exhibited on former occasions, those present may expect to be highly entertained. Vocal and instrumental music will be introduced both evenings, the whole to conclude with a banquet, which means, I suppose, a sort of moving about *ad libitum*, taking good care not to tread on one another's toes, of course.

A few days since, I was shown what will undoubtedly be a great improvement in Kitchen Ranges, at the residence of the Hon. H. P. Wakefield. This range is placed in the basement, but can be put easily into any room in the house, and is designed to be fitted up in brick work. In brief, I will say that this range is the first of the kind that has been set up, but it works admirably. It is capable of doing a large amount of cooking, which can be carried on in variety of ways at the same time. It has two ovens, and two boilers, so that boiling, frying, baking and steaming can be done at the same time. Connected with this range are steam pipes which are carried into eight rooms, and may be extended to many more efficiently. When the required pressure of steam has been generated, the furnace door will close itself, thus regulating itself, and the steam, after having been its rounds and performing its work, is made to condense and return again to the boilers, so that not more than one quart of water is exhausted in twenty-four hours. Letters Patent have been issued to Messrs. Thomas S. Clayton of Boston, and Horace P. Wakefield of Reading.

A letter received from the 13th Regiment, M. V., says: "I see by the *Middlesex Journal*, that the rascals in the 18th Regiment are to be shown up. I don't think the 18th have got all the rascals there are in the army, for I know of another regiment that has a full complement of these distinguished individuals. I think they ought to be one more article in the Army Regulations something like this: 'Any commissioned officer in the army of the U. S., shall have the privilege of getting drunk many times and as often as he pleases, but should any non-commissioned officer or private be guilty of the same offence, he shall be court martialled.' We are all well and enjoying ourselves tip top. We are in an out of the way sort of a place, but there are one or two houses half a mile distant, one within forty rods where we get our milk and sometimes get our beans baked. The man who owns the place and all his family, and two girls from Hagerstown, came to see us last Sunday; they found me soaking beans. They did not know what they were, never having seen any before. I asked the woman of the house if she would bake them for us. She said she never baked any, and did not know how, but would try and do the best she could. So I carried them over and got them done up first rate. The girls thought when they began to get brown on the top they were all spoiled."

LENO.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The undersigned takes this opportunity to express their thanks to Niagara Engine Company, No. 1, for their prompt and efficient services in protecting their house while in danger from the fire on Wednesday night. Gentlemen, be assured, that your services are gratefully appreciated.

We would also wish to express our gratitude to all who, with kind words or otherwise, manifested their sympathy for us in the hour of danger.

SUSAN T. EDGELL,
S. EDGELL DAVIS.

Woburn, March 6, 1862.

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned takes this method to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the men of Woburn, for their prompt, energetic and successful measures in saving life property from destruction by fire, on the night of the 5th of March.

He would also thank those kind and benevolent friends who have so liberally and cheerfully helped to share his loss, in a pecuniary way. Also, to those ladies who have labored so hard to supply the wants of the family, in their present trying circumstances.

N. H. CHOLLOS.

Woburn, March 7th, 1862.

A CARD.

Niagara Engine Co., No. 1, desire to express their thanks to their friends and volunteers for valuable services rendered at the fire of the 5th instant. The lead engine was especially grateful to Messrs. Parker Eaton, A. J. Parker, F. W. Parker, and S. H. Brigham. The Engineers will also please accept the thanks of the whole company for refreshments furnished at the fire.

Per order of the company,
JOHN GILCHRIST FOULKE,
CHARLES CUMMINGS, CLERK.
Woburn, March 6, 1862.

LOST.

On Saturday, Feb. 15th, in the 6:30 P. M. train from Boston to Woburn, a white ivory OPERA GLASS. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving said opera glass at the Woburn Journal office, or with the Conductor Woburn Branch R. R. S. L. B.

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Miscellaneous.

FRENCH'S CONICAL
WASHING MACHINES.

To Illinois.
O, gales that dash the Atlantic's swell
Along our rocky shores,
Whose thunders dispason well
New England's glad hurrahs,—

Bear to the prairies of the West
The echoes of our joy,
The prayer that springs in every breast,
"God bless thee—Illinois!"

O, awful hours, when grape and shell,
Tore through the unflinching line;
Stand firm, remove the men who fall,
Close up and wait the sign."

I came at last—"Now, lads, the steel!"
The rushing hosts deploy;
"Charge, boys!"—the broken traitors reel,
Huzza for Illinois!

In vain thy rampart, Donelson,
The living torrent bars;
It leaps the wall, the fort is won,
Up go the Stripes and Stars.

They proudest mother's eyelids fill,
As dries her gallant boy
And Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill
Yearn to thee—Illinois!"

—Boston Advertiser.

Anecdotes of Mr. Madison.

I believe the only time I laughed, except at the jokes of a greater man than myself, during the period I remained an object of envy to millions, was on an occasion I shall never forget.

I was called out of my bed, early one cold winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council.

When I came into my private office, I found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple-head, a long *gueule*, and a face, critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry.

He handed me a letter from his excellency the Honorable Deleg Poshell, recommending him particularly to my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat if I made any distinction between man and man.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why-y-y I'm not very particular; but somehow or other I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry, indeed; there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?"

"Why-y-y," answered the apple headed man. "I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a compriroller, or an auditor, or some such thing."

My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, very sorry, indeed, but it happens, unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would you not take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the scowls of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered:

"Why-y-y, yes-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency, or anything of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr. Phippenny," said I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the government, is at present occupied. Pray think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all around the room, fixing his eye at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. Then, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said:

"Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike—haven't you some old clothes you can spare?"

Oh, what a falling off was there! from a foreign mission to a suit of old clothes, which the reader may be assured I gave him with infinite pleasure, in reward for the only honest laugh I enjoyed for years afterward.

A RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—The following lines were taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmone*: "I envy no quality of mind and intellect in others,—be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes; vanishes and throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most glorious light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes fortune and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combination of all earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the garden of the blest, and securities of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

COAL.—The earliest mention of coal is said to be in 1245, but it was probably known for the purpose of trade long before. The citizens used it in the reign of Edward I.; every shipload that passed under the arches of old London Bridge paid a toll of sixpence to the Corporation. The middle classes were the first to appreciate its value; but the nobility, whose mansions were in the pleasant suburbs of Holborn and the Strand, regarded it as a nuisance, and complained loudly of smoke.

In 1406, a commission of inquiry was instituted, and followed by the proclamation forbidding the use of sea-borne coal within the City of London. The effect of this prohibitory measure was but temporary. Fifty pounds were paid from the Exchequer in 1203 to several "wood merchants" for providing coal and wood for the coronation of Edward II. The price of coal in the region of Edward III., was 6s. id. a chaldron.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Tireless Boatman.
Over the river whose sluggish tide was never stirred by a living breath—
There passes a boat whose muffled oars are noiselessly plied by the boatman, Death—
He comes not for the down of day, he cometh not for the wind and storm, but ceaselessly over the river cold, gloomily rides the phantom form.—
The tears of the throng on the green earth's shore, are needed not by the boatman pale, As he silently seeks each shrinking form, and passes on by the shadowy vale.

In vain is the sweet young mother's prayer, as her babe to her bosom is pressed; The dimpled arms clasp to the shrouded form, the gold hair drops on the cold, damp breast. On and on o'er the cold, dark waves, the boatman plied his baby pale.

Are horrid sounds through the silent gloom, 'till the ghost had faded in the poisoned air?—
The back to the nearer, restless throng, passes the shadowy boat once more—
And to the timid, shrinking form that nearest stands on the death-doomed shore.

Old age with thin, fluttering locks of snow, wearily sits on the river side;—
The boatman grasps the trembling hand, and launches again on the strange dark tide. Thus ceaselessly over the river cold, gloomily rides the phantom form, Caring not for the clouds of night, waiting not for the wind and storm, Oh what woe that thou boatman pale, when the last one on the shore Is ferried across to the shadowy land in thy boat with its muffled on.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GRAY.

Select Literature.

HEROISM IN HUMBLE LIFE.

A June sun shone hot and glaring on a low, brown house, that stood very near a sandy road, in one of the farming districts of New Hampshire. Not a tree nearer than the next field, which, by way of compliment, was called "the orchard," but a few straggling morning glories, and one or two pupas (known to the mistress of the house as "China oysters"), in a box under the window, told that evn here, were some dim, ill-understood yearnings after beautiful objects. Near the broad, flat door-stone, three yellow-haired, chubby children, were making dirt-pies, not one of them old enough to walk the two miles that lay between them and the district school-house. Inside the house a sickly, discouraged-looking woman was trying to coax an obstinate baby of half a year old to go to sleep. "Poor Mrs. Plummer!" as the neighbors called her, with no hands but her own to do a chore—was it any wonder that the flies were helping themselves to the remains of the slowly breakfast; that the milk things still remained where her husband left them before sunrise; that the attempt she had made at washing only amounted to a confused litter of tubs and soiled garments, and that in the midst of it all, obliged to sit down by the screaming child, she had only heart enough to darn, disconsolately, the heel of an old stocking that ought to have gone to the raggs months ago!

Frances Plummer, and John, her husband, had been married six years, and everybody agreed that they "had had a hard row to hoe." To be sure, his father left him the old house, the rickety barn behind it, and one or two acres of rocky, sandy soil; but even this was not all paid for, and if it had been, it wouldn't have been worth much, for as John said, "There wasn't an acre of pasturing on it," and his poor cow had to pick up her scanty living anywhere. But they married young, and full of hope, they thought the work of building up a modest fortune would not be too hard for them. Somehow or other they did not get along; they had bad seasons; the farmers cut down the wages of their hired men, and when the children began to come so fast, the wife grew weak and ailing, and John found that a year went by they only made out to get a poor living. The spring of 1861, had, however, looked a little better for them, for John had secured a small farm, two or three miles away from home, to carry on at the halves; and he hoped by autumn to have something in his pocket wherewithal to help to pay off the mortgage. But in spite of this good fortune, Frances, as she sat rocking the cradle, thought her husband had seemed anxious and silent for the last few weeks, and her mind, always foreboding, grew troubled with a sense of some new grief to befall them. The stocking dropped from her fingers, and it was some minutes before she discovered that her child had worried itself into a restless slumber. Perhaps you think she and her husband were a weak sort of bodies, but if you ever tried to get your bread off from eighty-two acres of New Hampshire rocks, with a house and four babies for your capital, you will have a little charity for that species of weakness.

Hour by hour the morning were away, and although the noisy children trooped in one after the other, who the baby and undid a great part of her work, still, by noon, which brought dinner and her husband, things did look a little civilized. Noon certainly did not bring a large amount of dinner that day, but, looking across the flat, she saw John's manly form, and a glow passed over her thin, sallow face, for in spite of their unromantic surroundings, these two people each other as do not many husbands

and wives who live in stately dwellings. She took up the salt pork and potatoes, lifted the baby into a high chair, and when John, escorted by the three dirt pie makers, came into the kitchen, he looked as if he thought she had done about as well as a woman could do who had nothing to do with. But still she noticed the cloud on his face, noted his careless answers to the children, and once or twice detected a long, hard breath, as if he were making up some desperate resolve. She tried to speak of it two or three times, but something staled her lips, and he saved her the effort. "Fanny, our company, the Stark Rifles, are going to the war."

She saw it all in a moment—the picture of her husband as she had seen him years ago, before they had ever thought of being married, above his fellows on the mustered head in height, yet stooping low his proud head in acknowledgement of her timid bow. And then another scene took its place—that tall figure, in the old familiar uniform, lying stained with dust and blood on a far-off battle-ground. She looked ready to faint, but still held on with her story.

"I knew it a week ago, Frances—knew it when the Governor called out the regiment to which we belong, but I dared not tell you." No word from the pale woman by his side—only one wild thought in her brain. Could she not hold, keep back this man, her only earthly hope, from what seemed to her certain death?

"We go to Concord Saturday," (and today Thursday, thought the stricken woman). "At first I determined I wouldn't go, couldn't go, but when I went to the company meeting last night, and the square read the President's call for help, my blood boiled and my hand went up with the rest. God only knows, Fanny, how hard it is to leave you and the children, but I don't dare to be a coward. Why, Fanny, I couldn't ever show grand'sire's old queen's arm to the boys again, if I turned my back to my country now."

His great voice trembled, and the wondering baby caught a tear on its grimy little hand, but there wasn't a line that looked like faltering in that stern face. The wife's tears fell like summer rain, but the words of her husband thrilled her, for the true blood of the true old State was in her veins, and it shamed her now that even for a second she had thought of holding back her dearest and best, if liberty called! Had she not listened when he read how the Massachusetts troops were massacred in Baltimore, how Ellsworth was shot down like a dog, and didn't she know that this war would decide whether it was to be freedom or slavery for her children? He was all she had of strength in the world; but for his sake she would not hold him back. She did not need many words wherein to express her consent; but when he saw her white lids sti芬n to sternness, he knew he had no weak complainings of hers to struggle with. There is not much time, counting by hours, between Thursday and Saturday, but there was much done in that poor household, for a new life possessed Frances Plummer. She did not grow young again; she never did that this side of the grave; but she grew strong, for here was the baptism of fire. She listened while John told her she could get along in his absence, how this and that one would assist her, how she should receive every cent of his pay for her and the children; and without any shrinking she told him in clear, full tones that comforted him, even amid the groans and din of Bull Run, that he was to deny himself no comfort his pay would procure, for she could work as well as he. Once only she broke down, when together they inspected her little stock of potatoes, "there was enough to last until those on the east knoll were ripe, and then, please God, he would be with her again, if he was with her at all." Their eyes met, spite of their resolutely turning away from each other, and the bitter tears filled them.

Saturday came, and he went, and she took up her summer's work alone, not without the hope and courage that come from self-renunciation. When she was the most weary she remembered her husband, toiling in the trenches beneath a southern sun, and no groan or complaint passed her lips. Her little family lived decently, and even the nearest neighbor, who remarked the wonderful growth of the potatoes and corn on the east knoll, did not dream that hours before he awoke that woman was hoeing and weeding them. Once in a while she called the little ones to her, and read what she told them was a letter from their father; but she was a poor reader of writing, and what with that and her sons, they did not always get the full sense of the precious epistles.

Just at sunset, on a July day, the heart of the great North almost stopped its beating, and a darkness like that of midnight settled upon us as we were told the much exaggerated story of Bull Run. Many men never ran from that fatal field, and among them was John Plummer. He was seen fighting single-handed with two Georgia Zouaves, while he had fastened to his belt the colors of his regiment. He fell at last, but the colors waved over him. And yet Mr. William Russell says there was no hand-to-hand fighting at Bull Run.

They told the tale tenderly to the woman in the brown house, and her heart met its death-blows as they told; but she only said,

"He would rather have died so than to run, and I rather he would." In the years to come, if Freedom and Truth want them, there will be two sons of John Plummer, who will leap as exultantly to their call, and die as gladly at their bidding, as did their father—thanks to their mother's teaching.

The Young Musician and his Sick Mother.

The following passage from the life of an English composer will thrill the heart of many a mother:

Little Pierre sat humming by the bedside of his mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music. As the tears rolled down his cheeks and his voice trembled at the sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see; hastily rising he hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame M—, then a favorite character, would sing that night at the Temple.

"Oh! if I could only go," thought Pierre, and then pausing a moment, he clapped his hands—his eyes lighted up with unwonted fire—and running to the little stand he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from his little box some old, stained paper, gave one eager look at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"I knew it a week ago, Frances—knew it when the Governor called out the regiment to which we belong, but I dared not tell you."

No word from the pale woman by his side—only one wild thought in her brain. Could she not hold, keep back this man, her only earthly hope, from what seemed to her certain death?

"It is only a little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children."

LITTLE Pierre came in with his hat in his hand, and in the other a roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to Madame M—, and bowing, said:

"I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for mother."

The beautiful woman arose from her seat—very tall and stately she was,—took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes!" and the blue eyes grew liquid with happiness—"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here, also, is one of my tickets. Come night; that will admit you to a seat near me. My good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury beside, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

Never in all his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling; the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewitched his eyes and brain. At last she came—and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song.

Breathless he waited; the band struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing,—many a bright eye was dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song,—oh! how touching! Pierre walked as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money, now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M—. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said:

"Your little boy, Madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by one of the best publishers, £300 for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down over his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who deigned to notice their affliction.

And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great master, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of signs and tears, smoothed her pillow and lightened her last moments by his undying affection.

George III., it is said, consulted his household physicians separately, as to the modes of life conducive to health and longevity; as to the importance of early rising, there was full coincidence. Old people, examined as to anecdotes, which he related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of these occurs to us just now, as specially applicable to the new converts which have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation.

A celebrated judge was, in his earlier years, skeptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite servant who accompanied him in his travels round his circuit. As they passed from court-houses to court-houses, they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant, Harry, venturing at times to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity. As the judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him how he felt, and what he thought on various points. Among other things, Harry told his master that he was very often disposed to dispose of his religion.

"I am a good man," replied the judge; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not so much as know there is any such being in existence as the devil. If there is any such being, he never troubles me."

"Well," said Harry, "I know that there is a devil, and that he tries me sorely sometimes."

Some days afterwards, when the judge had got through with his docket, he concluded to go out on a hunt for wild ducks, on one of the streams that lay across his road homeward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river, they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun, and made strenuous efforts, with the aid of clubs and stones, to secure the wounded ducks, while he permitted the dead ones to float on, for the time, unnoticed by him.

Harry, as he sat on the seat of the carriage, watched his master's operations with deep interest, and when he returned, said to him:

"Massa, while you was splashin' in de water after dem wounded ducks, and lettin' em die, I jist comin' up to you, and I jist seen how de dead ducks; he's sure he's got you safe. I'm like de wounded ones tryin' to git away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it; so he makes all de fuss after me, and jist lets me float on down de stream. He knows I can git you at any time; but he knows it's now or never with me. If you were to begin to flutter a little, and show signs like you were doin'—"

A poet has a fragrance about him, such as no other human being is gifted with; it is indestructible, and clings for evermore to everything that he has touched. I was not impressed at Blenheim with any sense that the mighty duke still haunted the place that was created for him; but here, after a century and a half, we are still conscious of the presence of that decrepit little figure of Queen Anne's time, although he was merely a casual guest in the old tower during one or two summer months. However brief the time and slight the connection, his spirit cannot be extinguished so easily.

"This is to give notice to my honored masters, and ladies, and loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, or leap a horse, or run a foot, or *hula*, with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't under-value myself, being now 74 years of age." Nor should be left unrecorded the high-born Scottish damsel, whose tradition still remains at the castle of Huntingtower, in Scotland, where two adjacent pinnacles still mark the maiden's leap. She sprang from battlement to battlement, a distance of nine feet and four inches, and closed with her lover. Were a young lady to go through one of our villages in a series of leaps like that, and were she to require her lover to follow in her footsteps, it is to be feared that she would die without a husband.

A lawyer at Lowell having found ninety-five dollars, and returned the money to the owner, one of the papers says the act may be honest and honorable, but it is exceedingly unprofessional.

A man, on going with a friend to dine at the house of an acquaintance, in order to save time, said,—"Scrape me, while I knock for both of us."

"Will you take some grapes, monsieur?" asked a gentleman of a Frenchman. "No, sare," he replied: "I don't swallow my wine in ze shape of pills."

Profound silence in a public assembly has been thus neatly described: "One might have heard the stealing of a pocket handkerchief."

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

Sleep.

The first sensation of drowsiness is nature's call for sleep. Waking shows the body is rested. After the degree of strength of which the state of the system is capable, is restored by sleep, longer stay in bed only relaxes. He perverts reason who, by a habit of artificial excitement, keeps awake so late that he is not ready to rise by day-break—nature's undoubted signal for quitting repose, obedience to which secures a desire to rest at the fit hour. Some people close their shutters against it.

George III., it is said, consulted his household physicians separately, as to the modes of life conducive to health and longevity; as to the importance of early rising, there was full coincidence. Old people, examined as to anecdotes, which he related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of these occurs to us just now, as specially applicable to the new converts which have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation.

A gentleman from Detroit had had the kindness to send me one of those long, thread-like worms (*Gordius*) found often in brooks, and called horse hair by the common people. When I first received it, was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled with fresh water, that contained it, and looked more like a little tangle of black sewing silk than anything else. Wishing to unwind it, I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and proceeded very gently to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that the animal had twisted itself around a bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in a close embrace. In the process of unwinding, the eggs dropped away and floated to a little distance. Having finally stretched it out to its full length, perhaps half a yard, I sat watching to see if this singular being that looked like a long, black thread in the water, would give any signs of life. Almost immediately it moved towards the bundle of eggs, and, having reached it, began to sew itself through and through the little white mass, passing one end of its body through it and then returning to make another stitch, as it were, till the eggs were at last completely entangled again in an intricate net-work of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this care of offspring could be the result of any instinct of affection in a creature of so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs, and placed them in a distant corner, when the same action was repeated.

On trying the experiment a third time, the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evaded all efforts to secure them, when once parted from the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempt, and that even a being so low in the scale of animal existence has some dim consciousness of a relation to its offspring. I afterwards unrolled the worm, and found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some gelatinous substance that cemented them and prevented them from falling apart. Cutting this string across, and placing a small section under the microscope, I counted on one surface of such a cut from seventy to seventy-five eggs; and estimating the entire number of eggs according to the number contained on such a surface, I found that there were not less than eight millions of eggs in the whole string.</p

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrangements are made, excepting in case of paper discontinued; and any paper wishing to supersede the present one, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion,	.95
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion,	.75
Each subsequent insertion,	.70
One square six months,	6.00
One square three months,	4.00
Half a square six years,	4.00
Half a square three months,	4.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than a square charged as a square.	
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.	

SPECIAL NOTICES, tenfold, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS, NOT OTHERWISE MARKED ON THE COPY, WILL BE INSERTED UNTIL ORDERED OUT, AND CHARGED ACCORDINGLY.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

Agents Reading.—J. D. MANSFIELD:
Woburn—T. V. HARRIS;
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. M. NELSON (subscribers to V. B. Palmer), 50 Cornhill, Cornhill Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as a valuable medium. THE JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase its business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JON PLANTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862

The news of the past ten days has thrilled the people both with joy and sorrow—joy at the retreat of the rebels from Manassas—sorrow at the naval disaster in Hampton Roads. That great bugbear which has been a source of annoyance to the country for months, has ended in less than smoke. The greatly magnified army of the rebels has fled in despair, leaving nothing behind it and in its track but desolation and ruin. Surely the people of Virginia must breathe freer at the prospect of the speedy removal of every rebel (and also foe) from their State. They cannot but see the disgrace and ruin their vacillating policy at the commencement of the war has brought upon them. If they had then stood true to themselves and to their country, they would now have been a prosperous and honorable commonwealth; but as it is they are neither; they have done themselves an irretrievable, and their country an incalculable, harm. They had it once in their power to stem the current of rebellion but they let the golden opportunity slip, and arrayed themselves with their greatest foes, with no other object in view than the destruction of the fabric which their (?) great and good Washington did so much to rear up.

The scare-crow which has been before the eyes of the nation ever since the memorable 21st of July, 1861,—that the rebels had at Manassas an army of two or three hundred thousand men,—has vanished without the firing of a gun or the lossing of a life on our part. If they had such an army, why should they be so precipitate in leaving their fortified stronghold? Why should they act fire to their provision and leave tents for thirty thousand men on the field? They either did not have men enough to carry away their property, which is the most probable cause, or else they were so thoroughly demoralized that officers and privates had become alike in authority. The movements and successes of our expeditions have seriously interfered with the rebel plans, and probably caused numerous changes to be made. Doubtless many large drafts have been levied upon their Massachusetts army, which, together with the expiration of the term of enlistment of many thousands of men who would not re-enlist, has so decimated that army that it had become unable to hold its position with any hope of success.

Whence the rebels will make another stand, is not, probably, known to our generals; and it matters but little whether they know it or not; the days of the rebellion are over, and Jeff Davis' six years, term of office will not last as many months. His projects together with those of his confederates, are extremely dubious, but he will have ample time for reflection when he comes to inhabit one of Uncle Sam's sea-side hotels.

The news of the evacuation of Manassas, may startle the friends of Secession in Europe—whose despicable occupation is gone—as it has the friends of the Union here, but through the mystery can be discerned the beginning of the speedy downfall of Secession, and the scattering of its minions. The country awaits with anxiety the next move in the drama, and will hail with delight the hour when our grand army of the Potomac shall route the retreating foe.

General McClellan seems to be held in very little esteem, in some circles in Washington. Many of the members of Congress speak in terms of anything but praise of his military career during the war. Their opinions have some foundation.

In giving the list of officers of the Town of Burlington last week, the Field Drivers were omitted. They are as follows: John Winn, Duroy Foster, Thos. D. Bradford, C. G. Foster.

Rev. W. C. Whitecomb's Thanksgiving Sermon, which was delivered in Lynnfield Centre and Stoneham, is for sale in the latter place at E. T. Whittier's. This sermon is deserving of careful and attentive perusal.

Rev. Mr. Eastman, of New York State, will preach in the First Cong. Church tomorrow.

Gov. Andrew has appointed Thursday, April 3d, as the annual Fast Day.

Proceedings of Town Meeting.

Mr. Nathan Wyman has kindly furnished us with the following report of the doings of the Town Meeting last Monday. It would have been better had the Selectmen's Report been published with that of the Auditor's. It should have been placed in the hands of every family in town.

On Art. 1.—Chose W. T. Grammer, Moderator.

On Art. 2.—Chose N. Wyman, Town Clerk.

Voted to elect nine persons to serve the town the ensuing year as Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, and Highway Surveyors.—Chose John Cummings, Jr., Joseph Kelley, Elbridge Trull, Ebenezer N. Blake, Stephen Dow, Walter Wyman, Wm. Totman, E. B. Thompson, Moses A. Tyler.

Voted to choose three Assessors.—Chose Lemuel G. Richardson, M. J. Parsons, E. E. Thompson.

Chose Gwin R. Gage, Treasurer.

Chose Samuel G. Neville, Sexton.

Voted to choose six Constables.—Chose Edward Simonds, L. B. Norris, J. A. Parker, Henry Ramsdell, S. R. Dolliver, T. F. Warland.

Chose Rev. B. F. Bronson, School Committee for 3 years; John A. Gould, for 2 years.

The taxes were let out at auction to Edward Simonds, at 1 per cent., and he was chosen Collector.

Chose John Johnson, Jr., Auditor.

Chose John Cummings, Jr., Joseph Macintire, W. B. Harris, Samuel Butters, Wm. P. Reed, G. H. Conn, Timothy W. Mead, Francis Tyler, Field Drivers.

Chose Joseph Macintire, Alpheus Merriam, George H. Conn, Fence Viewers.

Chose Joseph Kelley, Sherman Converse, H. Ramsdell, O. H. Parker, J. Johnson, Jr., A. J. Parker, E. E. Thompson, S. K. Richardson, Mark Downs, Measures of Lumber and Bark; Montressor S. Seeley, Pound Keeper; Elbridge Trull, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

On Art. 3.—Auditor's report presented and accepted; Selectmen's report read and accepted.

On Art. 4.—Report of the Library Committee read and accepted; chose J. B. Winn, Stephen Nichols, J. P. Converse, E. J. Jenks, J. G. Pollard, Library Committee.

On Art. 5.—The following sums were raised to carry on town government the ensuing year:

Schools,	\$6500.00
Highways, bridges and sidewalks,	1500.00
Papers,	2000.00
Fire Department,	825.00
Cemetery,	100.00
Incidental expenses of the Library,	200.00
Payment of Town Officers,	1200.00
Setting out shade trees,	200.00
Payment of interest on town debts,	1500.00
Outside military relief,	1000.00
For other incidental expenses,	3100.00

On Art. 6.—Voted to reconsider the vote of the town passed at March meeting, 1861, whereby they adopted the 2d section of the 83d chapter of the General Statutes.

On Art. 7.—Voted to catch the picketed and let the birds fly.

On Art. 8.—Voted that there be one or more men employed in the Woburn Cemetery, under the direction of the Cemetery Committee, at an expense not exceeding \$100.

On Art. 9.—(On cancelling policies of insurance,) voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 10.—Voted that the Selectmen be authorized to sell the Mary Richardson land (so called), and that the treasurer be authorized to give deed thereof.

On Art. 11.—(In relation to the enlargement of the Poor Farm buildings,) voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 12.—Voted that the Treasurer be authorized to take money in anticipation of taxes, under direction of the Selectmen.

On Art. 13.—Voted that the bill of Richard Y. Wiswell, for covering books for the Town Library be paid.

On Art. 14.—Voted that the Selectmen be authorized to take charge of the school-houses the ensuing year.

On Art. 15.—Voted that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to confer with the Rev. Samuel Sewell, of Burlington, in relation to the publication of his history of Woburn, and report at some future meeting. The chair appointed Nathan Wyman, Abijah Thompson, Benj. Cutler, Cyrus Thompson, John D. Tidd; voted to sustain the appointment of the chair.

On Art. 16.—Voted that a committee of three be nominated at large to build a house for Engine No. 4.—Chose Henry Ramsdell, Thomas A. Henshaw, John Cummings Jr. Voted that the subject of expense be referred to the committee, with instructions to build a new house at a cost not exceeding six hundred and ten dollars, or remove the engine house at Central Square to East Woburn, as they may deem the best interests of the town require.

On Art. 17.—(In relation to the report of the Committee on By-Laws,) voted to grant the committee further time.

Voted to instruct the Superintending Schol. Committee not to exceed the appropriation for schools.

Dissolved.

REPORT OF THE SELECTMEN.

In presenting the estimate of expenses for the ensuing year, the Selectmen have deemed it proper to base them upon the presumption that the most rigid economy consistent with the best interests of the town, will be practised in the administration of the affairs of the town for the ensuing year.

Upon this presumption we have recommended a reduction of eighteen hundred dollars in the school expenses. In recommending this the board have not forgotten the importance of keeping up the standard of all our schools, neither the fact that this should ordinarily be the last department in which to economise; but in view of the state of the country, the large burden of taxation likely to fall upon the poor, and often expressed opinion that in our Primary and Intermediate schools the children are kept too much of the time within the walls of the school house, they feel themselves warranted in recommending this reduction, knowing at the same time that the whole matter is in the hands of our

School Committee, not doubtless, however, but they will conform to the expressed wishes of the town.

We have also recommended a reduction of one thousand dollars for outside military relief. This department must be sustained, unless you are willing to make paupers of those patriotic men who are now engaged in defending and restoring the laws under which we live. This we are confident you will never do.

It will be seen by reference to the Auditor's Report, that under the head of miscellaneous expenses of last year, the town appropriated ten thousand dollars, of which less than nine thousand have been spent, and but for a charge of six hundred and fifty eight dollars and sixteen cents to pay the city of Worcester for the support of Mrs. Almira Kendall Morse (a charge that was not anticipated last year), that account would have cost the town but eight thousand dollars.

By reference to the published report of the board this year contained in the Auditor's Report, it will be seen that we have made a reduction in this appropriation of twenty-seven hundred dollars. And unless some unforeseen event happens, we feel confident this sum may be made sufficient.

We have recommended an appropriation of two thousand dollars for the support of poor. The expense at the almshouse we can not expect to be much less than last year, as the board feel that all the economy consistent with humanity has been practised by the worthy Master and Matron who have had the care of that department; and although the inmates have been well cared for, yet the expense will compare favorably with any other institution of the kind in our county. As we take into account the cost of transient boarders, the amount paid for a furnace, and the receipts from the almshouse and farm, it will be found not to have cost more than about one dollar per week, without interest on the cost of the farm. And any citizen who has been on the farm, or visited the barn after the crops have been harvested, will be satisfied that the productiveness of the farm has increased more than the value of interest on its cost. Every thing about the almshouse is to be considered as what could be expected, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that the cost of the farm will be considerably less than the amount of the farm.

For the fire department, we have also recommended a reduction of the appropriation in the sum of two hundred dollars. Considering the amount that has been expended in repairs during the last year, the board have felt that the present good condition of the department would be likely to warrant such a reduction.

For the cemetery and burying-grounds, the board have recommended one hundred dollars. Of this department we really know but little, as that is in the hands of a special committee.

For the library, we have recommended the same amount as was appropriated last year.

For town officers, we have recommended an appropriation of fourteen hundred dollars, and this amount will feel quite confident will be more than sufficient for that department.

During the last year the management of the affairs of the town has been somewhat different from heretofore. The number of Selectmen was increased to nine, and all the duties of Overseers of Poor and Highway Surveyors was entrusted to them, and to the committee to which the auditor's report referred, it will be seen that it did personal inquiry into the merits of each applicant for aid, has greatly increased the labors of the Selectmen, so much so that the committee who had that matter in charge have spent much more time for the town than has usually been required to be spent for all the business entrusted to the Selectmen. The same has very much increased the labors of the Treasurer; and to a considerable extent that of overseers of the Poor. Much of this is earnestly hoped, will be required the coming year. We are unanimous of the opinion that although a perfect system has not been obtained, yet that such improvements may be made, after the experience of the past year, as will make it much better than any heretofore adopted. By this method, every department has received closer attention, and has been conducted with more economy; and a much better record of the whole business of the town is kept an improvement which will be of great service to the town in future.

Notwithstanding the fact that the auditor's report to the Selectmen required a reduction of one thousand dollars more than the amount appropriated, the Selectmen have voted to appropriate annually for that purpose, a sum not exceeding twenty-five cents for each of its ratable po'ls in the year next proceeding that in which such appropriation is made.

Although we have recommended the practice of economy, yet we feel, inasmuch as the Selectmen are bound to make a reduction from the amount of the appropriation, we will be compelled to do so, that the town may have more money available for other purposes.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to, and mingle our tears with, the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we forward a copy of these resolutions to the family of our deceased friend, and also to the Woburn papers for publication.

At the meeting of the Board of Selectmen last Thursday evening, John Cummings, Jr., was chosen Chairman, and Nathan Wyman, Clerk.

Devotional Music, No. 2, is crowded out this week; it will appear in our next.

Fine English Carpets from auction are advertised in our paper, by the New England Carpet Co., of Boston.

The following resolutions were passed at the meeting of the Board of Selectmen last Friday evening, John Winn, Nathan Wyman, Clerk, of the Merrimac, has arrived home.

Mr. Henry Wyman of this town, late Master's Mate of the Cumberland, which was sunk at the Merrimac, has arrived home.

Mr. John R. Dennett, of this town, has been elected Poet of the class of 1862, of Harvard College.

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Whereas, God's providence has seen fit to remove from our ranks by death our friend and fellow-soldier, Andrew J. Harris, therefore,

Resolved, That although he fell on the field of battle, where glory may be won, yet his constant cheerfulness in health, making all who knew him friends; his faithful discharge of duty; his devotion to his country, and his uncomplaining resignation during his last sickness, have made his memory dear to each one of us; and although the hand of death has struck his bones from our rolls, it will remain on the tablets of our memories.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to, and mingle our tears with, the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we forward a copy of these resolutions to the family of our deceased friend, and also to the Woburn papers for publication.

CAMP WILSON, HALL'S HILL, VA.,
March 3d, 1862.

The 22d's place of residence is still at Hall's Hill, Va., as usual, yet there

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

G. L. C. Treasurer of Dorchester Turnpike Corporation. This case differs from the others in its facts as to the description annexed to the name. It may be that the signature of the treasurer of a corporation may be thought to be the ordinary mode of executing such contracts on the part of the corporation, and that those words, themselves import a promise of the party whose treasurer he is. We think, the present case differs from it, and is more analogous to the other cases cited. In the case of Seaver v. Coburn, 10 Cush. 324, a party signing a contract as Treasurer of the Eagle Lodge, was held personally liable.

A promissory note of a trustee of an individual, or a corporation, does not import a signature by a party authorized to bind the party whose trustee he is. Such a note we think must be taken to be the personal promise of the signer, and the word "trustee" placed after the signature be held to be a mere descriptive person, intended to indicate the fund to be charged with the note, or the uses to which the money had been applied. Exceptions overruled. Judgement for the plaintiff.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal. If the following letter from our "Army Correspondent" contains any "Contraband" information in the judgement of the Editor of the *Journal*, he is at liberty to suppress it.

CAMP HAMILTON, March 3d, 1862.

Mr. D.—Dear Sir.—My duties for the last few days have left me but little time to write, but I take the first opportunity afforded me to redeem my promise to you. The gale of the past week so severely felt in the Northern cities, reached us in a somewhat milder style. Several of the tents however were blown down, among them the Chapel Tent, but no great damage was done. The Regiments are in a very healthy condition, with few men in the Hospital, (Co. E. has none), and those only comfortably sick. The 16th is in a right state of discipline, thanks to the untiring industry, the careful superintendence, and the military skill of Col. Wyman. The day that witnessed Powell T. Wyman commissioned as Col. in the Mass. Volunteers was a fortunate day for this Regiment. So strongly was this fact impressed upon the minds of the line officers, and so completely had he won their respect and esteem, by his gentlemanly bearing and uniform courtesy, that at a meeting called for the purpose, it was unanimously voted to present to him some fitting token of their appreciation of his services, and of their confidence in his military abilities. A sword, belt and sash were selected as the most appropriate. The presentation took place on Thursday 27th ult. Capt. Richardson of Co. A. delivered the gift, accompanied by a few well-chosen remarks. The Col. responded with a voice broken by emotion and the scene closed with three cheers, by the whole Regiment for their commanding officer.

There is some stir among the troops here and a forward movement is confidently expected. Nim's Battery has arrived from Baltimore, and is camped near us. The Indiana 21st has left here for Newport News, and with the arrival of other Regiments makes their available force, it is reported, about ten thousand men. The Constitution on her passage from this port towards Newport News yesterday, was fired upon by the rebels at Sewall's Point with shot and shell, but the missiles fell short, and she kept on her way unharmed.

Lieut. Wm. A. Smith, of Co. II, belonging to Waltham has resigned his commission on account of continued ill health, and has received an honorable discharge. He was a valuable officer, and his loss is much regretted.

In conclusion allow me to congratulate you and the country upon the success which has attended the Arms of the Union troops during the month of February, and to express my fervent wish for a continuance of the same until the rebellion is crushed, its leaders hung, and the darling institution is deprived forever of the power to disturb our peace and prosperity.

J. O.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—Miss Mary Isabella Hanson a graduate of our High School last year, has been appointed teacher of the Wyman school for the ensuing term.

be attached to the 14th Regiment now stationed at Fort Albany, Va. Several others in town have enlisted in the same Company and expect to leave in a few days. M.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal. I have a few lines only this week to communicate, but it is gratifying to believe that the space will be filled by others much more acceptable to your readers,

I notice one error in the items of Town appropriations, reported last week. That for ordinary charges should have read six thousand instead of eight thousand dollars.

Robert H. Weston, who has long been held a prisoner at Richmond, made his appearance in town Wednesday, to the great joy of his friends. He was dead but alive.

The High School examination occurred on Friday of last week and gave the highest satisfaction to those who were so fortunate as to get within hearing. So popular has this school become since it has been under the instruction of Mr. L. Phillips, that many of its friends were obliged to forego the pleasure of witnessing the exercises on this occasion, as the capacity of the room was quite too small to accommodate them, and were obliged very reluctantly to retrace their steps. It is very gratifying to know that we now have a High School that commands the very general respect of the people, and that the uncomplimentary remarks so often heard in times past, are no longer heard. Its present high standing is justly attributable to a very great extent to the untiring energy and devotion of its present popular teacher.

The exhibition of the "Liberal Ladies' Benevolent Association" will, circumstances permitting, claim my attention next week.

LENO.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal. SCHOOL.—Miss Mary Isabella Hanson a graduate of our High School last year, has been appointed teacher of the Wyman school for the ensuing term.

A. D. Weld has resigned his place upon the board of School Committee in consequence of his absence from town in the service of his country. The vacancy will have to be filled at the annual town meeting, and will be for one year. The term of service of two others on the board will expire with the present financial year.

SENTENCE.—B. F. Lindsey who was recently convicted at the Superior Court of an assault on Joseph Shattuck with a dangerous weapon, has been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment in the House of Correction, at the old stand.

S. S. PETTINGELL, H. L. FOLLIANSBEE, Woburn, March 11th, 1862.

The subscriber gives notice to his friends that he will continue the Gentry and Provision business at the store formerly occupied by the firm of P. & F. Thankful for his respectively solicite company of patrons, going to the stores of the various firms for cash, giving them a good article very low for CASH.

NOTICE. THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the firm of Pettingell & Folliansbee, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the firm will be adjusted by S. S. Pettingell, who will continue the business at the old stand.

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CARPETS AT LOW PRICES. THE current of trade is always turned to that House which sells at the lowest price.

For the last 20 years the sale of English Carpets in New York on the 20th of every month, we are now receiving

English Tapestries, Velvets and Brussels, also American Carpet, Tapestry, Drapery, &c. Imported by Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

Also, an invoice of the new production of Higgin's celebrated American manufacture of Tapestries, &c.

Also, 100 rolls State Mills Tapetries for the unprecedented low price of 62 dollars per yard.

Also, all sorts of English Carpets, &c. Assorted widths, less than importers' prices.

Also, an invoice of Canton Matting, asserted widths, at low and prime prices.

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Also, all sorts of English Carpets, &c. Assorted widths, less than importers' prices.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

FRENCH'S CONICAL WASHING MACHINES.

VESPERS AND MATINS.
Now, fold away thy raiment,
My little maiden fair,
And parting from thy forehead,
The ends of yeas hair,
Thine locks are very closely
Round the peony cheek and chin;
Old prints, of German masters,
I have seen such pictures in.

Now, clasp thy hands together,
My little maiden mild,
And ask the great All-Father
To bless His little child
And, on thy home, a blessing,
Now all the world to thee;
And this thy world's cathedral
Beside thy mother's knee.

Now, turn the soft sheet over,
Lay thy white limbs to rest,
While I fold the fringed cover,
Up lightly thy breast.
No silken curtains round thee
Shut off the falling night;
The starlight, through the elm trees,
Nor morning's blushing light!

There is a robin cometh
At breaking of the day,
And sings his morning anthem,
Swinging that leafy spray;
So, hushed by love at ev'ning,
And waked at morn by praise,
A golden ring encloseth
The circle of thy days.

CATCHING FISH FOR OTHER FOLKS. — In earlier days, writes a Western correspondent, the region lying about Patoka was much neglected by preachers, until the Methodists sent a very eccentric old man there, by the name of Conklin, who was soon known as Uncle Jerry. He labored among the Hoosiers with great success. This stirred up the Baptists, who sent a man to help him. He helped him, however, in a way that Uncle Jerry disliked severely; for the Rev. Mr. Waterman—that was the Baptist preacher's name—addressed himself mainly to the young converts that Uncle Jerry had made, and instructed them in their duty to follow their master down the banks of Jordan. Uncle Jerry took up the subject one Sunday morning, when he saw Mr. Waterman among his hearers, and thus delivered himself: "Why don't you go out into deep water and catch your own fish; don't stay here and wait till I bring the fish into shallow water and steal them from my net. It ain't fair and honest, my brethren, the way my Baptist brother has treated me. He makes me feel like a hen a settin' on ducks' eggs, for just as soon as I get a pood out, he runs 'em right straight into the water."

SOAKING OF SEEDS. — One of the best methods of preparation of seeds for an early start is to soak them in diluted liquid manure. Hen dung is much recommended for this purpose. Sometimes soaked seeds do not come forward, or rot in the ground; but frequently it is the case that the seeds are not attended to, but are allowed to heat, or sometimes to dry, before they are sown. Another point is to have, for small seeds, the soil in a warm friable condition; if the seeds are soaked and the surface of the soil is warm, and the soil itself is pressed down close to the seed, by rolling, or the hoe, when the sowing is done, it will make a material difference in the time which they will take to sprout; and besides this, the manure with which the outer coat is saturated, protects them from the attacks of worms and insects. —*Michigan Farmer.*

A newly-imported old Welshman out in Wisconsin, was persuaded to go to church one Sunday. As soon as the minister, who had a long beard, began his first prayer, the old man was seen to weep. He also shed tears during his second prayer; and at the benediction, the old fellow also blubbered out. On leaving church, one of the deacons said to him: "Friend Griffith, you seemed to be much affected with the minister's prayer to-day!" "Well, no, I think you're mistaken; I no understand what he says much."

"Why, then, did you shed tears?" "Oh, dear sir, it's because when he puts up his face to pray, he make me think of one beautiful goat I used to have in old greeves; and as poor creature died and was worth guineas. Oh, I can't help cryin', ven I think of her!"

A young lady residing in a country town, not many miles from this city, has knit one hundred pairs of mittens for the soldiers, furnishing the yarn herself. Can any young lady show a more patriotic record than this. —*Portland Transcript.*

"I would have no one criticize a sermon," said Samuel Drew, "till he had attempted to preach one. After you have attempted to address a congregation, you will better understand a preacher's sensations and difficulties. And remember this in all your criticisms: the hand that cannot build a shovel may demolish a palace."

The only member of the Wisconsin Legislature, who is a native of the State, is Fred. S. Ellis who was born at Green Bay, thirty-two years ago. He is the oldest inhabitant, in fact, of Wisconsin, having been the first white child born there.

EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY. — Asking a young lady to marry you, Natural philosophy. Locking indifferent, and saying you were only in fun when she refuses you.

It is better, in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject in dispute with some merry conceit, than to keep up the contention to the discomfiture of the company.

Surely that man may be envied who can eat pork chops for supper and sleep without a grunt.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

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Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : No. 25.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Picket Duty.

Alone at his post in the silence of midnight,
The patriot soldier treads firmly and slow;
Behind him the camp-fires flash red through
the darkness,
And noble Potomac rolls darkly below.

His thoughts for the moment distractedly
wander,
His loved cottage home rushes clear on his
sight;

His wife, mother, sister and child, do they
miss him,

And think of the absent one kindly to night?

Ah! 'tis not unmanly to weep for the loved
one;
Weep soldier, thy tears are the essence of
love!

'Tis only a moment, he starts, grasps his
weapon,
And cautiously peers through the thicket,
above.

Quick soldier, defend thyself, danger is near
thee;

The cowardly rebel moves stealthily on;
The crack of a musket, a low wail of anguish,
God save thee, poor piker, thy duty is done!

One less on the list of our country's defenders,
One life-light extinguished, one heart stilled
for aye,
God grant that the darkness that hangs o'er
our country
May speedily burst into glorious day.

SO. READING, March 15, 1862. E. T.

Select Literature.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Such a dreadful ghost!—oh, such a
dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me,
was at first as much frightened as I was, but
gradually she succeeded in quieting both me
and herself, which indeed she has a wonder-
ful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of
my terrified exclamations, we discussed the
whole matter—in which we differed consider-
ably; and on this subject we invariably
and affectionately do. She is a perfectly
matter-of-fact, unimaginative, and unsuper-
stitious individual: quite satisfied that in the
invisible, as in the visible world, two and
two must make four, and cannot by any pos-
sibility make five. Only being, with all her
gentleness, a little pig-headed, she does not
see the one flaw in her otherwise very sensi-
ble argument, namely, the taking for granted
that we finite creatures, who are so liable to
error even in material things, can in things
immaterial decide absolutely upon what is
two and what is four.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the Devil
tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of
knowledge, he was laughing, as maybe he
often laughs now, to think that a self-con-
ceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose
that he can know everything.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who
is the humblest and sweetest of women—she
repplies, in perhaps the safest way a woman
can reply to an argument, with a smile; as
she did, when, having talked over and viewed
on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised
me to make it public, for the good of the
community; in which we agreed, though
differing. She considered it would prove
how very silly it is to believe in ghosts at
all. I considered—but my story will explain
that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a
strange house, with which, and with the family,
we were only acquainted by heresy. It
was, in fact, a one of those "invitations on
business"—such as literary persons like myself
continually get; and which give little
pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what
motives they spring; and that if we could
pack up our reputation in a portmanteau,
and our head in a hat-box, it would answer
exactly the same purpose, and be equally
satisfactory to the inviting parties. How-
ever, the present case was an exception;
since though we had never seen our enter-
tainers, we had heard that they were, not a
show-loving, literary-ion-hunting household,
but really a family; affectionately united
among themselves, and devoted to the mem-
ory of the lately-lost head. He was a physi-
cian, widely esteemed, and also a man of
letters, whose death had created a great blank,
both in his own circle and the literary world
at large. Now, after a three year's interval,
his widow and three daughters were begin-
ning to reappear in society; and the British
Association meeting, held at the large town
which I need not particularize, had opened
the doors of their long-hospitable house to
my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to ap-
pear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to
do, at the tail-end of the day; when candle-
light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery
over all things, and the few brief hours of
awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed
by the nocturnal separation—when each par-
ty has time to think over and talk over the
other—meeting next morning with the kindly
feeling of those who have passed a night
under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab,
the dull day was already closing into twi-
light, and the fire only half-illuminated the
room into which we were shown. It was an
old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—
half study, half sitting-room; one end being
fitted up as a library, while at the other—
pleasant thoughtfulness, which already
warmed our hearts toward our unseen hosts!
—was spread out that best of all meals for a
weary traveller, a tea dinner. So hungry
were we, that this welcome, well-supplied,
elegant board was the only thing we noticed
about the room;—Except one other thing,
which hung close above the tea-table, on the
panelled wall.

It was a large, full-length portrait, very
well painted; the sort of portrait at which
one says at once, "What a goodness
—the soul of the man as well as his body;
and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at
you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt
what a beautiful soul this must have been:
one that even at sixty years of age—for the
portrait seemed thus old—would have shed
a brightness over any home, and over any
society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor,"
said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met
upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the
fire-light with a most life-like aspect, the
gentle, benevolent eyes seeming to follow
about one another, as the eyes of most well-
painted, full-face portraits do. "You never
saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of man
we must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so
strong, that when the widow came in, we
abstained from asking the question, lest we
strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely
healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman :
pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise.
She merely performed the duties of the tea-
table, whilst the conversation was carried on
with spirit and intelligence by her three
daughters, evidently highly accomplished
women. They were no longer young, or parti-
cularly handsome; but they appear to have
inherited the inexpressible charm of manner
which I had heard, characterised their lost
father: and they had, my wife whispered me,
a still greater attraction in her eyes—(she
had, dear soul, two little daughters of her
own growing up)—which was the exceeding
deference they paid to their mother, who was
not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman
for her cleverness, admired the mother most.

The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft,
sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to
have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy
quietness, was to me the best evidence of
what an excellent man he must have been:

How deeply beloved, how eternally mourned.

She never spoke of her husband, nor the
daughters of their father. This silence—
which some families consider it almost a re-
ligious duty to preserve regarding their dead,
we, of course, as complete strangers, had no
business to break; and, therefore, it happened
that we were still in the dark as to the original
of that remarkable portrait—which,
minute by minute, took a stronger hold on
my imagination. I never looked at her, but
she was watching either our hostess, or that
likeness, which she supposed to be the fea-
tures which to the poor widow had been so
deservingly dear.

A most strange picture. It seemed, in its
wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit,
almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above
our cheerful and conversation table. Many
times during the evening I started, as if with
the sense of a seventh person being in the
room—in a very social circle—hearing
everything, but saying nothing. Nor was I
alone in this feeling, for I noticed that my
wife, who happened to sit directly opposite
to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and
finally moved her position to one where she
could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-
present painted eyes.

Now, I asked nobody to believe what I am
going to relate: I must distinctly state that I
do not believe it myself; but I tell it because
it involves an idea and moral, which the
reader can apply if he chooses. All I can
say is, that so far as it purports to go—and
when you come to the end you will find that
out—it is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly
before the portrait, till she changed places
with me, and went a little way down the
oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one
of us had a front, and the other a slightly
fore-shortened view. Between us and it was
the table, in the centre of which stood a lamp—
one of those reading lamps which throw a
bright circle of light below them, and leave
the upper half of the room in comparative
shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire,
which caused a peculiarity in the eyes
of the portrait. They seemed actually
alive—moving from right to left in their
orbits, opening and closing their lids, turning
from one to the other of the family circle with
a variable expression, as if conscious of all
that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but
went on in their talk with us; choosing the
common topics with which unfamiliar per-
sons try to plumb one another's minds and
characters; yet never once reverting to this
peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw,
had also observed, and interchanged with me
more than one uneasy glance in the pauses
of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly
ten o'clock, when looking up at the pic-

ture, from which for the last half-hour I had
steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a
still more marvelous fact concerning it.

Formerly, the eye alone had appeared
alive; now the whole face was rounded. It
grew up, out of the flat canvas, as if in bas-
relief, or like one of those terribly painful
casts after death—except that there was nothing
painful or revolting here. As I have said,
the face was a beautiful face—a noble face,
such an one's, under any circumstances,
you would have been attracted by. And it
had the coloring and form of life—no cor-
like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray
hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock,
out of the level surface—and the figure, sloth-
y and Sir B. C.—had had a quarrel, and
everybody said it would never have happened
had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and
so on. To all of which the figure listened
with its immovable silence; its settled,
changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We
sat apart, spell bound, fascinated, neither at-
tempting to interfere, nor question, nor re-
buke. The whole proceeding was so entirely
beyond the pale of rational cause and effect,
that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly
abnormal condition, in which we were unable
to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the
circumstances which surrounded us.

We know nothing—absolutely nothing—
except the very little that Revelation hints at,
rather than directly teaches, of the world
beyond the grave. But any one of us who
has ever seen a fellow-creature die, has
watched the exact instant when the awful
change takes place which converts the body
with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must
feel certain—convinced by an intuition which
is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life
beyond, to which that soul-parts, by any-
thing, or worth anything, it must be a very
different life from this; with nobler aspira-
tions, higher duties, purer affections. The
common phrase breathed over so many a
peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him
back again if I could," has a significance, in-
structive as true; truer than all misty, philo-
sophical speculations, tenderer than all the
vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts
and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I
had doubted this, my doubts would have been
removed by the sight which I here depict
of this good, amiable, deeply beloved hus-
band and father—returning in visible form to
his own fireside; no ghastly spectre, but an
apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet
communicating a sense of revolting incon-
gruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, de-
grading contrast between mortal and immortal,
spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the
flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

And yet the family took no notice; but
appeared as if, whether or not they were con-
scious of the remarkable thing that was hap-
pening, it did not disturb them in the least;
was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out
of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a
book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves
at the further end of the room, my poor little
wife caught my hand in speechless awe—
awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the
hitherto empty chair by the fire-side.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in
the self-same attitude as the portrait; identi-
cal with it in shape, countenance, and dress—
was a figure. That it was a human figure
I dare not say, and yet it looked like one.

There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like
about it; though it was motionless, passion-
less; endowed as it were with that divine
calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Protes-
tants:

Elusive beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, patheti-
cally human—in the folding of the hands on
the knees, as a man does when he comes and
sits down by his own fireside, with his fam-
ily round him; and in the eyes that followed,
one after the other, each of this family, who
now quietly put away their several occupa-
tions, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—or
the slightest. The presence at the earth was
evidently quite familiar—awaking no shud-
der of repulsion, no outburst of renewed
grief. The eldest daughter said—in a tone as
natural as if she were merely apologising to
us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some
domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of
family prayer, for instance—

"Elusive beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, patheti-
cally human—in the folding of the hands on
the knees, as a man does when he comes and
sits down by his own fireside, with his fam-
ily round him; and in the eyes that followed,
one after the other, each of this family, who
now quietly put away their several occupa-
tions, and rose.

And now my wife, whose dear little face
was, I saw, growing white and convulsed
minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer." Make
some excuse to them—we will not hurt their
feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened,
or disgusted, or the like; but we must
go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen
in more than one of the pseud-spiritualists
of the present day—people who twenty years
ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but
now are only set down as "rather peculiar,"
rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which
had warmed and calmed my restless heart
and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the
"communications," or whatever the family
called them, to suggest that my wife and I
were very weary, and anxious to retire to
rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest
daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. —"
naming our names, "have had a long rail-
way journey, and wish to bid us all good-
night."

It was then: summoned back, how or
why, or in what form, corporeal or incor-
poreal, I knew not, and could give no explana-
tion. They evidently thought none was needed;

the attempt at restoring the sweet
familiar relations of the living with the living,
between the living and the dead. How many
days or months it had lasted, or what result
was expected from it, we never inquired; nor
did we attempt to join in it; merely looked on
as if it were a mere formality.

"Will papa ever speak?" entreated one of
the daughters; but there was no reply. The
Figure sat passive in its chair—unable or
unwilling to break the silent barrier which
divides the two worlds, maintaining still that
benign and tender smile, but keeping its
mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face
was, I saw, growing white and convulsed
minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make
some excuse to them—we will not hurt their
feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened,
or disgusted, or the like; but we must
go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen
in more than one of the pseud-spiritualists
of the present day—people who twenty years
ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but
now are only set down as "rather peculiar,"
rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which
had warmed and calmed my restless heart
and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the
"communications," or whatever the family
called them, to suggest that my wife and I
were very weary, and anxious to retire to
rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest
daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. —"
naming our names, "have had a long rail-
way journey, and wish to bid us all good-
night."

The appearance bent on us—my wife and
me—it most benevolent, gentle aspect, appar-
ently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly
rose as if to bid good-night—like any other
courteous host.

Now, in his life-time, no one had had a
warmer, more devoted admiration for this
learned and lovable man than I. More than
once I had traveled many miles for the mere
chance of seeing him, and when he died, my
regret at never having known him personally,
never having even beheld his face, was mingled
with the grief which I, in common with all his
compatriots, felt at losing him so sud-
denly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors
apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image
or phantom, or whatever it was, of the man
whom living I had so honored—I felt no de-
light; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze
seemed to shoot through me with a chill of
fear.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a
grave and melancholy undertone of complaint running
through it. She told him how dull she had
been all day; how in the preparations for
these strangers (meaning my wife and me)—
how we shivered as the eyes of the figure
moved and rested on us! she had found various
old letters of hers, which vividly revived
their happy wedlock days; how yesterday
one of his former patients died, and to-day a
professorship, which he meant to have tried
for, had been given to a gentleman, a favor-
ite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A—

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued must give notice thereof in the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Each additional insertion,	.75
Each subsequent insertion,	.50
One square one year,	10.00
One square two months,	4.00
One square three months,	6.00
Half a square one year,	4.00
Half a square two months,	2.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square, and larger additions may be agreed upon.	

Special Notices, *labeled*, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted *UNLISTED ORDERED OUT*, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.

Winchester—T. Whittemore.

Reading—Thomas Richardson.

S. M. Pettegill & Co., Boston and New York; S. M. Pettegill (successor to V. R. Palmer), Building, Cornhill Street, Boston, are duly employed to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To Advertising.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Job PRINTING done at short no-
tice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the
opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR 22, 1862

SEVERAL NAPOLEONS.

Whatever else our American public men may have to complain about, there is at least one thing in regard to which the most captious ought not in reason to find fault. We allude to the ease with which a reputation is made. To be sure the great principle of rotation is applied, and we have a new hero every little while, but that fact does not militate against our assertion. It rather tends to confirm the statement. The pleasures of fame are enjoyed by all the more people, if no one man is allowed to monopolize the joint stock of glory for too long a time. Within ten years what hosts of eminent men have filed up the shining steep, and after a little space have evanesced their eminence and decamped into obscurity with silent celerity. Their name is legion. First Kossoff came and went, and after him how many came and went sooner than the Hungarian, and who perhaps had never so good a right to be here as that profound Statesman, that illustrious Patriot, that able General, that eloquent Orator, and, if we may say so, in these halcyon days of army contractors, that singularly able financier. But days of peace are not so well adapted to the growth of greatness as are the cloudy times of war. Heroism—most of its varieties—a blood-red flower and burst into blossom under an incarnate dew. So all our illustrious names of the last decade have grown dim, and faded quite away in the lurid light of battle. To go where glory waits, they must be in regiments and go at the rate of ninety steps in a minute. It is the generals of our armies whom the newspapers, the dispensers of reputation, delight to honor. It is they who hold a lease of that desirable tenement, the House of Fame, which is always to be let, easy of access, gardens stocked with laurels, the whole house well supplied with gas.

Have we one general who is not a Napoleon in the field, or at any rate in his proclamations? The true Napoleon ring is easily discoverable in every one above the rank of Brigadier General. The N. Y. Times finds it in the orders and addresses of McClellan, who is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal in the ears of the Tribune, while the least utterance of Edwin M. Stanton conveys to the editor-in-chief's quickened ear the sonorous notes of the Corsican trumpet. Much of this sort of talk, disgusting to persons of sense, is of course to be attributed to the warmth of partisan feeling which has led to all the alternate puffing and detraction—pulling down of one, and putting up of another. While this doubtless causes a part, a part is due to the false taste of those who furnish to the people their daily newspaper bread. Superlatives adjectives are exhausted, and every one is praised so much that an expression of reasonable respect becomes callous, and a man must be "honored overmuch" or he is not honored at all. So far as events furnish us the means of judging, we have no Napoleon in the field, either on the one side or the other. Whether we have a ready writer of Napoleon's proclamations, may perhaps be a matter of less moment. It may be well for us to remember, however, that the strong points of the Emperor's style were not altogether exclamation points, and that his addresses were effective because the armes of France had found that, well as he preached, his practice was infinitely better.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL PARISH MEETING.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Parish in Woburn, was held on Monday last in the vestry of the church. John R. Kimball was chosen Moderator. The following officers were chosen, all of whom served in the same capacity the past year:—Clerk, L. L. Whitney; Parish Committee, Sylvanus Wood, G. W. Reed, E. J. Jenks, E. Simonds, B. Buckman, E. N. Bliske, J. E. Littlefield; Treasurer, N. M. Johnson; Auditor, J. D. Tidd. The receipts the past year have been somewhat diminished on account of the times, yet the auditor's report shows them to be out of debt, and a balance beyond their expenditures in the treasury.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual business meeting of the proprietors of the Baptist Meeting-house, of this town, was held on Monday evening, 17th inst. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Clerk, Benj. Millet; Committee, Sylvanus Wood, G. W. Reed, E. J. Jenks, E. Simonds, B. Buckman, E. N. Bliske, J. E. Littlefield; Treasurer, N. M. Johnson; Auditor, J. D. Tidd. The receipts the past year have been somewhat diminished on account of the times, yet the auditor's report shows them to be out of debt, and a balance beyond their expenditures in the treasury.

RESIGNATION.—Rev. Mr. Bronson sent in his resignation as Pastor of the First Baptist Society. Last evening the Church held a meeting to consider the subject, but adjourned without taking any action. The matter will come before a joint meeting of the Church and Society next week.

HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.—The past and present members of our High School, hold a Reunion at their School-house next Thursday evening. The past members are cordially invited to be present.

REV. MR. CLARK OF LOWELL.—Lowell, will preach in the First Congregational church to-morrow.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE'S ANNUAL REPORT.—The whole number of volumes belonging to the Library is 3046; of this number 300 were added the past year.

The Library has received valuable Town and State documents through Mr. Nathan Wyman. Also donations of books from the same gentleman, and from other citizens of the town. For the encouraging of donations of books, your Committee would recommend the keeping of a record of all donations to the Library, with the names of the donors, that the same may be reported to the town.

The following is a report of the Books taken from the Library during the term of the present Librarian, dating from July 27, '61:

Whole number of books borrowed, 5489 Average number per month, 1212 " week, 303 " day, 101

Whole number of persons who have secured the right to use the Library, in addition to the previous list, is 114

Amount of fines collected during the term of present Librarian, \$4.69 Amount outstanding, 3.80

The fines assessed for the neglect of returning books in the proper time, is by many cheerfully paid, but many prefer to relinquish their right to take books rather than to pay their fines. Your Committee deem it both right and expedient for the prosperity of the Library, to be particular in enforcing the rules and by-laws of the same.

OSIAN E. DODGE.—This comical son of Momus, is again on his travels through Yankee land delighting large crowds of his old friends by his quaint, chaste and refined humor and pure harmony. Ossian will give one of his unique and sparkling musical and literary entertainments at the Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on Wednesday evening, March 26th, on which occasion he will be assisted by the eminent balladist, William Hayward who is pronounced by the press and public, to be the best ballad singer in America. The character of the entertainments given by Mr. Dodge, have always been celebrated for their purity, refinement and deep moral and religious tone, and although a bounding in humor it is that chaste character that never offends good sense, good taste or good breeding. There will be a crowded house and those who would not be disappointed in gaining admission should go early. On Thursday evening, March 27th, Ossian will visit our Stonham friends with a taste of his genial humor, and on Friday evening he makes the buttons fly in Wincetter.

CLOTHES WRINGERS.—The market just now appears to be swarming with many different kinds of Clothes Wringers, some of which are valuable for durability and for doing their work well, while others do not possess either quality. Among the former class is the METROPOLITAN CLOTHES WRINGER. This Wringer we have seen used, with the greatest satisfaction and delight. It wrings so dry that we do not believe the act of washing it will ever be required.

When our large congregations join in the hymn of praise, sometimes every one appears to be afraid that their surrounding fellow-worshippers will hear them, if we are to judge by the manner in which they sing.

Some are so very much frightened that they do not even move their lips, lest others will think they participate, thereby making the act of singing a sort of ventriloquism!

When we, as a congregation, sing, let us do so earnestly with our whole hearts and voices, so that the separate voices of the choir (if there be one) shall not be heard above ours.

No effect can be more grand, than that produced by each individual of a large worshipping assembly singing with the spirit and understanding, making melody in the heart unto the Lord.—the voices carried along by the rich harmony of the organ, with its deep thunder-toned bass ringing underneath, and supporting the vast volume of sound!

Those who sing in the service of the Lord as a choir, should do so voluntarily, and not from a desire for pecuniary profit. Nearly every congregation, especially large ones, can furnish singers enough for a choir, and those who possess good voices ought to be willing to assist in the worship of God.

No choir should be fettered by any organization among themselves, and so forming a constitution and by-laws, (however grand the name may sound to them,) by that creating a party among some of the members who will most always strive to control the musical affairs of the church.

Nothing can be more devotional in its simplicity than a chant; as it admits of no display. It requires considerable practice for a choir to chant well, for every word must be clearly given by them all together.

The Carpet trade in our city is turned topsy-turvy by large invoices having been brought over from New York by the New England Carpet Company, from the great auction sale of Hadden & Co., of the 26th ult. They are cutting these carpets up to their retail trade at an unprecedented and astonishing rate.—Boston Post.

The firm referred to above have an advertisement in our issue of to-day, to which we will direct the attention of purchasers of carpeting.

RESIGNATION OF A TEACHER.—Mr. Wm. A. Stone, Principal of our High School, has resigned his situation as such.

HON. HORACE P. WAKEFIELD has our thanks for public documents furnished us.

SOUTH READING.

CAMP FOSTER, ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C. Co. K, 23d REGT., M. V. M., February 25th, 1862.

DR. MANSFIELD—Dear Sir:—Having a few spare moments I will improve them in writing to you. My time being limited, I will give you only a brief account of the engagement and occupation of this place by the Federal troops. The Mass. 23d Regt., M. V. M., of which I am a member, were landed Friday evening, Feb. 7th. Other regiments continued to be landed during the night, and at day-light we had as far as I can learn, about ten thousand men on the Island. It rained quite hard all night, and being out doors with nothing but our rubber blankets, as a natural consequence got but very little or no sleep. It was a long, uncomfortable night, but day-light at last appeared.

The scene of this morning (Saturday, Feb. 8th), needs a better pen than mine to describe.

To see ten thousand men couched around a hundred camp fires, wet to the skin, cold,

and hungry—eight hundred miles from home, and its pleasant associations, expecting every moment to meet the enemy, and yet none showing any signs of fear, or expressing any word of dissatisfaction, is a scene I think seldom witnessed. About half past seven, the order was given to "fall in," and in about fifteen minutes the line was formed, and we moving on to meet the enemy, the Mass. 23d taking the lead—the 23d being the second battalion of the Brigade, came next in line.

At a quarter past eight, the advance guard of the 25th commenced driving in the rebel pickets. At half past eight they engaged several companies of rebels, which were thrown out as skirmishers about twenty-five rods in front of their masked battery. About this time the order was passed down the line for the 23d to hurry along, we having fallen a little in the rear while fording a stream of quicksand, and in a few moments were close behind the 25th. Here we halted and witnessed the worst part of the battle, for the musicians were bringing out the dead and wounded of the 25th, and laying them down in our sight—such scenes as I here witnessed I have never beheld before again.

We were soon ordered into the swamp to support the 25th, not being allowed however to fire, on account of there being many of the 25th in the thicket who would be endangered by our shots; yet notwithstanding the order, when our men saw a loaded hat, somehow or other their guns would go off. Here again our position was changed, we being ordered to flank the enemy. To do this we were obliged to pass through one of the worst swamps that I ever saw; the water was at the least knee deep, and much of the way up to our loins—bushes and briars so thick that one could scarcely see a rod before him. It was so bad that many of the rebels told me that they never thought it possible for any human being to get through it, yet we went love to hear now and then.

The effect of good music lifts our souls above earthly things, and leads us to think of the future, of heaven, and of freedom from sin.

VERITAS.

"The work goes bravely on," and Uncle Sam's grasp upon Rebeldom is growing greater and stronger day by day. With such men as Sigel, Burnside, Foote, and many others of like stamp, who know their duty and do it regardless of all odds, we will soon have the rebels so securely hemmed in that they will neither be able to do us any harm nor themselves. When that avalanche—the Union Army of the Potomac—begins to move for decisive action, it will bury every traitorous object so deeply, that time will never be able to bring about a resurrection. The real tug of war in this struggle has not yet taken place. It will come in the clashing of thousands on thousands of patriot and rebel bayonets, and in the whistling of myriads of death-balls, when the hosts now confronting each other in Virginia meet to decide which party is to be the conqueror in this unnatural and foolish strife. He that can see and will see, must know on whose banner will perish the victory. It is plainly discernible to the naked eye. The events of the next thirty days will put a new phase upon things and reveal to us in plainly discernible characters the beginning of the glorious end.

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"The work goes bravely on," and Uncle Sam's grasp upon Rebeldom is growing greater

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Liberal Ladies' Benevolent Association had a fine time last week, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The weather being pleasant and the walking good, a crowded hall witnessed their exhibition with evident satisfaction. It was far ahead of similar exhibitions by this association and evinced much thoroughness and good taste. The Declarations and Dialogues on Wednesday evening were excellent, all of them, and the thoroughness of preparation throughout left little or nothing for the prompter to do but to enjoy it as others did. Many of the pieces were well adapted to the times, and this feature shows the good judgment of the managers. To give a minute description of the whole would occupy too much space, to say nothing of trespassing upon an indulgent Editor, or the Printer's devil, Out on "Picket," by Harley Prentiss, was exceedingly well done, and the audience showed their appreciation of the manner in which it was acted out to the life. During the evening a little son of Isaiah Massey Esq., less than three years old, insisted on being put upon the stage and was accordingly gratified, and the little hero with head erect and voice loud, stirred up an admiring audience to lofty thoughts and noble deeds. The little fellow by his self-possession and wit occasioned a good deal of merriment. The "Union of States" was intensely interesting, and closely observed by all present. It is scarcely necessary to say that all the young ladies who participated in this piece were attired in red, white and blue, and thirteen of them first appeared on the stage representing the thirteen original States. Then came one by one asking admission to the Union, in the order in which they came into the Union, until Kansas presented her claim, when a discussion at once arose and poor Kansas was obliged to retire, humiliated at her rejection, with the admonition to properly prepare herself for admission. After all the States had been admitted a desultory discussion arose, having a bearing, as the Southern representatives supposed, on the "domestic institution" of their section of the country when South Carolina (personated by Mrs. Howe) at once struck out and split her venom at the Free States right smartly, and by her bold and defiant stand drew several of the other States after her. Kansas now again asks for admission and is admitted. Then a solemn invocation is made, at the conclusion of which the rebellious sister States return one by one with deep humiliation until the last one returns which is South Carolina, and she cautiously approaches with much chagrin at the course she had pursued; and after a most faithful admonition by the loyal States they are again constituted members of the confederation, when they all united in singing the "Star Spangled Banner." This was most admirably performed and elicited hearty applause. I have only time to say that the exhibition of Tableaux on Thursday evening was very judiciously conceived and happily carried out. It was the best by far of any ever exhibited here. This being over, supper was attended to in good earnest and ample justice done to the many good things placed so temptingly before them. I noticed "Uncle" was by no means asleep, and appeared (apart from his usual belligerent movements) to enjoy himself greatly. The amount of receipts for both evenings was one hundred and thirty-five dollars. "Uncle" will please accept my thanks for favors received. Trusting that kind friends will extend to me some degree of leniency in consideration of the above imperfect sketch, I will close and place myself in a horizontal position at once.

Ossian E. Dodge will make his appearance once more among us next Tuesday evening at Lyceum Hall. He says his admission fee will be "for each person over eighteen months of age, but 15 cents." LENO.

SOLDIERS TO THE RESCUE!—Young men rushing into the exposures and dangers of a Soldier's life should prepare themselves for the fatal Fevers, the Dysentery, the Sores and Scurvy, which are almost certain to follow. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, used occasionally during the campaign, will insure sound health to every man. Only 25 cents per box.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

At WARREN ACADEMY, classes in French and Drawing have been formed. The department in French is under the immediate charge of Mr. A. SONNIE. The classes in Drawing will be under the direction of Mr. H. G. FETTEE of Boston. Any one wishing to join either of these Classes can do so by applying to D. W. SANBORN, Principal.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

No bills against the Town of Woburn of goods sold or delivered will be paid by the Selectmen unless such bills are produced showing that said bills were contracted by one of our Board, with the exception of those contracted by such other boards or departments as are authorized to contract in the name of the Town; but the bills in these exceptional cases must be APPROVED by the Boards or Departments by which contracted in order to be allowed by us.

By order of the Board of Selectmen of Woburn,
JOHN CUMMINGS, JR., CHAIRMAN,
March 16th, 1862.

It is a common observation made by persons who have a case of Homoeopathic medicine in their family, that the bills are not the tenth part of what they cost before they are taken. The use of a simple medicated sugar pill, disease is at once arrested and that so quietly that it is only by comparison of time and circumstances before and after the use of the homoeopathic system, that a full knowledge of its value is arrived at. Every family should therefore be provided with the complete Homoeopathic Medicine Cabinet.

PHILIP LEE, 135 William St., New York, who will furnish a manual free. See that each box has his name.

For sale at the Woburn Bookstore, M. S. Burr & Co., Boston, wholesale Agents, or sent anywhere on receipt of price, 25 cts. per box.

1862 1 1962 1

BILL HEADS! BILL HEADS! BUSINESS MEN can be supplied with BILL HEADS, in any quantity, at the JOURNAL OFFICE, at short notice, in good style, and at prices as low as in the city, or elsewhere.

Died.

REEVES—In Woburn, 17th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Reeves, formerly of Lynn, widow of Capt. Nathaniel Reeves.

WEBSTER—In Woburn, 17th inst., Frederick Webster, son of Oliver F. and Hannah H. Webster, aged 3 years, and of Mrs. Webster.

TAYLOR—In Somerville, James B. Taylor, aged 19 yrs. 7 mos.

CHARLES H. WALTON—In South Reading, 14th inst., Mr. Charles H. Walton, son of Mr. Oliver Walton, aged 34 years.

BROWN—In South Reading, 16th inst., Estilia, daughter of Mr. Edward Brown, aged 10 years.

DODGE'S SOCIAL CONCERT!

The friends of Music, Harmony and Poetry, Patriotic and unaffected humanity, are hereby notified that

OSSIAN E. DODGE, the world renowned Harmonist, Editor, Poet and Writer, elegant, Moral and Humorous, Literary and Scientific

SOCIAABLES, for the twenty years past, in every principal town and city in the Union, have listed the enthusiastic commendation of The Press, the Clergy and the People, will sing in

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN, On Wednesday Evening, March 26th.

On this occasion Mr. Dodge will be assisted by

WILLIAM HAYWARD, who is justly styled by the leading critics of New York and Boston as the *only Balladist America ever produced*.

Doors open at 6. Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.

After an absence from public life of nearly eight years, in the service of his country, the West, he has returned with new energy and success to his first love—his dear New England Home—to make a fast farewell flying visit to the long tried and dear-cherished scenes of his native land.

He will sing in Lowell, and about the west, and the east, of the late Wm. Blanchard, and Sylvester Carter; and on the south, the said road.

Concerts made known by JOSEPH DAVIS.

Woburn, March 12th, 1862.

The subscriber hereby gives notice to his friends and the public that he will continue the Grocery and Provision business at the store above mentioned, excepting the firm of P. C. Thomas, for whom he respectively solicits a continuance of patronage, hoping to meet the wants of his patrons, by settling them a good article very low for cash.

S. S. PETTINGELL, H. L. FOLLANSBEE.

Woburn, March 11th, 1862.

The subscriber hereby gives notice to his friends and the public that he will continue the Grocery and Provision business at the store above mentioned, excepting the firm of P. C. Thomas, for whom he respectively solicits a continuance of patronage, hoping to meet the wants of his patrons, by settling them a good article very low for cash.

By order of JOHN CUMMING, JR., Adm'r, WILLIAM WINN, Auct'r.

Woburn, March 20th, 1862.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS ARE OFFERED AT

G. A. G. E.'S TO GENTLEMEN Who are about to order

SPRING CLOTHING! Call and see his Stock of Goods.

Tenements to Let.

FOR LET, in Woburn Centre, FOUR TENEMENTS, to one of which is attached a Stable. Rent from \$60 to \$150. For particulars apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

Woburn, March 22, 1862.—E.

A NEW & BEAUTIFUL EDITION OF THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.

BY JOHN S. HART, LL. D., 12 mo., muslin, price 50 cents; paper covers, 25 cents. Copies of this book will be sent by mail on receipt of the price, in postage stamps. Please address

J. C. GARPRIGUES, Publisher, 148 SOUTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rubber Clothing Company, ONLY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL OF THE CELEBRATED

Metropolitan Universal Clothes Wringer.

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MAGNIFYING small objects 500 times, will be sent to any applicant for \$1.50, or \$1.25 if accompanied by a box and pink case. Five different powers for one dollar. Address MRS. S. WOODWARD, Box 1853, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 3m—12.

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A First Rate House,

containing nine or ten rooms, with hard soft water in the kitchen; attached is a small Stable and about thirteen thousand feet of land, with a large tree Strawberry bush, etc. All will be sold on very reasonable terms. Enquire of A. CARTER, WINN STREET, Woburn, March 8, 1862. 3m*

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The estate formerly owned by John Flanders, consisting of Dwelling House, Shop and Stable, House opposite, and Tennis at the "running pump" place, so called.

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For sale at the Woburn Bookstore, M. S.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

THE CONFEDERATE CARNIVAL.
RICHMOND, FEB. 22, 1862.

AIR.—Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a shout was heard, not a joyous laugh,
As poor Jeff to the platform they hurried,
For the chivalry knew by the telegraph
What in Tennessee had occurred—red

They swore him in, while he only swore—
The foam from his lank jaws churning,
And a noise seemed dashing his eyes before,
With his effigy 'neath it turning.

He thought how the foe, in the far south—
west—
Had mounted his sleepless Pillow,
And how Floyd of the white-goose-feather
crest,

Had been footed o'er dale and hill oh !

The inaugural job was scarce half way done
When the concourse with dread was shaken;
For a message was brought by some son of a gun—

That Nashville alas ! was taken.

Loudly Jeff groaned o'er the city gone,
And the people with questions bored him,
Till they saw by the way he maneuvered on
That the new news had flooded him.

Only the man of the Richmond Whig
Was cruel enough to upbraid him,
But he said right out, the ungodly pig !
"Jeff has ruined the people who made him!"

Sadly the mournful mummery passed,
Amid pitiful lamentations,
And no glam of hope cheered the first and last

Of Secession inaugurations.

Soon thank ! we shall see the end
Of Rebellion's demon story,
And the Union Stars, as at first they rose,
Shall shine alone in their glory !

—Fancy Fair.

Biddy's Troubles.

It's three for me, Katy, that I never need
the like of this people afore. It's a sorry

time I've been having since COMING to this
house, twelve months ago this week Thursday.

Yer honor know, that my fourth cousin,

Ann Macaethy, recommended me to Mrs.

Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about

giant housework and the likes; while, at

the same time I had never seen inter an Ameri-

can lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and

my heart was just ready to burst with grief

for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs.

Whaler was a swate spoken lady, and never

looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by

her smooth, kind face. Well, just the first

thing she told me to do, after I had dressed

the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner.

I stood looking at the lady for a couple

of minutes, before I could make out any

meaning at all to her words. Then I went

searching after the clothes for the ducks; and

such a time as I had to be sure. High and

low I went, till at last my mistress axed me

what for I was looking; an' I told her the

clothes for the ducks to be sure. Osh, and

she screamed and laughed till my face

was as red as the sun wid shame, and she

showed me in her kind, swat way, what her

meaning was. Thin she told me how to air

the beds, and it was a day for me, indead,

when I could go up chamber alone, and clare

up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to

me, "Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an

airin' if ye's will."

What should I do—an' it's true what I am

saying this blessed minute—but go up stairs

wid old child, and shake it, and then hould it

out of the winder. Such a screaming and

kicking as the baby give—but I hould on the

harder. Every body then in the strate looked

up at me; at last mistress came up to see

what for was so much noise. "I am thryng

to air the baby," I said, "but it kicks and

scrames drilyal."

There was company down below, and when

Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been

shfering, I thought they would scare the

folks in the strate with scawing.

And then I was told that I must do up Mr.

Whaler's thin shirts one day, when my mis-

ress was out shopping. She told me repeat-

edly to do this nice, for master was goin'

away; so I takes the sharts, and did them all

up in some paper that I was after bringin

from the old country wid me, and tied some

bright pink ribbons about the bundle.

"Where are the shorts, Biddy?" asked Mrs.

Whaler, when she come home."

I have been doin' them up in a quare nice

way," I said, bringin' her the bundle.

"Will you ever be done wid your grans-

ses?" she axed me, with a loud scone.

I can't for the life of me be tellin' what

their talkin' manes. At home, we call the

likes of this work fine starching—and a deal

of it I have done, too. Och ! and may the

blessed Virgin pity me, for I niver'll be cured

of my granes!"

Somethings-or-Nothings.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Printing Establishment, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

If you give a jest, take one.
Never fish for praise—it is not worth the bait.

To offer advice to an angry man, is like blowing against a tempest.

If you treat your inferiors with familiarity, expect the same from them.

Let all your jokes be truly jokes. Jesting sometimes ends in sad earnest.

Love your fellow-creatures, though vicious. Hate vice in the friend you love the most.

Make your company a rarity, and people will value it. Men despise what they can easily have.

Value truth, however you come by it. Who would not pick up a jewel that lay on a dung-hill ?

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But tell all you tell be truth.

If a favor is asked of you, grant it, if you can. If not, refuse it in such a manner that one denial may be sufficient.

He who knows the world, will not be too bold. He who knows himself, will not be impudent.

Do well, but don't boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.

If your superior treats you with familiarity, it will not therefore become you to treat him in the same manner.

Too much precision and solemnity in pronouncing what one says in common conversation, as if one was preaching, is generally taken for an indication of self-conceit and arrogance.

Be careful of your word, even in keeping Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage, Invitations, Ball and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

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THE great remedy for the cure of disease.

HOT AIR BATH,
OF ROMAN AND TURKISH ORIGIN, IS
NOW IN SUCCESSFUL OPERA-
TION AT
NO. 12 AVON PLACE, BOSTON.

DR. L. TILTON, may be consulted upon

Diseases of the Skin, in every form, such as

Canker, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Scald-Head, Pimples,

Eruptions of Every Kind.

At the annual meeting of the Company, held

June 10th, 1861, the following named persons were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

John Shattuck, Natick; Dr. George Chapman, Boston;

George Heywood, Bond & Chapman, Boston;

Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge;

Joel Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton;

John T. Jackson, Concord.

The losses during the last year have been larger than for several years past. The amount at risk and the cash assets have been increased.

DANIEL SHATTUCK, PRESIDENT.

N. BROOKS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Concord, June 27th, 1861.

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JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPLY OF

ROOM PAPER !

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.00 per roll

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Pa-

pers ever offered in this town—containing 100

different styles.

For Purchasers are invited to call and examine

viz.: Williams & Co., and Quayle & Co.

Address, DR. L. TILTON,

12 Avon Place, Boston.

5-3m.

Being distilled in 1848, and manufactured expressly for our great care, it can be relied upon as a strictly pure stimulant, and peculiarly effective for the cure of Consumption, Chronic Diseases, &c. &c.

It is often recommended by the Medical Faculty.

It is a strong stimulant, and all other remedies fail.

We are now bottling and selling at reasonable rates, a Brandy of our own importation from the most responsible houses in France, and known as

"Bininger's Genuine Cognac Brandy."

It is mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to

be always uniform in quality and character.

Put up in small bottles, and sold by all prominent druggists, grocers and town agents.

The above is for sale in original packages, viz.: Eight and Quarters.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,

(Established 1778.)

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

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For sale in Boston by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO.

No. 11 and 12 Marshall Street, M. S. BURR & CO.,

West & Potter; Seth E. Pecker; D. Goodnow & Co.; Reed Cutler & Co.; T. L. Smith & Co.; Pecker & Co.; C. Davis & Co., and Jas. Mackintosh.

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Williams & Co.,

(Established 1778.)

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COOKING AND PARLOR STOVES.

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AT WAR PRICES.

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Middlesex

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI : NO. 26.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

Two Dollars a Year
Single Copy 4 Cents

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Summer Scenes.

By ADAM.

Languid, I lay me on the sloping green,
Beneath the shade of over-arching trees;
Far in the distance blue a ship is seen,
Her white wings spread to catch the fresh'ning
breeze.

Hard by you sea-girt isle that sits the wave,
A diadem on ocean's broad expanse,
A group of hardy fishers, rough and brave,
Relaxing labor, speed the circling dance.

The lordly eagle from his mountain nest,
In narrowing circles scatters the upper skies,
One moment poised or 'till the bellow's crest,
Then swift descending bears away a prize.

I sit and watch the huge waves rolling in,
That break in foam along the rocky shore,
Filling the caverns with a mighty din,
Then slow retreating with a sultry roar.

The god of day, his course now well nigh spent,
With dying eyes just dips the billow's crest,
And where the sky and water seem blent,
Bathed in a flood of glory sinks to rest.

How sweet to watch the rosy sunset weave,
Along the mountain tops celestial hues,
And mark the crimson flush of dewy eve,
The rippling waters of the bay suffice.

Lo! where the husbandman his labor done—
With tired footstep seeks his humble cot,
Singing a stave of some old harvest song,
Cheerful and happy with his lowly lot.

Now tired nature true to God's behest,
Flings wond-like shadows over vale and hill;
The lowing herds have sought their sheltered
rest.

And all is silent save the whippooril.

As homeward now I take my silent way,
Fair Luna in the east her form upbeats,
Flooding the tree tops with a silver ray
That dances sparkling on the murmuring leaves.

The full round orb comes slowly up the sky,
While myriad stars adorn her glittering train;
Fiat in the ether blue the cloudlets lie,
Or move slow sailing over shore and main.

South Reading, Jan. 1862.

Select Literature.

STORY OF THE WINTER-LIGHT.

Heinrich Osterbein was reputed to be one of the richest men in the federal ex-tal of Frankfort-on-the-Main. To a stranger, however, he appeared poorer than Lazarus, and more miserable that the predestined Wandering Jew.

It was early in December in the year 185— that Heinrich Osterbein surprised the good gossips of that famous Teutonic capital by wandering about the frosty streets late one night. The people who hung about the Platz, or trotted past the magnificent Roemer, where the portraits of the German emperors frowned upon the spectator in tall majesty, wondered to see the gaunt tall figure of the Usurper emerge from the deep shadow of the Dom as the old clocks around were ringing out the midnight chimes.

Before, however, the chimes had ceased burdening the nipping air with their mean choky cadences, he had locked the door of his low dingy mansion behind him, and plunged into the palpable gloom that shrouded the interior, and seemed part and parcel of that old, tumbled down, leaky edifice of cross-beams and plaster.

Stealthily Heinrich Osterbein glided along the narrow corridor; stealthily he clung to the wainscoting of the corridor, creeping suspiciously onward. A length he reached a low portal. Here he felt about for a lamp, and, by dint of much reiterated exertion, struck a light. How like a guilty, conscience-stricken thing he then looked! As the feeble flicker of the wick threw vague shadows around him, he paused to listen. He pressed his ear closely against the door of his counting-house; yet all the sound he could catch was the footfall of a stray passenger approaching his house, then fading away in the distance, or the dull soughing of the wintry wind down the solitary passages of his home.

Having satisfied himself, however, that all was right, Heinrich took from beneath his cloak a bunch of keys. Deliberately selecting the largest and the smallest, he proceeded to unlock the massive iron-plate door. Three times he turned the key; three times the ward flew back; three heavy bolts were then successively unfastened, and drawn slowly back.

Heinrich Osterbein's bugle to any other man would have inspired the most dismal and repulsive impressions. Dark and dingy, the dusty cobwebs hung from the ceiling and every where the mold of decaying time grew upon the oaken panels. In one corner stood two or three iron chests; an iron safe was also fastened into one of the walls. The only furniture, however, the room could boast, was a deal desk, a high stool, and a battered inkstand; unless we admit into the category two or three folio volumes bound in buff leather, on the backs of which were inscribed in German the words "Day-book" and "Ledger."

On the desk lay a small octavo volume.

The hawk-eye of Heinrich Osterbein at once detected the intruder. He flew to it as though it had been an ingot of gold. On taking the book up and opening it, his attention was riveted to a page, the corner of which had been turned down so as to draw his attention to the place. The Miser—for Heinrich was reputed to be a veritable miser—and the following passage:

"Turn, however, to the miserable wret h who devotes his days and nights to the damning love of pelf. He hoards his secret treasures in iron chests; he gloats over the sight of his glittering store, as a mother hangs over her infant; he feasts his wretched appetite on the wealth that perishes, and groans like a prisoner on the rack when one-thaler or one groschen is withdrawn. And what benefit are his hoards either to himself or the world? He grows thin and emaciated whilst fearing his eyes on his perishable treasures; his palsied hand clutches at the vanishing coin, whilst charity is allowed to languish in the streets, and thousands, nay myriads, of human beings are famished with cold, and the want of the simplest necessities of life."

The features of Heinrich Osterbein grew pale and distorted as he read; and, with a feverish impulse, he turned to the title-page. There he saw the name of CARL HEINE. He gnashed his teeth for a moment, and then disguised from my uncle that I was engaged on the work."

"He says you've libeled him. But hark! I can not stay any longer. Heinrich Osterbein is calling me; so good morning, Master Carl Hein." Saying this, he shut the door in the face of the young enthusiast.

"But you know," returned Carl, with considerable energy, "he never reads printed books—he detests literature; besides, I never disguised from my uncle that I was engaged on the work."

"Never," rejoined Herr Wilhelm; "I never reveal it. I know it all; you have offended your uncle too deeply. He is implacable and revengeful, or he would not have sought to punish us through you. O my daughter, my daughter!" he continued, "you alone are innocent, yet must suffer most."

Lothench threw her arms around her father's neck, and entreated him to pacify himself.

"Impossible! I am a ruined man. Henceforth I must be a beggar—and something worse."

* * * * *

Christmas-eve had commenced. Bitting breezes and icy flakes of snow, that fluttered and fell from a leaden sky, ushered in the winter season. The world seemed cheerful and merry, and the bells of old Frankfort rang out a merry peal.

Heinrich Osterbein was uneasy and restless that night. For eight days he had refused to admit into his presence the stately merchant Herr Wilhelm Ritter, his beautiful daughter Lothench, who had made many earnest appeals for an interview, or his confidee or broken-hearted nephew. Their letters and petitions had been returned unanswered.

Yester evening Heinrich Osterbein was uneasy and restless in the mind. Vainly had he unlocked his money-chest, and toyed with the glittering heaps they contained; vainly he rummaged his drawers, and counted over his wealth in bills and paper; vainly he took down the ponderous tomes that swung on a shelf above the desk. Nothing would appease his disquieted spirit; and for once he unbared the shutters of a small quaint window that looked upon the street, and, half-opening them, gazed upon the scene outside.

It was as we have said, Christmas-eve. The street was crowded with persons hastening in one direction. They were for the most part muffled up; for the weather was bleak and tempestuous; but there could be no doubt as to their destination. They were going to hear midnight mass.

Presently three figures, habited in deep mourning, filed past the house like shadows.

The miser started back for a moment; then, bending forward, watched these shadows pass until they vanished into the darkness.

"Sir," replied Carl, his impatience no longer suffering him to restrain his indignation—"sir, you are the author of our misery; it is intolerable that you should come here to mock and insult us. God knows not how it is that I have offended you! If against myself your anger rages, least of all can I conceive why it should burn against those who have never injured you, and whose only fault is that they have extended their friendship to me, and opened their arms to receive me."

"No! you know not, do you?" hypocritically retorted Heinrich Osterbein, hissing through his teeth. "Perhaps Herr Wilhelm will recognize these signatures?"—holding up a batch of papers for the merchant to notice.

"My condemnation!" ejaculated Herr Ritter; "produce those, and I am worse than bankrupt—my integrity, my honor, my character is gone!"

"I know it," replied the miser. "Let me see," he continued in a musing undertone if calculating to himself; "they are worth to me any hour forty thousand dollars, and give me power to consign you ignominiously to the jail. Hand me the light, Franz," addressing his clerk; "let me see that the document is valid."

Franz brought the light; and while expeditiously reading the contents, the miser set fire to the paper.

"By heavens, the signature is consumed!" exclaimed the miser, in a tone of alarm and surprise; "the document is worthless, and can serve me no longer."

"You have others that will avail you and can ruin me, if such be your wish," replied the merchant, in a subdued voice, indicating a helping half of pride, half of humiliation.

"True; they are in this pocket-book; but why prolong this comedy? There, take these papers, and use them as you will, Carl," he continued, suddenly turning upon his nephew, "thou hast triumphed at last over one heart." "Tis true all th' u' bust waitin'. For five-and-forty years I have crushed every tender, every generous impulse of my heart, and made Mammon and evil present my god. Ask me not more of the source of my conversation—at least to night. Believe it, in memory of her whose goodness and excellency I have forgotten for so many years. I have broken the bonds that have bound me hand and foot to the worship of wealth, and banished every fine attribute and quality of the soul."

She saw, however, that her father grew deadly pale as he read the postscript, and with a vehemence he had never exhibited before, exclaimed that he was not only a ruined but a doomed man.

Carl Heine stood entranced before Herr Ritter and Lothench. Neither the father nor the daughter essayed to speak, and his perplexity increased proportionately. For a moment a faint melancholy smile broke through the tears of Lothench, and that was enough to give heart to the young author.

He sprang to the side of his betrothed, and would have seized her hand, but that she hastily withdrew it.

"Nothing was the brief remark.

Carl pondered a moment. The book and the obnoxious passage rose before him like an

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is all my fault! The fatal passage, the fatal passage!" then throwing himself at the feet of Lothench, in a broken voice he earnestly implored her and her father's forgiveness vowing that he would appear his uncle by any sacrifice, or at least that they should not suffer on his account. "Besides who knows but that this may be only a passing passion of my uncle's? A week or a fortnight, or at most a month, will calm his anger, and all will be right again."

"Never," rejoined Herr Wilhelm; "I never reveal it. I know it all; you have offended your uncle too deeply. He is implacable and revengeful, or he would not have sought to punish us through you. O my daughter, my daughter!" he continued, "you alone are innocent, yet must suffer most."

Lothench threw her arms around her father's neck, and entreated him to pacify himself.

"Impossible! I am a ruined man. Henceforth I must be a beggar—and something worse."

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Christmas-eve had commenced. Bitting breezes and icy flakes of snow, that fluttered and fell from a leaden sky, ushered in the winter season.

The world seemed cheerful and merry, and the bells of old Frankfort rang out a merry peal.

Heinrich Osterbein was uneasy and restless that night. For eight days he had refused to admit into his presence the stately merchant Herr Wilhelm Ritter, his beautiful daughter Lothench, who had made many earnest appeals for an interview, or his confidee or broken-hearted nephew. Their letters and petitions had been returned unanswered.

Yester evening Heinrich Osterbein was uneasy and restless in the mind. Vainly had he unlocked his money-chest, and toyed with the glittering heaps they contained; vainly he took down the ponderous tomes that swung on a shelf above the desk. Nothing would appease his disquieted spirit; and for once he unbared the shutters of a small quaint window that looked upon the street, and, half-opening them, gazed upon the scene outside.

It was as we have said, Christmas-eve. The street was crowded with persons hastening in one direction. They were for the most part muffled up; for the weather was bleak and tempestuous; but there could be no doubt as to their destination. They were going to hear midnight mass.

Presently three figures, habited in deep mourning, filed past the house like shadows.

The miser started back for a moment; then, bending forward, watched these shadows pass until they vanished into the darkness.

"Sir," replied Carl, his impatience no longer suffering him to restrain his indignation—"sir, you are the author of our misery; it is intolerable that you should come here to mock and insult us. God knows not how it is that I have offended you! If against myself your anger rages, least of all can I conceive why it should burn against those who have never injured you, and whose only fault is that they have extended their friendship to me, and opened their arms to receive me."

"No! you know not, do you?" hypocritically retorted Heinrich Osterbein, hissing through his teeth. "Perhaps Herr Wilhelm will recognize these signatures?"—holding up a batch of papers for the merchant to notice.

"My condemnation!" ejaculated Herr Ritter; "produce those, and I am worse than bankrupt—my integrity, my honor, my character is gone!"

"I know it," replied the miser. "Let me see," he continued in a musing undertone if calculating to himself; "they are worth to me any hour forty thousand dollars, and give me power to consign you ignominiously to the jail. Hand me the light, Franz," addressing his clerk; "let me see that the document is valid."

Franz brought the light; and while expeditiously reading the contents, the miser set fire to the paper.

"By heavens, the signature is consumed!" exclaimed the miser, in a tone of alarm and surprise; "the document is worthless, and can serve me no longer."

"You have others that will avail you and can ruin me, if such be your wish," replied the merchant, in a subdued voice, indicating a helping half of pride, half of humiliation.

"True; they are in this pocket-book; but why prolong this comedy? There, take these papers, and use them as you will, Carl," he continued, suddenly turning upon his nephew, "thou hast triumphed at last over one heart." "Tis true all th' u' bust waitin'. For five-and-forty years I have crushed every tender, every generous impulse of my heart, and made Mammon and evil present my god. Ask me not more of the source of my conversation—at least to night. Believe it, in memory of her whose goodness and excellency I have forgotten for so many years. I have broken the bonds that have bound me hand and foot to the worship of wealth, and banished every fine attribute and quality of the soul."

She saw, however, that her father grew deadly pale as he read the postscript, and with a vehemence he had never exhibited before, exclaimed that he was not only a ruined but a doomed man.

Carl Heine stood entranced before Herr Ritter and Lothench. Neither the father nor the daughter essayed to speak, and his perplexity increased proportionately. For a moment a faint melancholy smile broke through the tears of Lothench, and that was enough to give heart to the young author.

He sprang to the side of his betrothed, and would have seized her hand, but that she hastily withdrew it.

"Nothing was the brief remark.

Carl pondered a moment. The book and the obnoxious passage rose before him like an

accusing spectre; but just as he was about to question Franz as to the possibility of his uncle having seen his work, the latter drew him close to his side, and as if confiding a valuable and important secret to him, explained that his uncle had seen the book and the page.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is all my fault! The fatal passage, the fatal passage!" then throwing himself at the feet of Lothench, in a broken voice he earnestly implored her and her father's forgiveness vowing that he would appear his uncle by any sacrifice, or at least that they should not suffer on his account. "Besides who knows but that this may be only a passing passion of my uncle's? A week or a fortnight, or at most a month, will calm his anger, and all will be right again."

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, when previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion \$1.00
Each half square (seven lines) one insertion .75
Each quarter square (four lines) one insertion .50
One square one year .10.00
One square six months .60.00
Half a square one year .40.00
Half a square six months .30.00
Half a square three months .20.00
Large squares, half square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, leaded, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

67 All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted EXTRAL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Shunham—E. T. WHITFIELD.
Hitchcock—THOMAS HITCHCOCK.
S. M. PEGGELL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertiser of moderate means. The JOURNAL advertises largely in the towns of Woburn, Woburn and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 29, 1862.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

From long before the time of Aug, who prayed that a riel poverty nor ill lies might be given to him, down to our own days, Moderation has been made the theme of unfeigned praise. Philosophers have delighted to honor it, and the poets of by-gone centuries rejoiced to give it the high-sounding adjective that heads our article. Virtue, said the wise of old, is the mean between the two extremes and all vice is nothing but excess. Happiness was considered to consist in preserving a just medium between opposing miseries. And so in all things: Enough was more than a feast.

In modern times Moderation has lost none of its good repute; even Total Abstinence, taking the name of Temperance, becomes popular at once. The sages of to day are of the same opinion with their more ancient brethren, and of the poets only one sings

"The glorious reign of great Too-Much,"

and he is a poor bard who never knew what it was to have enough. We can excuse him for mistaking the nature of true felicity.

These and similar notions occurred to us as we read and pondered the striking message which Mr. Lincoln submitted to the consideration of Congress a short time ago, and as we went over in thought the various acts of the president during his brief term of office. In whatever else they may have been deficient, they laye all exhibited a mind that is evidently clear in its perceptions, distinguished for solid judgement, for entire honesty of purpose, and, what is most remarkable and even wonderful in the present novel and exciting state of affairs, for perfect fairness and moderation.

In the inaugural address, in the annual message, in this last communication to Congress, we shall look in vain for any evidence of partisanship, and much less shall we find any sign or token of that rabid abolitionism which was charged against him previous to his election. He consistently appears, not as the successful candidate of a party but as the discreet ruler of the nation. By a species of paradox we may say that our only president of a divided country is almost the first president of the whole country.

Yet this singular moderation surely is not destructive of energy. It may not be consistent with that blind exertion of force which is so loudly commended by some but it is entirely consonant with a wise and regulated activity, and it is upon this that we place our chief hope that we may yet, and soon, receive back as countrymen, who otherwise would have remained away from us as confederates or been brought back as bound and beaten rebels, enemies at once hateful and contemptible.

If we do not daily thank God that in this critical period of our national existence we are governed by a man wise enough to be taught by them, a man sagacious, firm, and thoroughly honest, it is only because we are well assured that our prosperity for years to come will render their acknowledgements for so great a gift. The full value of the blessing will then be better understood.

"Praise no man too highly," says the Persian proverb, "for men are fickle," and it is on this account only that we cease our commendations, for while the people's president remains Honest Abe; till he changes the course of conduct which he has hitherto held and becomes another and a totally different man; we shall feel called upon to echo the unanimous voice of the nation which says to him, "Well done good and faithful servant."

The Woburn Union Guard, and of course the 22d Regt., has gone to Fortress Monroe. They left Alexandria on Monday and reached the Fortress next day. In connection with this we have some important information in our possession, obtained from reliable resources, but we suppose it would not be prudent, "for our own and country's sake," to make it public—if we could make public what everybody knows, and which, perhaps, as is usually the case, the rebels are well aware of, and have laid their plans accordingly. But, as Gen. Banks has said, "Success is a duty;" and his practice is generally according to his preaching.

Extracts from the School Committee's forthcoming Report.

By permission we publish the following portions of the School Committee's Report, relative to "School Monies," and the cost of tuition in Woburn and adjoining towns. We think the extract will allay much of the present misapprehension in regard to these matters.

SCHOOL MONIES.—The first subject which demands notice is the method of raising and appropriating money for instruction, care of rooms and incidental expenses. A part of the money which is appropriated by the town "for schools" is expended by the Selectmen for fuel, repairs of school houses, purchase of school furniture, &c. Another part is expended by the Committee for teachers' wages and care of rooms. Neither Board has any direct control over the expenses of the other. The town by vote put the care of the school-houses into the hands of the Board of Selectmen. The expense in this case is in their hands and the Committee are not responsible for it. It is in good hands, and will be made as little, undoubtedly, as the interests committed to them will justify. Two Boards, therefore, have the disbursement of the funds raised by the town under the general vote, "money appropriated for schools." No distinct amount is appropriated for instruction and care of rooms which the School Committee must disburse. How then shall the money appropriated be divided between the two Boards? Your Committee have assumed that the sum-based upon the Selectmen's estimate recommended by the Selectmen in their Report of Monies to be raised by the town for "Instruction and care of rooms," was our part of the whole sum raised under the general vote "for schools," and have governed ourselves accordingly. We believe it would be better for the town to appropriate the "school money" under two heads, viz: The one to include money for "Instruction and care of rooms," and the other for "Incidentals," including all other expenses of fuel, repairs, &c. By this method the town decides the amount of money to be expended by each board. We do not suggest this method because the two Boards are not actuated by perfect harmony, but because the excess when there is any general expenditure cannot now be traced to the responsible Board.

There is another difficulty in determining whether the disbursements of the Committee are within the limits prescribed by the town, viz: The financial year of the town closes February 1st; the financial year of "Instruction and care of rooms" in our schools, closes near the last of March. We are compelled, therefore, to take in a part of two years expenses to discover whether we have expended beyond the exact sum recommended. If our financial year could end April 1st, the whole matter could be made intelligible, and our report could go into the hands of the voters so that there would not be such a serious misunderstanding as there sometimes almost necessarily is about the Committee's disbursements. Of course this is on the supposition that the business of the present March meeting be postponed to April, which may be inadmissible.

Assuming then, as we did, and do, that the portion of the "money raised for schools" which the town intends the Committee shall expend for "Instruction and care of rooms," is that portion which the Selectmen in their Report recommend for that purpose, our account with the town stands as follows:

Account recommended (Auditor's Report, 1st p. 37) by the Selectmen, 1861, for "Instruction and care of rooms,"	\$6,999.00
Received from the State, 225.09	
" J. K. Woodward, of Burlington, for instruction of three children one term,	6.00
Received from the State of W. of Burlington, for instruction of one child, one term,	9.00
Whole amount in the treasury subject to the Committee's draft, We have expended, as appears by Auditor's Report, 1862, as follows:	\$7,153.59
Paid for Instruction and care of rooms,	\$6,974.78
London Churchill, for compass and chairs,	56.38
E. P. Dutton, globes (mistake for "leap-tight and war-maps"),	3.00
To Dr. Shumham for High School instruction of Abijah Sanborn's daughter,	Citizen.
Whole amount disbursed by the Committee,	\$7015.16
Leaving an unexpended balance in our favor, still in the treasury of	138.43
	\$7153.59

The incidental expenses which, with the exception of the purchase of books for children not furnished by their parents, are under control of the Selectmen cannot be accurately determined, and are very liable to be greater than is estimated.

The Committee intend always to limit their portion of the disbursements of the school money to the sum raised and appropriated by the town, and except under extraordinary circumstances can do it. The sum appropriated for "Instruction and care of rooms," has been liberal. The financial exigency demanded special economy on the part of the town, and the Committee made no estimate for the coming year, believing that the Selectmen would not reduce the sum recommended for Schools below the average reduction on all other appropriations. We have reason to believe that the teachers will generously bear their part of the burden which falls so heavily upon the town during this rebellion. The cause of education, however, should not be crippled by the penurious wages offered to teachers. The security and permanency of our institutions depend upon the intelligence of the people, and no financial embarrassments should tempt us to withhold that education without which wealth becomes demoralizing and government tyrannical."

* * * * * "We call attention to a comparison between this town and other towns, in the cost each year of the education of a scholar, and in the percentage raised on taxable property for that education. Let us first see what it costs the citizens of Woburn for the instruction of a child one year, as compared with that of other towns in the county. There are 61 towns returned. Woburn ranks 30. Medford pays \$6.21; New-

ton, 9.38; Somerville, 11.04; Belmont, 15.48; Brighton, 9.53; Winchester, 8.33; Lexington, 10.55; Lincoln, 8.26; Malden, 7.99; Concord, 6.73; South Reading, 7.10; Stoneham, 6.59; Littleton, 7.18; Bedford, 6.84; Woburn, 5.81. Our neighbor, Lexington, on one side pays \$1.74 a year more for the education of each child than we do, and Somerville on the other side pays 73 cents more, and Winchester \$2.52 more. This comparison settles the fact of extravagance cost for a scholar.

Now let us look at the per centage paid for this education on the taxable property of the town. Woburn ranks 32. Somerville pays 002.73 on a dollar; Stoneham, 002.81, ranking 1; Melrose, 002.55; South Reading, 002.31; Woburn, 002.28; Reading, 002.36; Malden, 002.67; Woburn, 001.88. It is evident that our taxes for schools are not oppressive as compared with those of other towns."

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. EPRTON.—Will you allow me a small space in your paper that I may offer a few suggestions to my fellow citizens with regard to the contemplated change in our public schools. In the first place, it is a wise determination of our town authorities to economize in every way that may be beneficial to the town; but may they not err in some things? for instance the heavy reduction to be made in our schooling. Curtailment is not always economy, and when curtailment becomes a death-dealing weapon in the hands of those who wield it against our public institutions and especially our public schools, then it is high time for those interested in them to seek the need and the cause of such curtailment ere it be too late, and this suicidal policy will give the death blow to the very institution that gives life to this and every community in which it has or may be established.

BAPTIST CHURCH AND SOCIETY.—At the meeting of the Baptist Church and Society last Tuesday evening, a vote was passed requesting this gentleman to withdraw his resignation as their Pastor. Mr. Bronson has not yet answered the request, but has the matter under consideration.

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HON. CLAS. SUMNER, and Hon. H. P. WAKEFIELD, have furnished us with National and State Documents. They were thankfully received.

REV. MR. MARCH has been in town this week, superintending the transmission of his family to his present scene of labor. He will preach in his late church to-morrow.

HON. CLAS. SUMNER, and Hon. H. P. WAKEFIELD, have furnished us with National and State Documents. They were thankfully received.

PURCHASERS OF CARPETS should read the advertisement of the New England Carpet Company.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP DICKINSON, LOWER POTOMAC, MD.,
March 10th, 1862.

MR. EDISON.—Feb. 24th, a detail of eight men was made from the 6th Battery to try a pair of Whitworth guns which had been brought down from Washington and placed upon a hill a short distance from the campment of the Mass. 1st. Some very fine shots were made. The Shipping Point battery, which lays at a distance of five miles from where the guns were stationed, was repeatedly struck, drawing expressions of admiration from the assembled spectators.

While viewing the trial, I stood near to where Col. Cowdin was sitting upon his horse. And here let me bestow my meed of praise upon the Massachusetts colonel, who, through much ill report yet has become the very beau ideal of a commander of American volunteers. Col. Cowdin not only exhibits the military knowledge and ability necessary to his position, but also a solicitude for the welfare of the soldiers under his command, such as becomes a man who looks upon a private not as a military machine, and as such to be used, but as an American citizen fighting for the preservation of his father land. You often read of good military commanders, but when to military ability is added an unbounded popularity, there is found a man fitted to command the Republic's citizen soldiers. Long may he live!

ASSEMBLED.—Feb. 24th, a detail of eight men was made from the 6th Battery to try a pair of Whitworth guns which had been brought down from Washington and placed upon a hill a short distance from the campment of the Mass. 1st. Some very fine shots were made. The Shipping Point battery, which lays at a distance of five miles from where the guns were stationed, was repeatedly struck, drawing expressions of admiration from the assembled spectators.

TO-MORROW WE MAKE A MARCH TO RUN POINT IN ORDER AGAIN TO EXCHANGE OUR GUNS. INSTEAD OF OUR PRESENT BRONZE CANONNA WE ARE TO HAVE RIFLED IRON REGULATION GUNS. THESE PIECES ARE FITTED FOR THROWING ALL KINDS OF PROJECTILES, THUS COMBINING THE ADVANTAGES OF THE HOWITZER AND FIELD GUN.

RUN POINT IS ABOUT FIVE MILES UP THE RIVER AND HAS STEAMBOAT COMMUNICATION WITH WASHINGTON.

Since my last a new battery from New York had joined the division. They have four guns, all of the regulation pattern.

24th Regt., Mass. Volunteers.

THE FOLLOWING IS A FAIR SIMILE OF THE LETTER MENTIONED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT. OUR READERS CANNOT FAIL TO NOTICE THE PECULIAR SPELLING, THE CLOSE SIMILARITY IN PUNCTUATION TO WILSON'S RULES ON THAT IMPORTANT SUBJECT, AND THE HIGH-FLYING DICTION WHICH CHARACTERIZES IT THROUGHOUT, MORE ESPECIALLY WHEN THE AUTHOR STOOPS TO DABBLE IN THE GLADDY MAZES OF POESY.

FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM ALBERT H. SWEETSER, OF SOUTH READING, ONE OF GEN. BUTLER'S EXPEDITION ON BOARD THE MISSISSIPPI, TO SHIP ISLAND; WRITTEN AT PORT ROYAL, MARCH 8TH, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PARENTS.

YOU WILL BE SURPRISED TO HEAR FROM ME AT THIS PLACE, KNOWING THAT SHIP ISLAND WAS THE LOCATION FOR WHICH WE SAILLED. BUT YOU KNOW THE OLD PROVERB—

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP TWIX THE CUP AND THE LIP."

WE ARRIVED OFF FORTRESS MUNROE ON MONDAY, FEB. 24TH, ABOUT NOON, WHICH WAS OBLIGED US TO PUT OUT TO SEA, EVEN IN SIGHT OF THE FORTRESS. WE ANCHORED EXACTLY BETWEEN THE FORTRESS AND SEWELL'S POINT BATTERY, THE MISSISSIPPI BEING PROTECTED BY A LARGE GUN BOAT, WHICH LAY BETWEEN US AND THE BATTERY. ON TUESDAY NIGHT, WHEN WE REACHED CLATTERS INLET—THE PLACE WHERE BURNSIDE'S VESSELS WERE WRECKED, THERE A STORM SET IN, THAT WAS REALLY TERRIBLE. THE NIGHT WAS "PITCH DARK," THE WAVES RAN MOUNTAIN HIGH, AND THE SHIP REARED AND PLUNGED LIKE A MAD WAR-HORSE, ROLLING THE POOR SOLDIERS OUT OF THEIR BUNKS INTO THE WATER, WHICH RUSHED IN THROUGH THE HATCHES THAT WERE LEFT OPEN TO LET THE AIR OUT. BUT THE WORST WAS NOT YET. THE ROAR OF BREAKERS WAS HEARD, AND THE DARKNESS WAS SO IMPENETRABLE THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE HOW TO STEER CLEAR OF THEM; AND THE CAPTAIN WAS HEARD TO EXPRESS FEARS THAT YOU'LL FALL IN! BUT I HOPE YOU MAY NOT YOUR SPIRIT SHALT DWELL WITH THE BRAVE DEEDS OF YOUR DAUGHTER LAND. WE WERE SOON RIDING BEFORE THE WIND, HAVING ESCAPED THE IMMEDIATE DANGER THAT THREATENED US. THE NEXT DAY, THURSDAY, WE WERE IN SMOOTH WATER; THE WEATHER WAS FAIR AND CALM, AND THE MEN—ABOUT 1500—BROUGHT THEIR WET BLANKETS AND CLOTHING ON DECK TO DRY. ALL SEEMED PROSPEROUS AGAIN, BUT OUR JOYING WAS OF SHORT DURATION. ON FRIDAY MORNING, ABOUT 4 O'CLOCK, WE FELT A HEAVY THUMP—A JERK—THEN A SUDDEN STOP. WE WERE AGROUND, IN THREE FATHOMS OF WATER, ON A SAND SHOAL, TWO HUNDRED FEET FROM THE SHORE! THE CONCUSSION, WHEN THE BOAT STRUCK, SWUNG THE ANCHOR UNDER THE BOWS AND KNOCKED A LARGE HOLE IN HER SIDE, THROUGH WHICH THE WATER POURED IN RAPIDLY. THE PUMPS WERE PUT IN IMMEDIATE USE, BUT THE WATER GAINED UPON US TILL IT ROSE SO HIGH AS TO BURST OPEN THE HATCHES AND FILL THE HUNKS. MANY AN EARNEST PRAYER ASCENDED IN THAT TRYING HOUR; AND SOME OF THE MOST PROFANE MEN I OBSERVED PRAYED. ONE SCENE OCCURRED THAT I WILL MENTION. A SOLDIER OF THE MAINE REGIMENT, IN A GROVE OF SOULS WAS PLEADING FOR DIVINE AID AND SUCCESS, WHEN ONE OF OUR SERGEANTS, IN RUSHING PAST HIM, ACCIDENTALLY TROD UPON HIS TOE. THE SOLDIER UTTERED A HORRIBLY PROFANE IMPRECACTION UPON HIM, AND INSTANTLY RESUMED HIS PRAYING!

REMEMBER THEM.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

The water continued to rise, we threw overboard all the bombsells and three quarters of our cargo, to lighten the ship; but all to no advantage. We then raised the flag at half mast, union down, and fired signal guns several times, as signs of distress. The guns were faintly heard by the gun boat Mt. Vernon, as she was returning from a skirmish with a rebel steamer about sixty miles distant. Had we been heard, first by the rebel steamer, we might all have been taken prisoners, and under the circumstances, without serious objections.

The Mt. Vernon ran up to within half a mile of us, and anchored, and sent a boat to learn our condition; and the commander of the Mt. Vernon being an experienced seaman came board our ship and took command, our captain appearing wholly beside himself and unable to do any thing whatever.

A line was passed from the Mississippi to the Mt. Vernon, and for nearly three hours an unsuccessful attempt was made to draw us off the shoals. Friday, after lightening us of all our cargo, to our great joy the attempt succeeded. The wind was then rising, and without this aid we must soon have gone to pieces. After partially stopping the leak in our ship we put on steam and followed in the wake of the gun boat all night and in the morning arrived in port a few miles from the rebel town of Newbern, in North Carolina. We could see the steeples and some of the houses in the place. Several U. S. Gunboats came to us, and four rebel gunboats were seen lying off Newbern.

About two miles to the leeward was a small rebel tug boat, with a flag of truce, but for what purpose I do not know. Gen. Butler, you may believe, was some angry with the captain of the Mississippi for running us aground. He has caused him to be arrested and it is said, put in irons, on reasonable and strong suspicion that he was acting in the rebel interest. Col. Neal Dow was with us, perfectly calm through the whole trouble. Thanks to God, we are all safe now, though the voyage from Fortress Monroe was almost a combined chapter of danger and accidents.

My health has been very good, with the exception of a cold, which I took on the night of the gale, and from which I have nearly recovered. Indeed, I rather like the excitement.

Our food has not been of the best quality, and for twenty four hours we had but one cracker apiece; and the water we drank was condensed from salt water. But a soldier must not stand for trifles, and I do not complain.

While lying off Newbern the Mt. Vernon left us suddenly, and returned in three or four hours, bringing to our side a rebel schooner, that was taken while trying to run the blockade, laden with salt and coffee. Her cargo was transferred to our steamer, a prize crew was put on board of her, and she sent north. We managed partly to stop the leak in our vessel, still the water came in as fast as the men could pump it out; and we put in at "Seabrook's Island," which belongs to Port Royal. This island belonged to Joseph G. Seabrook, who is now a Col. in the rebel army. His negroes are still here, filthy, and living like cattle. Their condition will soon be improved. Seabrook's mansion is occupied by our officers. The island is pleasantly situated, and the weather is so warm that we go in our shirt sleeves. It is covered with Palmettos, Fir trees, Fig trees and Orange trees. Yesterday, the Commissary clerk and myself went into the woods some distance from the camp. Crickets were singing around just as you hear them in August at home. On our return we attempted to cross a rice field, or "Rice Paddy," it is here called, and we sank into the soft mud to our knees, and until our feet rested on a bed of oysters, covered with clayey mud, we made for a negro cabin, on the outskirts of the plantation, remaining there while a clever old contraband washed and dried our pants, for which she charged us only five cents each. Our commander fearing we had fallen into the hands of rebel pickets, who are not far distant, sent out a squad of men to find us. You may understand that we were heartily laughed at when we returned to camp.

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Assessors—Loring Emerson, Cyrus Bancroft, Albert Ayer, Trustee of Library—H. T. Robinson, Auditors—Jonathan Clark, Albert Ayer, Constables—A. D. Hunt, Alanson Winn, Collector—Mai Cushman, Fish Committee—C. P. Curtis, Jr., F. H. Johnson, Seth Johnson, Jr., Field Drivers—Louis Neville, B. S. Stanton, N. R. Leman, O. P. Rogers, Charles E. Sanborn, Timothy Wheeler, M. N. Gage, A. F. Boon, E. D. Chaloner, Patrick Crowley. The remaining officers to be appointed by the Selectmen, the Selectmen to act as Overseers of the Poor.

Under Article 3, the report of the Selectmen was accepted, and it was voted that the Selectmen use all legal means in their power to remove obstructions in the streets, in accordance with the recommendation in their report. The Cemetery Committee reported

the amount of funds on hand \$914.13—266 lots not disposed of valued at \$4511—total value of property \$5536.13.

Under Article 4, \$3200 was appropriated for Schools. A motion made by Sumner Richardson to reduce the amount to \$2800, was, after a very lengthy discussion by Mr. Richardson in its favor, and Messrs. Robinson, Wilder, Scates, Curtis and others in opposition, lost, and the appropriation asked for by the Committee granted. The subject of the studies at the High School was also discussed, and it was finally voted as the expression of the meeting, that the Classical Department in that school should be suspended, and the school be carried on as an English High School, with a course of studies extended to four years.

Under Article 5, \$350 was appropriated for Highways and Bridges the same to be expended under the direction of the Selectmen.

Under Article 6, \$3800 for the support of the Poor and Incidental expenses.

Under Article 7, \$100 for Cemetery.

Under Article 8, \$125 for Library.

Under Article 9, the lighting of the streets by gas, or rather the lighting of the six lamps already erected with the cost of erecting and lighting three others, suggested by the Selectmen, was dismissed. So for the year to come we are doomed to walk in darkness, unless we take a lantern to guide our steps. Verify this is "penny wise and pound foolish."

Under Article 10, \$175 for the Fire Department, the members to receive \$3 each per year.

Under Article 11, voted to raise \$2000, to pay a note of the town due July 22, 1862.

Under Article 12, voted to borrow \$1800 for a term not exceeding one year, for aid to the families of the volunteers enlisted in the U. S. service in accordance with the provisions of the act approved March 18th 1862.

Under Article 13, voted that the Collector of taxes be instructed to allow a discount of five per cent upon all tax bills for 1862 (except single bills) paid previous to the first day of November, and to cause all tax bills that remain unpaid by Jan. 1st, to be promptly collected according to law, giving notice by attaching to all tax bills a copy of this vote.

Under Article 14, voted to authorize the Treasurer under the direction of the Selectmen, to hire a sum of money not exceeding \$4000, to meet demands upon the treasury in anticipation of the taxes.

Under Article 15, voted that the Selectmen be instructed to take a lot of land of five per cent upon all tax bills for 1862 (except single bills) paid previous to the first day of November, and to cause all tax bills that remain unpaid by Jan. 1st, to be promptly collected according to law, giving notice by attaching to all tax bills a copy of this vote.

Under Article 16, voted to refund to Peter Warren, the amount of a poll tax assessed by mistake to him for his son Frank in 1859, who was assessed and paid a poll tax in Woburn for that year.

Under Article 17, voted to authorize the Selectmen to hire a sum of money not exceeding \$1000, to meet demands upon the treasury in anticipation of the taxes.

Under Article 18, voted that the Selectmen keep recorded in a book for that special purpose, the laying out of all Streets and County roads in town.

Total amount of appropriations: \$10,200, being only \$850 less than last year. The regular appropriations are \$3025 less than the last year, the difference is owing to additional appropriation of \$2000 to pay a note that comes due, and \$175 for the Fire Department, which with the \$850 makes up the \$3025.

The meeting dissolved at 7 o'clock.

LYCEUM.—At the meeting of the Lyceum last Tuesday evening, the question, "Ought dancing, card playing, billiards, bowling, theaters, and operas to be countenanced in this community?" was debated in the affirmative by Messrs. A. F. Boon, E. D. Chaloner, B. B. Stanton, and A. Norton; in the negative by Messrs. Sumner, Richardson, and S. Wilder. The vote on the merits of the question was 24 in the affirmative and 4 in the negative. The exercises next Monday will be essays, readings and declamations, and it is expected that C. C. Woodman, Esq., will participate in the same, by reading some selections from Shakespeare.

EXCELSIOR.

HARD TIMES COFFEE.—Such is the name of a new coffee, introduced by Newhall, 36 South Market St. It bears the scientific appellation of Prof. A. Hayes, State Assayer, and is an exceptionally pleasant and invigorating beverage. It is sold for less than half the price of ordinary coffee, and is recommended by veteran coffee-drinkers as about equal to Java. It is not only healthful, but can be drunk by those to whom the coffee-bitterness in the market are positively injurious. Those who would have a very pleasant and healthy drink at a moderate price, should try the "Hard Times Coffee." Such as are sceptical, should visit the establishment of the proprietor, where they can test a steaming cup of it.

BOSTON POST, March 18, 1862.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 HANOVER ST., Opposite American House.

SOURY AND SCROFULOUS ERUPTIONS. Will soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, bad food, and dreary rains will make sad havoc with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with Holloway's Ointment, it is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. Only 25 cts. per Pot.

Married.

MORRISON—BROWN.—In Cambridgeport, March 23d, by Rev. C. A. Skinner, Mr. Chas. W. Morrison and Miss Alice L. Brown, both of Brighton.

Died.

BURNHAM.—In South Reading, March 22d, Mrs. Mary E. Burnham, aged 31 years.

WAITTE.—In South Reading, March 24th, Mrs. Clarissa Waitte, aged 81 years.

NOTICE.

THE water continued to rise, we threw overboard all the bombsells and three quarters of our cargo, to lighten the ship; but all to no advantage. We then raised the flag at half mast, union down, and fired signal guns several times, as signs of distress. The guns were faintly heard by the gun boat Mt. Vernon, as she was returning from a skirmish with a rebel steamer about sixty miles distant. Had we been heard, first by the rebel steamer, we might all have been taken prisoners, and under the circumstances, without serious objections.

The Mt. Vernon ran up to within half a mile of us, and anchored, and sent a boat to learn our condition; and the commander of the Mt. Vernon being an experienced seaman came board our ship and took command, our captain appearing wholly beside himself and unable to do any thing whatever.

A line was passed from the Mississippi to the Mt. Vernon, and for nearly three hours an unsuccessful attempt was made to draw us off the shoals. Friday, after lightening us of all our cargo, to our great joy the attempt succeeded. The wind was then rising, and without this aid we must soon have gone to pieces. After partially stopping the leak in our ship we put on steam and followed in the wake of the gun boat all night and in the morning arrived in port a few miles from the rebel town of Newbern, in North Carolina. We could see the steeples and some of the houses in the place. Several U. S. Gunboats came to us, and four rebel gunboats were seen lying off Newbern.

About two miles to the leeward was a small rebel tug boat, with a flag of truce, but for what purpose I do not know. Gen. Butler, you may believe, was some angry with the captain of the Mississippi for running us aground. He has caused him to be arrested and it is said, put in irons, on reasonable and strong suspicion that he was acting in the rebel interest. Col. Neal Dow was with us, perfectly calm through the whole trouble. Thanks to God, we are all safe now, though the voyage from Fortress Monroe was almost a combined chapter of danger and accidents.

My health has been very good, with the exception of a cold, which I took on the night of the gale, and from which I have nearly recovered. Indeed, I rather like the excitement.

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A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL ISOMETRICAL PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF JERUSALEM, AND THE CITIES, TOWNS, MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS IN ITS VICINITY.

THIS work is commended to the attention of all who are interested in

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES.

THE VIEW IS

84 FEET LONG AND 54 FEET WIDE,

ELEGANTLY LITHOGRAPHED

AND BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.

It is mounted on canvas, with rollers, and will adorn the walls of the

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, the

LECTURE-ROOM, the

STUDY, or the

LIBRARY.

It has been constructed from

THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES,

AND WILL BE FOUND

AN INVULVABLE AID

TO THOSE ENGAGED IN

LECTURING ON THE HOLY LAND,

OR IN

IMPARTING INSTRUCTION

—TO—

SCHOOL CLASSES

ON THE SUBJECT TO WHICH IT REFERS.

A DESCRIPTIVE MANUAL bound in muslin and an outline key accompany the view.

PRICE TEN DOLLARS.

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS SHOW THE OPINION OF EMINENT BIBLICAL SCHOLARS IN REFERENCE TO THIS WORK.

REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., OF NEW YORK, WRITES:

"I trust that it will hang on the walls of tens of thousands of our Sunday-school rooms."

REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D., AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE EAST," &c.

"I can heartily, and with confidence, recommend it to be used by Sunday-schools and Bible-classes.

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REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., OF NEW YORK, WRITES:

"I welcome this rich and beautiful map as a vivid exhibition of the general features of the Holy City and its environs."

REV. JOEL HAWES, D. D., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

"As I look upon the map, I seem to be present in the midst of scenes which I visited fourteen years ago."

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1832.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Don't Fret.

BY C. S. BOWMAN.

Because we have hard times
Don't fret.
Better be making them
Don't fret.
We cannot help that which is past,
And when there comes a mighty blast,
Which sweeps our money off too fast,
Don't fret.

Then keep your courage bright,
Don't fret.
Day always follows night,
Don't fret.
Keep hope of better things in sight,
"K-e-p all your courage screwed up tight,"
And every thing will come out right,
Don't fret.

[Concluded from first page].

Honesty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Am I right to the death?"

"I fight for yours, too, John." "I believe you, John. But I have done some work on hand-to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the everlasting God, that, if you falter or shrink to danger which may hereafter be consigned to me, I will stand by you."

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "Am I hope that Gor' Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire and water and abynging!"

"I am satisfied," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued. "Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamond glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pale love glowed within her as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

"As thorns are to the rose, so are pines to lovely woman. A female in full dress never unprinted.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eying his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act you know is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peter's church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for you zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it a villain."

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I pray to God it have been for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was

hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glinted, and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriotic fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tear coursed down his furrowed cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the pastoral wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Bradley to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL Printing Establishment,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of:

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ALL classes of the community can have their wants supplied in any style of printing they may need.

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LEGAL BLANKS,

BILL HEADS,

CATALOGUES,

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CIRCULARS,

PROGRAMMES,

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ORDER OF EXERCISES

BUSINESS CARDS,

ADDRESS CARDS,

BALL CARDS,

ORDER OF DANCES,

SHOW BILLS,

POSTERS,

AUCTION BILLS,

SHOP BILLS,

MILK BILLS,

LABELS,

doe, &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage, Invitation, Ball and Business Cards.

Men in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, and every thing will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

MIDDLESEX

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.

The annual report of the Directors shows

the condition of the Company June 1st, 1831.

Property at risk, \$5,000,000.00 and up to \$600,000.00

Amount insured last year, \$466,610.00

Deposit Notes, \$21,830.00 and up to \$200.00

" taken last year, \$56,550.00

Cash Assets, \$1,000,000.00 and up to \$100,000.00

Losses paid last year, 14,088.7

Dividends paid last year, 5,988.9

ABRAHAM THOMPSON, AGENT.

At the annual meeting of the Company, held on the 1st inst., the following named persons were elected to the Board of Directors for three years.

Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Head, Stephen Bartlett, George Heywood, Concord, Abijah Thompson, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge; Joel Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton, Concord, Stow.

The losses during the last year have been larger than for several years past. The amount risked and the cash assets have been increased.

DANIEL SHATTUCK, PRESIDENT.

N. BROOKS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Concord, June 27th, 1831.

JOHN'S & CROSLEY'S

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

JUST OPENING at the WOBURN BOOK

STOKE, a large lot of Toys and Fancy Goods

consisting in part as follows—

Dolls and Doll Heads, in variety, Fruit, Bread,

and Willow Baskets, Cushions, Wax An-

Bettes, Domino Masks, Paper Sol-

ider Journeys, Fire Engines, Toy